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COMPANION
TO THE ^K
THEATRE:
OR,
A VIEW

Of our most celebrated
DRAMATIC PIECES:

In which the PLAN, CHARACTERS,
and INCIDENTS of each are particu-
larly explained.

INTERSPERSED

With REMARKS HISTORICAL, CRIT-
TICAL and MORAL.

D U B L I N :

Printed by S. POWELL,

For SAM. PRICE opposite to Crane-lane, in Dame-
Street. MDCC LI.

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DUBLIN:

Printed by S. Powell,

For SAM. PRICE opposite to Gresham's in Lanes.
St. Paul's Church-yard.

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Advertisement.

TH E Design of the following Sheets, is to assist in some Measure, the relishing of one of the most noble and elegant Entertainments the Mind is capable of receiving, or the Public has to boast of. By the Fire of the Poet's Imagination, or by the unwarrantable Licence, the Actors have assumed of curtailling the Piece, the Audience is very often at a Loss to comprehend those antecedent Circumstances and Pursuits, by which every principal Character is influenced, and which must naturally induce such Effects, as on the rising of the Curtain we see rush forth into Action. We flatter ourselves, this Deficiency will be supplied here; the History of each being traced to its Origin, brought down to the opening of the Scene, and carried to the Catastrophe. Every Character is explained, and no material Incident omitted, so that the whole appears one regular and continued narrative; and a very little Time employed in the perusal of any particular Play, gives the Reader, that just and perfect Idea of it, which the seeing it, though ever so often, may fail to do.

We

Advertisement

We have had another 7 in this Attempt, which we hope will be answered; that is, to furnish a moral and entertaining Amusement for such as have neither Opportunity to see Plays, nor leisure to read them: And in this little Compendium, 'tis possible, such Persons will find sufficient to give them an Idea of the most celebrated, that when they happen to be the Topic of Conversation, the Reader may be able to relish at least, if not join in the Argument.

C O N -

Alker

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ALL

George W. Her
[1]
ALL for LOVE:

OR,

The World well lost

A TRAGEDY.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

WHEN *Octavius Caesar* and *Mark Antony* had rendered themselves Masters of the World, an insatiable Ambition in the one, and an Impatience of Controul in the other, in a short Time dissolved that Union between them, which had so much contributed to their Greatness. *Octavius* was subtil and designing, *Antony* free from all Disguise, open, sincere, and so much addicted to follow wherever his Passions led him, that the other was easily furnished with Pretences for Censure; but the most plausible of all, and that which most incensed the *Roman* People against him was, that having married *Octavia* Sister to *Caesar*, and a Lady of great Virtues, he had basely deserted her, and insatuated with the Charms of *Cleopatra* had retired to *Egypt*, where he lived a most voluptuous Life, unactive, and regardless of the Commonwealth, as of his own Honour. *Octavius* at first reminded him of the Injustice he was guilty of, in the most gentle and soothing Terms, but yet such as had a Meaning couched under their seeming smoothness, which he knew would have all the Effect of a Reproach. *Antony* could ill brook this Treatment, and in his Turn remonstrated, that in his Absence he had displaced all such as he knew were well affected to him, and disposed the Provinces solely among Creatures of his own. Many Messages of this Kind did not pass till an open Rupture ensued: A War was declared between the two Emperors, and *Octavius* went into *Egypt* at the Head of a powerful Army. By the Persuasions of

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Cleopatra,

Cleopatra, *Antony* chose to trust his fortune to a Sea-fight ; where, in the Heat of the Battle that Princess being frightened, order'd her Galley to turn back with the sixty others appointed for her Guard ; this Flight made a Breach in the Line, by which the Enemy broke in, and so disorder'd the whole Fleet that they were easily defeated. This was the memorable Battle of *Actium*, which as it but a short Time preceded the Death of *Antony*, the Author chuses to begin his Play with the Confusion of Mind, in which so great a Man must necessarily be involved immediately after an Overthrow that compleated the Loss of all his Hopes.

But irremediab^{le}, as his Misfortune seemed, our excellent Poet has found a Way to offer him a Relief, wou'd Love have permitted him to accept it. *Ventidius*, his Lieutenant in the East, and the most brave and experienced of all his Generals, arrives in *Egypt*, to let him know that twelve *Veteran* Legions are ready to conquer or die for him ; and beseeches him to repair to *Syria*, where they wait his Approach. Here Love and Glory occasion a most terrible Conflict in the Hero's Breast ; he longs to retrieve his Honour, and to be revenged on *Cæsar*, but cannot think of quitting *Cleopatra*, especially at a Time when their common Enemy is at her Gates, and her only Consolation is his Presence. The Reasons, however, urg'd by *Ventidius*, and the Consideration how little his Stay will contribute to her Safety, at length determine him to go, and he is sending to inform her of his Resolution, when she appears and shews him a Writing, signed by *Octavius*, wherein he offers to secure her Crown and Liberty, provided she will give up *Antony*. This fatal Proof of her Love and Constancy, joined to that Beauty, which had so long enslaved his Soul, in a Moment triumphs over all the Arguments of *Ventidius*, and nothing can now prevail on him to leave *Egypt*. But to shew that he was not altogether forgetful of what was owing to his Character, with the few Legions he had yet remaining, he makes a Sally, in which he was so successful as to drive *Cæsar* to a greater Distance from the Town, and put 5000 of his Men to the Sword. *Ventidius* remonstrates that this little Victory can be of no other Advantage to him than to procure a more honourable Peace : *Antony* is sensible of this

Truth,

Truth, but cannot submit to make the first Offer; the General then informs him that *Dolabella*, his most loved and trusted Friend, has sent a Messenger with News from *Cæsar's* Camp: Orders are given for his being introduced, and the Emperor is pleasingly surpris'd with the Sight of *Dolabella* himself, who assures him he may have Terms befitting his Honour and his Dignity to accept. A Change so unexpected in *Octavius's* Nature can scarce be credited by *Antony*; till the other confirms it by Imprecations, and tells him the Person who has wrought this Wonder is his Companion in this Visit, and waits but his Permission to appear; *Antony* is impatient to express his Gratitude to this unknown Friend, and *Dolabella* immediately introduces *Octavia* and her two Children. The Sight of a Wife so ill treated by him, and to whom he was so much obliged, fills *Antony* with Shame and Confusion; but the Sweetness of her Behaviour removes all those Scruples that conscious Guilt and the Disdain of being outdone in Generosity had rais'd in him: He is now convinced, or at least believes himself so, that true Happiness is only to be found in virtuous Love, resolves to quit *Cleopatra* for ever, and to be reconcil'd to *Cæsar*: He dispatches *Dolabella*, to acquaint the Queen with his Determination, and gives Orders that every Thing may be got ready for his Departure the next Day. *Cleopatra* is by her Eunuch *Alexis* inform'd of all that has pass'd, and meeting *Octavia* in the Palace is so piqued by the just Disdain with which that Lady treats her, that she resolves to omit nothing which may retain *Antony*, tho' to the Ruin of them both; and by the Advice of *Alexis* receives *Dolabella*, who she knows once loved her, in such a Manner as rekindles his former Flames, gives him Hopes of a Return, and perceiving *Ventidius* and *Octavia* coming towards them, behaves to him so as to leave neither of them Room to doubt that *Antony* was already forgotten by her. They presently carry the Tidings of this seeming Inconstancy to *Antony*, and dwell on the Unworthiness of such a Woman, somewhat more than the Delicacy of the Subject would bear. The Emperor is offended, looks on all they say as the Effect of Malice, till *Alexis*, pursuant to the Plot laid between him and *Cleopatra*, enters and confirms the Truth of what he has been told. *Octavia* now

triumphs in his Conviction, exerts the wife too much, resents the little Credit he gave to her Report, and the Concern he expresses for the Queen's Levity: this touches *Antony* to the Quick, his natural Impatience of Reproof, his unextinguished Passion for *Cleopatra*, and her supposed Falshood banish from his Breast all Considerations of Interest, Honour, Fame, Gratitude, or Duty; he discovers all the Emotions of his Soul; and *Octavia* thinking herself now doubly affronted, and despairing ever to reclaim his Heart, resolves to make no farther Efforts, but leave him to his Fate, and returns, in Spite of all *Ventidius* can urge to stay her, to her Brother's Camp. After her Departure, *Cleopatra* and *Dolabella* endeavour to clear themselves to *Antony*; but his Jealousy is not to be removed, and he vows never to see either of them more. *Caesar* in the mean Time, incensed at this second Provocation, leads up his Army to the City Walls, the *Egyptian* Navy betray'd by Bribes or Cowardice join that of the Enemy, and the Land Forces too weak for Defence, suffer his Approach without Resistance. *Antony* scorning to capitulate, to avoid being taken, desires *Ventidius* to kill him; but that noble *Roman* contents himself with shewing him the Way by falling on his own Sword. *Antony* follows his Example, and *Cleopatra* with two of her Women poison themselves with Asps: which sad Catastrophe demonstrates to us how little Beauty or Wit, Valour or Greatness are able to protect us in indulging a Passion repugnant to Virtue and Duty.

ALCHYMIST,

A COMEDY.

By Mr. BEN. JOHNSON.

THE Scenery of this Play is confined to the House of Mr. *Lovelwit*, a Gentleman of Fortune, who being retired into the Country, during the Time of the great

great Plague, had left the Care of his House and Furniture to *Jeremy* his Butler. This Fellow was naturally Knavish and Cunning, and falling into the Acquaintance of *Doll Common*, a Woman of the Town, and *Subtil*, a pretended *Alchymist* and Conjuror, they three contrive a Stratagem to cheat believing Fools. *Subtil* is placed in one of *Lovewit's* finest Apartments, and *Jeremy*, under the Name of Captain *Face*, and dressed like an Officer, frequents all publick Places, where he cries up the Reputation of Dr. *Subtil*, and passes him on the Town as a Person who had acquired the Secret of the Philosopher's Stone, and had withall the Command of Spirits. At Home he acts the Part of his Servant, and seems continually employed in Chymical Preparations; while *Doll* serves them both, as Cook, Housekeeper, and Bedfellow. Sir *Epicure Mammon* is a silly, lewd, but very rich Knight; him they so well deceive with the Assurance of obtaining for him the Power of converting all Kind of Metals into Gold, that he not only furnishes them with Money to carry on the Work, but sends them in great Stores of Silver, Brass, Iron, and Pewter. *Ananias* and *Tribulation*, two Elders of the Fanatick Sect, strip their Congregations to supply the Furnace in the same Hope. *Dapper*, a Lawyer's Clerk, grinds his Clients for Presents to the wonderful Dr. *Subtil*, to procure him a familiar Spirit, by whose Assistance he might be lucky in Gaming. *Abel Drugger*, a Tobacco-Man does nothing without his Advice, and never asks it under a broad Piece. *Kastrill*, a young Gentleman lately come of Age, rich, but extremely Shallow, showers down his Gold to learn to huff and quarrel with a good Grace, and brings Dame *Pliant*, his Sister, a well jointur'd young Widow, to know her Fortune.

Thus far the Cheat is carried on with the utmost Success, and neither the Doctor nor Captain are suspected for other than they seem; till Sir *Epicure Mammon*, unable to conceal his Transport, acquaints *Surly*, his intimate Friend, with the extraordinary good Fortune he imagines himself just ready to be possessed of, and brings him to see how near the Work is to Perfection. *Surly* is a Man of a quick Apprehension, and knows the World enough to perceive the Imposture: He presently endeavours to

convince Sir *Epicure*, that he has to do with Villains: *Subtil* and *Jeremy* are no less quick-sighted to their own Danger, and to prevent it dress up *Doll* like a Lady of Quality, whom *Jeremy*, seemingly unknown to the Doctor, shews to Sir *Epicure* as the Sister of a great Lord, brought thither to be cured of a Disorder in her Brain, occasioned by too much Application to Learning. Her Beauty, supposed Quality, and fine Parts so insatuate the Knight that he becomes more in the Power of his Deceivers than before, and will not give the least Ear to the Remonstrances of his Friend *Surly*. *Surly* on the other Hand, resolving to give Proofs of what he can yet only deliver on Suspicion, disguises himself in the Habit of a *Spanish* Count, gets acquainted with Captain *Face*, and is by him introduced to *Subtil*; as he does not part freely with his Money, they judge a Female Temptation the surest Way to make him more liberal, and *Doll* being at that Time engaged with Sir *Epicure*, agree to bring Dame *Pliant* into his Company, tho' they had just before been ready to quarrel which of themselves should have her. But the common Interest prevailing, the Doctor prepares her for the Meeting, by telling her it is her Fate to marry a *Spanish* Count: Her foolish Brother commands her to be yielding, and *Surly* takes her into a private Room, where he relates to her the whole Trick intended to be put upon her, assures her he scorns to take Advantage of their Villainy, and desires she will consider of the Generosity he has shewn, and reward his honourable Passion by making him her Husband. Before she has Time to reply, *Subtil* and *Face* come to them, and finding the supposed Count still unwilling to give them any Money, fall to rifling his Pockets, on which he discovers himself, and they are in the utmost Confusion. But *Face* immediately bethinking himself what is best to do, runs into the next Room and tells *Kastrill* that his Sister and the Doctor have been both abused, that *Surly* is an Impostor sent by another Conjuror, in spite to *Subtil*, and assures him the real Count will come in an Hour at farthest. *Kastrill* on this takes his Sister from *Surly*, and *Abel Drugger* and *Ananias* coming at the same Time, both fall on him, and oblige him to quit the House.

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They now again begin to revel in Security, when *Lowewit* comes unexpectedly to Town, the Neighbours inform him that great Resort has been to his House in his Absence, he knocks at the Door; but *Jeremy* having seen him from the Window does not open the Door till *Subtil* and he have concluded what to do; at length having thrown off his Disguise, he lets his Master in; but before the Door can be shut, *Sir Epicure*, *Surly*, *Ananias*, *Kastrill* and *Dapper* endeavour to press in. *Surly* has informed *Sir Epicure* of all he discovered when in his Disguise; he now believes him, and comes in Hope of being revenged. *Ananias*, *Kastrill*, and *Abel Drugger* hearing this Story are no less enraged: *Lowewit* knows not what to think; but *Jeremy* finding no other Way tells him there is a rich handsome Widow in the House, who would make him a good Wife; on which he refuses Entrance to the Complainers, and having shut them out, goes into a Parlour where *Dapper* is discovered in an odd Posture, waiting for the Queen of Fairies to appear to him. His Discourse convinces *Lowewit* of the Imposture that has been carried on, however he pardons *Jeremy*, and suffers *Subtil* and *Doll* to make their Escapes for the Sake of *Dame Pliant*, whom he likes, and soon perswades to marry him. *Sir Epicure Mammon*, *Surly*, *Ananias*, *Kastrill*, and *Abel Drugger* return with Officers to break open the Doors; but *Lowewit* lets them quietly in: they search for the Impostors, but none being found, (for *Jeremy* out of his Disguises, as *Captain Face*, or the Doctor's Man, was utterly unknown to any of them,) they are obliged to content themselves with lamenting their own Credulity and Avarice.

AS YOU LIKE IT:

A COMEDY.

By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

A Certain Duke, but of what Place the Poet has not thought fit to inform us, having been dispossest of his Territories by his younger Brother, retired to a Forest called *Arden*, where many Nobles and other Persons of Condition followed him, as disdaining to live in Subjection to the Usurper. Among the latter was *Jaques*, a Man of Sense, Virtue and Compassion, but somewhat Cynical, and a kind of Satirist on the Depravities of Human Nature. The Duke was far from bearing his Misfortunes impatiently; and, endeavouring to pass his Time with his Companions as agreeably as the Place they were in would admit, made even the Sullenness of *Jaques* contribute to keep up the good Humour of his little rural Court.

Not so his Brother, who tho' in Possession of the sovereign Power, encompassed by a Train of Sycophants, and securely rioting in all his wild Ambition aim'd at, was notwithstanding gloomy and discontented: He had not within himself the Materials for Happiness, and therefore vainly sought it from without. The greatest Ornaments of his Court were the Princesses *Celia* and *Rosalind*, the one his own, the other Daughter of the banished Duke. An exact Parity of Disposition created so tender a Friendship between these amiable Cousins, that the Usurper finding he could not make *Rosalind* share her Father's Fate, without depriving *Celia* of the whole Satisfaction of her Life, suffered his paternal Tenderness to get the better of all other Considerations, and on his driving the Duke from his Dominions, he permitted her to remain at Court.

Among the Men, none of his Rank made a greater Figure than *Oliver du Bois*: He was the eldest Son
of

of a Gentleman, who for his many Virtues, particularly an inviolable Attachment to his lawful Prince, was both admired and loved when living, and revered when dead; *Oliver*, however, inherited not his Virtues, or they were buried in him, as well as in many others, through the Corruption of the Times. He could not think of exchanging a magnificent Palace for a Cottage in the Woods; and Loyalty to a Sovereign out of Power, seem'd to him but empty Air, when the Gratification of his Pride or Avarice came into the Balance. Nor had natural Affection any more Weight with him; he had a younger Brother, called *Orlando*, endued with many excellent Qualifications, but was denied by him the Means of improving them, as well as of a large Fortune left him by their Father, who unhappily had not enough studied the Temper of his Heir, to know how unfit he was to be entrusted with any more than what he was born to enjoy, and on his Death committed the Care of this *Orlando*, as well as of a third Son named *Jaques* entirely to him.

There was also in *Oliver*, besides an unbounded Haughtiness, and an insatiable Covetousness, a certain Mixture of Envy, which made him unable to support the Sight of a Brother, who in spite of the little Education he gave him, shone superior to him in every Accomplishment becoming of his Sex and Birth. He therefore never suffered him to come to Court, but obliged him to live at a small Country Seat he had some Distance from the Town; and on the young Gentleman's repining at his Usage, and beginning to demand his Fortune, conceived so inveterate a Hatred to him, that he thought of nothing but how to get rid of him without Noise.

Things are in this Position at the opening of the Play, and one of the first Scenes our excellent Author presents us with, contains an Incident no less material than interesting, because from that arises almost all the others which so pleasingly engage the Attention of an Audience.

There was a Wrestler called *Charles*, so celebrated for his uncommon Strength and Agility, that Report gave him out as invincible; and *Frederick*, the then reigning

ing Duke, having a Curiosity to see whether he deserved the Character given of him, commanded he should give a Proof of his Dexterity in his Presence. This seemed a fit Opportunity for *Oliver* to perpetrate the cruel Design he had formed against his Brother ; accordingly he fires the young *Orlando*, with the Fame of this Wrestler, and the Honour it would be to any one who should have the good Fortune to overcome a Man who had the Reputation of being unconquerable : There needed no more to make him gladly undertake the Combat, and *Oliver* having so far succeeded, privately engages *Charles* to shew no mercy to his Antagonist, when he got him in his Power (as that seemed out of Question) but to give him, if possible, a mortal Grasp.

Orlando, who little suspected any such foul Play, went fearless to make Trial of his Skill, and had the Success to throw this second *Hercules* in Presence of the Duke, the Princesses, and a numerous Court. As his Youth, on his first Appearance, against so formidable an Opposer, excited the Pity of the whole Assembly, so did his Strength and Dexterity, when he became Victor, fill them with Astonishment and Admiration. Every one was curious to know who he was, for, as has been before observed, he was quite a Stranger at the Palace, and on being informed he was a Son of the brave deceased Sir *Rowland*, their Wonder at his Courage diminished, but their Respect increased. Duke *Frederick* however, liked him not the better, having been before informed by *Oliver*, that his Principles were not of a Nature which could be very pleasing to an Usurper ; but the Princesses were charmed with him, particularly *Rosalind*, whose Heart from the first Moment of his Entrance took Part with him, and wished him the Success he found. He was no less transported at the Sight of her, and 'tis probable, that the Passion she inspired him with contributed not a little to make him exert himself, so as to be worthy of her Notice.

Immediately after this, Duke *Frederick* being informed by some of his Spies, that the People began very much to pity *Rosalind*, and that her Beauty, and the sweetness of her Behaviour reminding them of the

the Injuries her Father sustained occasioned Murmurings among them, resolves to banish her: *Celia* in vain remonstrates the Cruelty of such a Sentence, and labours by Tears and Prayers a Revocation; he continues inexorable, and the poor Princess receives an Order for her speedy Departure. The Daughter of *Frederick* now testifies the Greatness of her Friendship, and as she cannot prevail to keep her at her Court, resolves to become the Companion of her Exile. To avoid Accidents, it is agreed between them, that *Rosalind* shall take the Habit of a Man, and pass for the Brother of *Celia*, who disguised herself as a Country Maid; and when every Thing was prepared, on the Night preceding the Day prefixed for the Departure of *Rosalind*, they privately quitted the Palace, and attended only by a Clown, who was a kind of Jester retained for the Diversion of the Court, took the Road to the Forest of *Arden*.

Oliver, in the mean time, who had been ready to burst with Rage and Envy at his Brother's Success, and the Disappointment of his own Villainy, resolves to set on fire that Wing of the House where his Brother lodged, in order to burn him in his Bed; but *Adam*, an old Servant in the Family, discovers the cruel Design, informs *Orlando* of it, advises him to fly from so unnatural a Brother, gives him five hundred crowns that he has hoarded during his long Service, and having convinced him of the Danger of continuing there, goes along with him, to give if possible, yet still greater Proofs of his Love and Duty. The Time of their Flight happened to be the same with that of the Princesses, and *Frederick*, in the Extremity of his Rage at missing his Daughter, strictly examining all whom he thought could give him any Account of the Motives of her going, was informed by some of the Ladies, that they had heard the two Princesses extremely lavish of their Praises on the young Wrestler who had got the better of *Charles*, on which it seemed probable he might be partaker of their Flight. Messengers were therefore sent to the House of *Oliver*, to demand *Orlando*, but they returning with an Account that he was gone, confirm'd the Suspicion of his being with them. *Oli-*

on this is charged with being accessory to his Escape, his whole Estate seized on, and himself condemned to Banishment, if within a Year he does not produce *Orlando*: It was in vain he protested his Innocence, *Frederick* was not to be appeased, and he was obliged to set out on a Search altogether hopeless, now experiencing in his own Person those Hardships to which he had reduced his Brother, made yet infinitely heavier by a Load of Guilt.

Orlando, and the Faithful Companion of his Flight had now reached the wide Forest of *Arden*, where wandering without any other Sustenance than such as the wild Woods afforded, they are near perishing for Want, especially *Adam*, whose great Age stood more in need of Refreshment. The grateful *Orlando* almost desperate with his Grievs for the Calamity of a Person who voluntarily plunged into it merely through his Affection for him, leaves him laid under the Shadow of a Tree, while he ranges about in search of Food. Conducted by his good Fortunes, he comes to the very Place where the banished Duke and his little Court are just going to dine.—The present Extremity of his Condition took from him the Power either of examining what kind of Persons he saw in that desert Place, or of considering in what Manner it became a Petitioner to speak: He runs in among them, forbids them to eat till he has had a Share; but the Civility of their Deportment, and obliging Answers, bringing him to some Recollection, he entreats their Pardon and Compassion for himself and Friend, and they assuring him of a hearty Welcome, he brings *Adam*, now too feeble to walk, upon his Back, and they sit down to satisfy their Hunger. On his discovering himself to be the Son of *Sir Rowland du Bois* the Duke embraces him, and permits him and the faithful *Adam* to encrease the Number of his Retinue, till Times shall change for the Advantage of them all.

Orlando now safe from the Cruelty of his Brother, begins to think on *Rosalind*, and little hoping ever to see her more, gives vent to his Love and Grief in amorous Sonnets carved on the Bark of Trees, or written on Paper, and hung up on the Boughs. That Princess in the Habit of a Shepherd, and under the Name of *Ganymede*,

Ganimede, with her Cousin, now called *Aliena*, having hired a Cottage, and bought sheep of a Farmer who lived in the Forest, was a very near Neighbour to her Father and her Lover, and frequently beheld the Handy, works of the latter, to her great Amazement, and without being able to form any Conjecture by what Heart they were dictated, or who in that wild and desert Place, should be acquainted with the Beauty of *Rosalind*, or at least so much affected by it, as to testify that Despair some Part of *Orlando's* Poetry expressed. She was discoursing with her Cousin on the Oddness of this Adventure, when the Clown who attended them having by Accident seen *Orlando* in the Forest, comes to inform them, that the young Man who had foiled the famous Wrestler in their Presence, was in the Forest, and he believed an Inhabitant. On this neither of the Ladies doubt but he is the Author of those Verses which had so much engross'd their Attention, and took this Method of shewing a Passion, which seemed the more sincere, as it was altogether devoid of Hope.

They soon after become acquainted; he is struck at the Sight of the supposed *Ganimede*, finding so great a Resemblance between him and the Princess *Rosalind*, relates the Story of his Passion; the other seems to make a Jest of it, tries the Force of his love by many little Artifices, and tells him, that since he imagines him so like his *Rosalind*, he shall make his Addresses to him as such, and he will answer as a Lady would do on such an Occasion. *Orlando* agrees to it by way of Amusement, and as it pleases him, to be always talking of the Object of his Passion.

Oliver is all this Time in Search of his Brother, and having some Suspicion that he might be with the banished Duke, goes to the Forest, where wandering, he was overcome with Weariness, and lyes down by the Side of a Hedge and falls asleep. *Orlando*, chancing to pass that Way, sees and knows him, and at the same Time perceives a Serpent had twisted itself about his Neck, and was about to glide into his Mouth, but on his Approach slunk away, and took shelter in the Hedge, under the Covert of which was couched a Lion watching the waking of the sleeping Man, it being

ing, as 'tis said, the Nature of that generous Beast never to pray on the defenceless. Not all the Injuries *Orlando* had received from his Brother could make him quit him in the imminent Danger to which he found him exposed: He turned fiercely on the Lion and killed him, receiving only a slight Wound in the Arm. —*Oliver* wakes just at the ending this unequal Combat, and sensible of what his Brother had done for him, is touch'd with the greatest Remorse, becomes a sincere Penitent, and a most tender and perfect Reconciliation between them ensues. *Orlando* then introduces him to the Duke, and they live together among the banish'd Lords. Soon after this *Oliver* sees *Celia*, now *Aliena*, and tho' he takes her for a Shepherdess, becomes so much devoted to her Charms, that he makes her an Offer of his Heart on the most honourable Terms: She is no less in Love with him, and in spite of the known Disparity of Birth on one Side, and supposed one on the other they agree to marry.

Phebe, a beautiful, but proud Shepherdess, who has long been courted by a young Shepherd called *Silvius*, is desperately in Love with the supposed *Ganimede*, forgets not only her natural Haughtiness, but also the Modesty of her Sex, so far as to declare the Passion with which she is inflamed, and in the most submissive Terms sues for a Return. But all her offers meet with the same Disdain with which she herself had treated *Silvius*, and the disguised Princesses find Matter enough of Diversion in these Intricacies. At last *Ganimede*, to heighten the Sport takes upon him to set all Things right, and make each Party happy in their several Views. She assures *Orlando* that he shall marry his adorable *Rosalind* on the same Day that gives *Aliena*, to his Brother; promises *Phebe* to be her Husband on Condition, that if, when it comes to the Point, she refuses him, then to become the Wife of *Silvius*; and these Riddles are to be explained, and the Ceremony of the Weddings performed in Presence of the Duke for his Entertainment.

Every Thing being thus prepared, and the Company assembled, *Ganimede* engages a Promise from the Duke, that if his Daughter *Rosalind* is brought to him, he will bestow her on *Orlando*, and then discovers herself to

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be *Rosalind*, to the infinite Satisfaction of her Father and Lover. *Aliena* now declares herself to be the Princess *Celia*, and *Oliver* is doubly transported; *Phebe* now perceiving her Mistake is glad to reward the Passion of the faithful *Silvius*.—The Clown also marries *Audrey*, a Country Maid, with whom he has fallen in Love since his Abode in the Forest, and every faithful Heart receives an ample Recompence for all its Pains.

But while these Things have been transacting, *Frederick*, the Usurper, hearing that many Persons of Condition resort daily to his Brother, puts himself at the Head of a great Army, and marches to the Forest fully resolved to destroy him, and all the noble Exiles his Companions; but on his Entrance is met by a religious old Man, who makes a Convert of him, and instead of prosecuting his cruel Purpose, he disbands his Forces, restores the Dukedom to his Brother, the Lands he had confiscated to the Owners, and as an Expiation for his past Crimes, renounces the World, and enters into Holy Orders. *Jaques* the third Son of Sir *Roland du Bois*, who before this has not appeared on the Stage, brings these joyful Tidings: on which the Duke with all his noble Company, prepare to return to his Dominions, excepting that *Jaques* formerly mentioned, whose Sullenness is now become a kind of second Nature to him, and makes him prefer Melancholy to to Mirth; he therefore takes his Leave, in order to go and partake of the Mortification he hears *Frederick* has resolved to lay himself under; which concludes this celebrated and justly esteemed Piece.

BEGGAR'S OPERA.

A

Dramatick ENTERTAINMENT.

By Mr. GAY.

MACKHEATH, the Hero of this Opera, is a Robber on the Highway, and represented to us

as a Man of extraordinary Qualifications in his Profession. — Several other Thieves are introduc'd as his Companions, but have no other Business, than to enliven some of the Scenes and shew the Mysteries of their Art. *Peacum* is a Receiver of stolen Goods, which he first encourages the Gang to take, and afterwards betrays them. *Lockit* is the Keeper of *Newgate*, and shares with *Peacum* in all his Gains that Way. *Mackbeath* is privately married to *Polly Peacum*, and has got *Lucy* the Daughter of *Lockit* with Child, on a promise of making her his Wife; and these two Wenchs are equally in love with him, and jealous of each other; but he has the Artifice to deceive them so well, that each flatters herself with being his chief Favourite. He has, notwithstanding, a great number of Common Women, whose Company he frequently prefers either to hers, who is his Wife, or her's who expects to be so. — Two of these Creatures, for a Sum of Money, agree to betray him to *Peacum*; and as he is drinking and toying with them, the Constables come in and seize him. He is carried to *Newgate*, where *Lockit* puts him in Irons. — *Lucy* presses him for Marriage, and teazes him on the Subject of *Polly*; but he utterly denies all Engagements with her, even before her Face, and consents that the Ordinary of *Newgate* shall join their Hands, on Condition, she contrives a Way for his Escape: This she readily agrees to, and he is set free the same Night.

He seems, however, so little regardless of his Life or Liberty, that being in Company with some other Women, at a Bawd's House, he is by her betray'd a second Time to *Peacum*, and carried again to *Newgate*, where, for his former Escape, he is doubly fetter'd: *Lucy* having now found out that he was married to *Polly*, and that she had been made his Property, resolves to poison her Rival; but the other is too cunning for her, and refuses to drink any Thing she offers. *Mackbeath* is called to the *Old-Bailey*, and sentenced to immediate Execution, to prevent any Stratagems that might be set on foot to rescue him. — We see him in the condemn'd Hold, fortifying his Mind with Brandy, the common Refuge for Persons of his Character, when

when in Distress : He is taken from thence in order to be convey'd to *Tyburn* ; but when the Audience expects to hear of his Execution, they are all at once surpriz'd with a Reprieve, and he is brought back to *Newgate*, to be persecuted yet farther by his two Wives. Thus concludes an Entertainment, which, tho' it presents us only with the utmost Depravity of human Nature ; contains, notwithstanding, such a Fund of Wit and Satire, as renders it pleasing, even to the most Chaste, as well as Elegant Ears.

Enemies it must be confessed were not wanting to have put a Stop to the Run, if possible, but the vain Attempts made for that End only served to heighten the Reputation of the Piece ; and it is remarkable, that even those who found themselves most stung by the Satyr, could not avoid being pleased with the Manner in which it was expressed. — The Songs, especially poignant as they are, and severe on the Vices of the Great, are so admirably adapted, as to force Applause from the *guilty* Part of the Audience, and afford an infinite Pleasure to the *Innocent*.

BEAUX STRATAGEM.

A COMEDY.

By Mr. FARQUHAR.

A *Imwell* and *Archer*, two Gentlemen of Family, having spent their Fortunes in the Pleasures of the Town, could think of no other Way of recruiting themselves than by Marriage ; but how to get Women of the Circumstances they wanted was the Query ; their Affairs were such as would not bear Inspection ; so must not pretend to be over scrupulous into those of the Ladies they should attempt, and feared the common Fate of Fortune-Hunters, who for the most Part
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are paid in their own Coin, and deceived by those they would deceive. They therefore thought it best to make a Tour into the Country, where the Fortunes of Women are more easily known; and because they could not appear in the Equipage proper for such a Design, they agreed that one should be the Master, and the other the Servant, and to take it in turn at every other Town.

Litchfield was the first Place they stopped, and it was *Aimwell's* Lot to be Master: They took up their Lodgings at a noted Inn, kept by *Boniface*, who was of so communicative a Humour in his Cups, that he presently acquainted them with the Names and Estates of most of the chief Gentry in that Part, among others he makes Mention of a young and beautiful Lady, called *Dorinda*, who has Ten thousand Pounds in her own Hands, and lives with Lady *Bountiful*, her Mother, at the House of her half Brother, 'Squire *Sullen*, a Gentleman, who has Three thousand Pounds a Year, and is married to a fine *London* Lady, whom he uses in the most brutal Manner.

The next Day happening to be *Sunday*, *Aimwell* goes to Church richly drest, and sending his Eyes about in Quest of what might seem fittest for his Purpose, they are on a sudden stopped on one Face, and rivetted there so fast that it was not in his Power to withdraw them. The whole Congregation observed with what Stedfastness he regards this Lady, and presently give him to her for a Lover; she is not less sensible of the Effect of her Charms, and is far from being dissatisfied at it.

Boniface in the mean Time does not know what to think of his Guests; they have given him in Charge a Portmanteau with Two hundred Pounds in it, (which was their whole Stock) in Order, as they said, to have it more secure, but indeed to make him look on *Aimwell* as a Person of Consequence: They had desired their Horfes to be kept saddled, and told him they knew not whether they might not leave his House at a Minute's Warning, or stay till the best Part of that Money was spent. All this put together makes him suspect them Highwaymen; and tho' he harbour'd a Gang of those Villains at his House, and had a Fellow-feeling with them in all their

their Booties, the Hopes of the Reward offered for detecting a Highwayman, joined to the Sum he had in his Hands, would have made him rejoice in a Proof that these Strangers were of the same Profession; and as he is strongly of that Belief, orders his Daughter *Cherry Boniface* to be very free with *Archer*, the supposed Footman, to make him drunk, if possible, and get the secret out of him. The Girl obeys her Father, but having more Understanding than is common in one of her Rank, finds something so agreeable in *Archer* that she falls passionately in Love with him: He soon perceives her growing Inclination, and as she is very young and pretty, endeavours to make his Advantage of it; but her Virtue is Proof against the Temptation, and all he can obtain from her is a Confession of her Love, and an Offer of her Person with Two thousand Pounds if he will consent to marry her.

Aimwell, at his Return from Church, discovers that the Lady, with whom he is charmed, is no less rich than beautiful, and that very *Dorinda*, of whose Fortune *Boniface* had given him an Account: The Means now of getting acquainted with her is all he wants, and as he is consulting with *Archer* how to bring it about, Love and Chance unexpectedly come in to his Assistance.

Dorinda has no great Reason to triumph in her new Conquest, being herself a Victim to the same Passion: She communicates the Secret to her Sister *Sullen*, and they send *Scrub*, a Footman, to enquire the Name and Quality of this agreeable Stranger, but he returns without being able to inform them of either; on which they order him to invite *Archer*, as being a Person of his own Rank, to drink some of that Country Ale, not doubting but they may learn from him all they desire to know. *Scrub* goes immediately on this Errand, and *Archer* joyfully complies with the Invitation.

When the two Footmen are together, the Ladies send *Gipsy* their Chambermaid to listen to their Discourse, who soon returns with this Intelligence, that *Archer's* Master is Lord Viscount *Aimwell*, that he has lately fought a Duel at *London*, and retired to that Country where he was not known, till he should hear whether the Wounds of his

his Antagonist were mortal or not: This is transporting News to *Dorinda*, but having a Curiosity to see the Servant, Mrs. *Sullen* and she pass through the Hall where *Scrub* and *Archer* are drinking: They take an Occasion of speaking to him, as he is a Stranger: His genteel Behaviour amazes them, but especially Mrs. *Sullen*, who by her Husband's ill Usage has a Heart free for a new Impression; she likes him prodigiously, and to excuse her Inclination will needs persuade herself that he is a Gentleman in Disguise, and imagines he might have been my Lord's Second in his pretended Duel.

Archer, in his Turn, gets a thorough Information of all the Affairs of that Family, but returns to *Aimwell* with a Heart little less enamoured of Mrs. *Sullen*'s Charms, than his Friend is of those of her fair Sister. Both equally impatient, they now easily form a Plot to get into the Company of those who have their Hearts, and accomplish it in this Manner.

When the Ladies are all together after Dinner *Archer* runs hastily into the House, asks for Lady *Bountiful*, entreats her Assistance for his Master, and tells her that he is fallen into a Fit in the Walk leading up to her House: The good old Lady, who is famous for dispensing Physick, and doing Cures, sends the Servants immediately out with an easy Chair. *Aimwell* is brought into the House in a seeming Fit, but after some Time recovers, and as soon as Lady *Bountiful* is called out of the Room on some other Business, discovers his Passion to *Dorinda*. The old Lady returns, but will not suffer him to go into the Air till he is more established, and bids her Daughter shew the Gentleman the House and Pictures: *Aimwell* begs Permission his Servant may be allowed the same Favour, having an excellent Taste of Painting, and this being granted, *Archer* has an Opportunity of ingratiating himself yet more with Mrs. *Sullen*. As they are on departing, *Aimwell* orders the seeming Footman to give two Guineas among the Servants. *Archer* puts one of them into *Scrub*'s Hands, and tells him he has another for *Gipsy*, on which *Scrub* takes him aside, and says that if he will bestow on him the Guinea intended for her, he will discover a Plot: *Archer*, believing it may be something for their Interest to know, complies with his Request; and

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and the other informs him that there is a *French Count* in Town who has been long in Love with *Mrs. Sullen*, that *Gipsy* has received a Present of twenty Guineas to let him into her Chamber at Midnight, and that a Priest, who calls himself *Foygard*, has negotiated the whole Affair, and is to introduce him.

Archer no sooner receives this Intelligence than he casts about in his Mind how to go in the Count's Stead, and at length hits on this Contrivance: He has seen *Foygard* at *Boniface's*, and is sure he is an *Irishman* by his Speech: *Aimwell* therefore watches the Opportunity of finding him alone, and seizes him under Pretence of his being a Traitor to the Government, and that being a Subject of *England*, and not belonging to an Ambassador, asks how he dares officiate in the Manner of the Church of *Rome*; *Foygard* pretends to be born at *Brussels*, and denies being a Subject of *England*, but *Archer* comes in, talks *Irish* to him, faces him down that he is his Relation, and that they went to School together; the other confesses himself bred in *Kilkenny*: They threaten to send for a Constable and have him hanged, which terrifies him so that he readily complies with *Archer's* Desire, and promises him to conduct him into *Mrs. Sullen's* Chamber by the Assistance of *Gipsy*, over whom he has an absolute Power.

The wished for Hour being arrived, *Archer* throws off his Livery, and dresses in his richest and most becoming Cloaths, but he is scarce out of the House before *Cherry Boniface* is in Search of him through every Room. *Gibbet*, *Hounslow*, and *Bagshot*, three notorious Highwaymen, whom *Boniface* encourages, have that Night by his Instigation agreed to rob *Mr. Sullen's* House: *Lady Bountiful* is Godmother to *Cherry*, and her Love to the Family as well as her secret Abhorrence of her Father's vile Practices makes her resolve to acquaint *Archer* with the Truth, and take his Advice how to prevent it; but being unable to find him, she knocks at *Aimwell's* Chamber-Door, and informs him that Thieves are that Moment breaking into the House where his Mistress is, but without mentioning any Thing of her Father: He flies immediately to the Relief of his Charmer, conducted by her who knew the Place, by which they entered.

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In the mean while *Archer* is in Mrs. *Sullen's* Chamber, where he makes use of all his Rhetorick to perswade her to reward his Passion: Her Virtue vigorously resists; but at length half perswading, half compelling, she is almost won, when an Outcry of Thieves obliges him to desist: He retreats behind the Bed at the Sight of a Man with a dark Lanthorn coming cross the Gallery, thinking to have the more Advantage over him by Surprise: *Gibbet* comes into the Room, and is going to take off her Jewels; but *Archer* rushes from his Concealment, disarms and takes him, then delivers him to *Scrub* and *Foygard* to keep secure; the cries of the other Ladies calling him to their Assistance, he runs as directed by the Sound, and finds Lady *Bountiful* and *Dorinda* in the Hands of *Hounslow* and *Bagshot*; *Archer* is going to engage them both, when *Aimwell*, conducted by *Cherry* comes to second him: The Rogues are both taken, and *Cherry Boniface* steals out to give her Father Notice, who, on this, packs up his Money, and makes off for fear of being apprehended. *Aimwell* takes the Opportunity of Lady *Bountiful's* being gone to fetch some Powder for a Wound *Archer* received, to plead the Merit of his Service, and to engage *Dorinda* to marry him privately that Night; she makes some faint Denials, but at last consents, and *Archer* goes out to fetch *Foygard* to perform the Ceremony. *Aimwell* being so near, as he imagines, the Possession of his Wishes, the Generosity of his Soul joined to the real Passion he has for *Dorinda* renders him unable to continue the Deception; he confesses himself to be only the Brother of the Lord he represents, and shews that he is still above owing the Blessing of her Love to any Thing but his own just Sense of it: She receives the Declaration with Pleasure, and assures him that since she has a Fortune to make them easy, she rejoices to give this Proof that she valued him only for his Merit. *Archer* now returns with the Priest; but as the Ceremony is going to be performed, *Gipsy* comes in, and whispers *Dorinda*, on which she tells the Priest her Mind is altered, and he may depart, then leaves them without any further Explanation of her Meaning: *Aimwell* is confounded at this Procedure, and telling *Archer* how frank he has been, the other no longer doubts but he has lost her,

her, and it almost comes to a Quarrel between them : *Archer* looking on himself as a Party concerned, because it had been agreed that which ever of them married first, the other should have half the Lady's Fortune. But as they are in this Debate, *Dorinda* returns, wishes *Aimwell* Joy on his being the real Viscount, acquaints him that his Brother is dead, and that the Cause of her dismissing the Priest was the being told this News, assures him her Generosity is not less than his, and since her Fortune could not overbalance his Title, if he really loved her, the Marriage had now no need of being performed in a Clandestine Manner : *Aimwell* is very much surpris'd, but the Truth is confirmed by *Sir Charles Freeman* ; that Gentleman is Brother to Mrs. *Sullen*, who being urged by the complaining Letters of his Sister, is come to take her from her Husband. The Proposal is made to Mr. *Sullen*, who readily consents to part with his Wife, but not her Fortune, 'till *Archer* puts it out of his Power to refuse, by delivering all the Deeds, Settlements, and Marriage-Writings into *Sir Charles's* Hands, which were all taken out of Mr. *Sullen's* Cabinet by the Rogues, and again forced from them by *Archer*. *Sullen* finding no Remedy is compelled to yield. And the Play ends with their Divorce, *Aimwell's* Marriage, and a Letter sent from *Cherry Boniface* with 200 l. left in her Father's Hands by *Archer*, who begs *Dorinda* to take her into her Service instead of *Gipsey*.

BUSY BODY,

A COMEDY.

By Mrs. CENT LIVRE.

THIS Play has a double Plot, but so artfully contrived that the Parties concerned in each are subservient to the other. *Sir George Airy*, a Gentleman of
Four

Four thousand Pounds a Year, divides his Inclination between two Women: He is charmed with the Wit and Gaity of the *one*, to whose Name and Character he is a perfect Stranger; and dies for the Beauty of the *other*, to whom he has never spoke: The former follows him, in a Mask, to all publick Places, accosts, and rallies him: The Latter he can see only at a Distance, but knows her to be an Heiress worth Thirty thousand Pounds, her Name *Miranda*, and that she is under the Guardianship of Sir *Francis Gripe*, an avaricious hard-hearted old Man.

Charles the only Son of Sir *Francis Gripe*, and intimate Friend of Sir *George Airy*, is a Gentleman who owes a liberal Education to the Indulgence of an Uncle, as also a good Estate left at his Death, tho' kept from the Enjoyment of it by his cruel Father. He is passionately in Love with, and beloved by *Isabinda*, Daughter of Sir *Jealous Traffick*, a Merchant, who, by having lived some Time in *Spain*, is become so great an Admirer of the Customs of that Country as not to permit the Women of his Family to be seen by any of a different Sex: This Humour of the old Man throws almost insuperable Difficulties in the Lovers Way, which together with the Treatment he receives from his Father, renders *Charles* very unhappy.

Avarice is not the only Characteristick of Sir *Francis Gripe*, at least it is so blended with another, tho' very different Passion, that it is hard to determine which is predominant. Advanced as he is in Years, he views the Beauties of his lovely Charge with amorous Eyes: He compares her Charms with those of his Gold, and scarce knows which are brightest. Her vast Fortune adds Fuel to the Flame, and Love and Interest combined make it too strong to be concealed, much less repelled: He declares himself to her, and she, finding Diffimulation absolutely necessary to the Preservation of her Liberty, seems to listen with Pleasure to his Dotage, and flatters him with a Belief that of all Mankind he is most agreeable to her Humour, tho' at the same Time she is secretly in Love with Sir *George Airy*, and puts in Practice every Method of engaging him.

The chief Characters are in this Situation at the Drawing up the Curtain, and the various Contrivances made
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Use of to attain their different Ends, is the Business of the succeeding Scenes.

Charles, judging by Appearances, doubts not of *Miranda's* Resolution to marry his Father, and gives *Sir George* his Reasons for believing so; but all he urges on that Head is ineffectual to make the other of his Opinion: He cannot think a Lady of her Youth, Beauty and Fortune can throw herself into the Arms of old Age, Dis-eases, and ill Nature, yet impatient to be satisfied of the Truth, he proposes to give *Sir Francis*, whom he meets in the Park, a Purse of Fifty Guineas for the Opportunity of speaking to *Miranda* for the Space of ten Minutes, the Miser makes some Difficulty at first, but on Condition he may be in the same Room, tho' out of Hearing, and that *Sir George* will give an Hundred, at last consents: The Bargain is made, and *Miranda* over-hearing it, tho' she is infinitely pleased with the Pains *Sir George* takes to declare himself, resolves to have some Sport with this Adventure.

Sir George has no sooner parted from *Sir Francis*, than his *Incognita* unexpectedly starts out upon him: He resolves to be no longer in a Dilemma on her Account, and tells her plainly he will not part with her till she has let him see her Face, or at least discovered to him her Name and Place of Abode: All these are Articles she is determined not to grant, and having a ready Wit takes this Method of evading. She feigns herself no longer refractory to his Desires; but pretends Shame will not permit her to discover who she is, and the Motives that induced her so frequently to ingage him, while she sees his Face, therefore begs he will turn his Back during the Account. *Sir George* complies with her Request, and she begins a long Story of having fallen in Love with him at *Paris*, still drawing farther from him, every Sentence she speaks, till at last she runs quite away. *Sir George* wonders she stops her Discourse, desires her to proceed; but finding no Answer turns about and sees himself alone. To have been deceived in this Manner a little vexes him, but the natural Gaiety of his Temper, and Hopes of succeeding better with *Miranda* leave him not without Consolation.

Sir Francis in the mean Time acquaints his fair Ward of the Bargain he has made with *Sir George*: She affects

to laugh immoderately at it, ridicules the Folly of young Men, and magnifies the Happiness of being married to a Person of an advanced Age, Sobriety, and Wisdom; then tells him that she thinks the greatest Mortification she can give Sir *George* will be not to answer him one Word, but be dumb to all he says. The old Fellow is pleas'd beyond Measure with the Mark he imagines she gives him of her Affection, and approves her Project.

The Hour appointed for this Interview being arrived, Sir *Francis* introduces Sir *George*, who on receiving no Reply to all the fine Things he says to *Miranda*, imagines she has been enjoined Silence by her Guardian, therefore begs she will discover her Mind by Signs; but she making but few that are intelligible to him, and being removed by Sir *Francis* on the Expiration of the ten Minutes, he is obliged to quit the House little satisfied with the Success of his Project.

While Sir *George* was receiving these two Disappointments, first from his *Incognita*, and after from *Miranda*, *Charles* was not less perplexed. He has heard that Sir *Jealous Traffick* had resolved to marry his Daughter to a young Spaniard, called *Don Diego Babinetto*, who was every Day expected in *England* for that Purpose, every Thing concerning the Marriage being already agreed upon between them by Letters. He is in the utmost Impatience to see *Isabinda* on this Occasion, and sends his Man *Whisper* to see if the Coast be clear for him to visit her. As *Whisper* is sauntering before the Door, hoping to see Mrs. *Patch* *Isabinda's* Maid, Sir *Jealous* comes out, and being suspicious of every Thing in the Shape of a Man near his House, questions him what and who he wants: The Poor Fellow is a little at a loss for an Excuse, but at length pretends he is in Search of a little Dog, which he thought had run into his House; Sir *Jealous* is not very well satisfied with this Answer, but as he can get no other, contents himself with forbidding him to come any more there in Search of any Thing. As soon as *Whisper* sees he is gone down the Street, he speaks to *Patch*, who tells him her Lady is alone, and would be glad to see his Master.

Having executed his Commission he returns to his Master, and finds him in Company with Sir *George* *Airy* and

and *Marplot*, but because no Mention has hitherto been made of this last Gentleman, and he has a good Share in the remaining Business of the Play, it will not be improper to give his Character. He is a young Gentleman yet under Age, and under the Guardianship of Sir *Francis Gripe*, good-natur'd, a great Admirer of Sir *George Airy*, and a sincere Friend to *Charles*, but very silly and Inquisitive. *Whisper* on Sight of him takes his Master aside to let him know the Success of his Embassy; which so excites *Marplot's* Curiosity, that on *Charles's* refusing to tell him the Business, or permitting him to accompany him where he is going, he resolves to watch him at a Distance; which he does, and sees him enter Sir *Jealous Traffick's* House; tho' whom he visits there he cannot guess, but to find that out too, he places himself pretty near the Door, in Hope of discovering somewhat by those who shall pass in or out. He has not been long on his Post, before Sir *Jealous* returns, *Whisper* still runs in his Head, he cannot help believing that Fellow had some other Business than looking for a Dog, and comes home again to see if all be safe; as he is going to knock at the Door, he swears if he finds any Man in the House, he'll murder him, which *Marplot* overhearing, and knowing *Charles* is there, comes forward, and thinks to bully the old Fellow out of his Resolution, bidding him let the Gentleman come safely out, and threatening most violently, if he offers him any Injury. This *Rodomontado* convinces Sir *Jealous* there is Somebody within, and supposing *Marplot* one of the Accomplices, falls on him, and beats him most unmercifully; on which *Marplot* cries out Murder, and Sir *Jealous* leaves him, to go in Search of the Person within. In the mean Time *Patch*, having seen her Master from the Window, gives Intelligence to the Lovers, and *Charles* having no other Way to escape, jumps from the balcony upon *Marplot*, and finding it was he that had given the Alarm to Sir *Jealous*, takes him by the Throat, and almost choaks him. Poor *Marplot* who had done all for the best, finding he had been guilty of a Blunder, has little to say for himself, but runs to Sir *Francis Gripe's*, in Hopes of getting something out of *Miranda* that may oblige Sir *George*, and by that Means reconcile him to *Charles*.

Miranda and *Sir Francis* are laughing at *Sir George* *Airy* and his hundred Pound Bargain, when *Marplot* comes in: He upbraids them both for contriving to cheat his Friend, and *Miranda* to assure *Sir Francis* of her Love to him, speaks in the most contemptible Manner of *Sir George*, but at the same Time under Colour of abusing makes an Affignation with him: She bids *Marplot* tell him if he dares to saunter about the Garden gate at eight o'Clock at Night he shall be saluted with a Pistol or a Blunderbuss. *Marplot* makes haste away after this Message to prevent *Sir George* from running himself into any Danger. When he is gone *Miranda* says so many obliging Things to her Guardian, that he thinks this a proper Time to press her to marry him; she readily promises him on Condition that he will first make her Mistress of her Estate, which without his Consent she was not to enjoy till the Age of Twenty five: He hesitates a little on that Article; but she so artfully sooths his foolish Passion, that he at length consents, and Writings are ordered to be drawn accordingly.

Marplot finds *Sir George* and *Charles* at a Tavern: He delivers the Message in the same Words *Miranda* gave it, which *Sir George* presently comprehending is very much transported, and resolves to obey the Summons. *Charles* has prepared a Letter for *Isabinda* on the Occasion of their late Interruption, and sends it by *Whisper*. *Marplot* is distracted to know where that Letter is going, but dares not ask Questions; he also imagines by *Sir George's* Behaviour that there is something more in the Story of the Garden gate, than they discover to him, and as soon as he gets out of *Charles's* Company, who takes him home to prevent his following *Sir George*, runs to *Sir Francis Gripe's* to see what he can find out.

Whisper being sent, as aforesaid, with the Letter, is so lucky as to meet *Patch*, he delivers it to her, and she informs him that *Sir Jealous* is to have Company to sup with him that Night, that her Mistress according to the *Spanish* Fashion is to keep in her Chamber, and that his Master may come in, by the help of a Ladder of Ropes, at the Closet Window, which shall be left open. *Whisper* leaves her to carry the Message to *Charles*, and *Patch* thro' Mistake puts the Letter he has given her beside her Pocket

et. Sir *Jealous* having just received News that *Don Diego Babinetto* is arrived, and will be in Town next Day, is going to his Daughter's Apartment to acquaint her with it; he finds the Letter *Patch* has drop'd, but it being wrote in Characters contrived between the Lovers, he understands not a Word in it, nor to whom directed: His suspicious Nature, however, makes him fancy it was intended for his Daughter, therefore resolves to watch her close that Night, and the next dispose of her to the *Spaniard*. To this End he sends to prevent all the expected Guests from coming, and orders Supper to be served up in *Isabinda's* Chamber. That young Lady, who expects *Charles* every Moment, is strangely alarmed, and is going to send *Patch* to let him know the Disappointment, when Sir *Jealous* enters that Moment and will not suffer her to stir out of the Room. He shews *Isabinda* the Letter he has found, asks her if she knows any Thing of it, she denies it, and *Patch* to get it out of his Hands, screams out and says 'tis a Charm for the Tooth ach, which she has lost out of her Bosom: Sir *Jealous* believing her in his Interest, is somewhat appeased. He sits down to Supper, but *Isabinda* is so much terrified with the Apprehensions of *Charles's* coming, that she cannot eat one bit, on which her Father orders her to play a Tune on her Spinnet, and *Patch* to sing; they obey, but with very discordant Notes. As they are thus employed, *Charles* ascends the Closet Window, and runs into the Room, but on Sight of Sir *Jealous* as suddenly retreats. Sir *Jealous* has a Glimpse of him, and rises in a Rage, but as he is going after him into the Closet, *Isabinda* counterfeits a Swoon, falls before the Door, this stops him till *Charles* has Time to get down the Way he came up, and Sir *Jealous* on searching the Closet finds no body there: However, he is positive he saw a Man, and now, not doubting but *Patch* has betray'd her Trust, turns her that Moment out of Doors, locks up his Daughter in his own Apartment, and swears she shall see nothing but himself till she is married to *Babbinetto*. *Patch* in going out meets *Charles*, tells him what has happened, and advises him to get a *Spanish* Dress, and as he can speak the Language, personate *Don Diego Babinetto*; the Proposition is too good to be rejected, he goes immediately about it, and *Patch*

to *Miranda*, whose Servant she has formerly been, to inform her of these Accidents.

Sir *George Airy* at eight o'Clock goes to the Garden-gate, which he finds open, and *Scentwell*, *Miranda's* Maid, ready to receive, and introduce him to her Mistress; and he has the inexpressible Satisfaction to find by the Sound of that Lady's Voice that his witty *Incognita*, and the lovely *Miranda* are the same Woman: The Pains she has taken to engage him in the former Character, is sufficient to assure him of the Affection of the latter; and as a formal Courtship on the one Side was wholly unnecessary, so too much Coyness would have been a palpable Affectation on the other. She acquaints him by what Means she has got the Writings of her Estate in her Power, and that Sir *Francis* depending on the Promise she had made of marrying him, is gone to *Doctors Commons* for a Licence, but that she has planted Emissaries in his Way to call him to *Epsom* to be executor to a Person at the Point of Death. As they are in this Conversation, *Scentwell* runs in and tells them her Master and Mr. *Marplot* are just coming into the House. It was the ill Fortune of this *Busy Body* always to do Mischief where he meant a Kindness: He had met Sir *Francis*, and remonstrated to him how dreadful an Accident it would be, if *Miranda* should really shoot Sir *George*, as she had threatned; and the old Man to avert the Danger of such a Behaviour, as well as to take Leave of his dear Charge before he went to *Epsom*, returned home much sooner than he was expected. *Miranda* knowing, if he should find Sir *George* with her in that Crisis, all would be discovered, is in the utmost Confusion how to conceal him, and having no other Place obliges him to stand behind a Chimney-Board. Sir *Francis* having some Orange peel in his Hand bids *Scentwell* lift up the Board that he may throw it into the Chimney, on which *Miranda* tells him she has a Monkey shut up there till she has got a Chain for it; and if he should let it out, it was so wild it would break all her China. Sir *Francis* suspects nothing, and having told her the Business that calls him to *Epsom* takes his Leave, she out of Complaisance will needs see him to his Coach: *Marplot* curious to see the Monkey, because

cause she has forbid him, lifts up the Board as soon as she is out of the Room, and seeing a Man there, whom he does not presently know to be *Sir George*, is so much surpris'd that he cries out Thieves. *Sir George* takes hold on him, and by his Words and Actions convinces him of the Truth, on which he promises to bring him off, bids him throw down the Tea-Table, break the China and run into the next Room. *Sir George* takes his Council, and *Sir Francis* and *Miranda* coming up Stairs again on the Cry of Thieves, he tells them he has been so unfortunate to let out the Monkey. *Sir Francis* is angry with his Curiosity, orders the Servants to catch the Monkey, and once more takes his Leave. He is no sooner out of the House than *Sir George* comes forth, and having pardoned *Marplot* on his Submission, entreats *Miranda* to put it out of the Power of any future Accidents to divide them, by marrying him that Moment; she consents, and as they are going *Patch* enters, and seeing *Sir George*, tells him that *Charles* has an immediate Occasion for his Assistance; he resolves to go as soon as the Ceremony of Marriage with *Miranda* is over, and *Patch* and *Marplot* accompany them to see it performed.

After these happy Lovers have exchanged that Name for others more agreeable to their Wishes, *Sir George* hastens to his Friend *Charles*, and *Miranda* returns home to pack up what Things she has of Value: While thus employed, *Sir Francis* comes back having met the Person in good Health on the Road, whom he thought dying: Seeing *Patch* he enquires her Business, and *Miranda* tells him she is come to invite her to *Isabinda's* Wedding, who is that Night to be married to a *Spanish* Merchant: *Sir Francis* is satisfied, will needs wait on her thither, and hopes the Sight of Matrimony will tempt her to perform her Promise.

Sir George finds *Charles* equipping himself in a *Spanish* Habit, and that the Part designed for him in this Affair is to personate Mr. *Meanwell*, an *English* Merchant, and Correspondent of *Don Diego's* Father. When they are both ready they go to *Sir Jealous Traffick's*, who receives them as the Persons they represent. *Charles* delivers him a Letter which is so well counterfeited by one that *Patch* had stolen, and given to him of that Gentleman's Hand,

that Sir *Jealous* had not the least Suspicion : *Isabinda* is ready to die at first Sight of the supposed *Spaniard*, but Sir *George* finding the Means to let her into the Secret, she consents to marry him, tho' with a seeming Reluctance, the better to deceive her Father ; and a Parson is immediately sent for to join their Hands.

Marplot has all this while been hunting over the whole Town for *Charles*, and at last seeing *Whisper* at the Corner of that Street, imagines he must be in the same House, whence he once saw him drop from the Balcony : He has also been informed that he had borrowed a *Spanish* Habit from the Playhouse, and imagining this will be a Discovery worth making, resolves to prove his Wit and Sagacity by letting *Charles* see nothing can be concealed from him : He knocks boldly at the Door, and desires to speak with a Gentleman that came in lately : The Servant asks if it is Signior *Babinetto* or *Meanwell* he wants, he tells him neither, but a Gentleman in a *Spanish* Habit. The Servant doubts there is some Trick in the Affair, desires *Marplot* to walk in, and informs his Master of what he said. Sir *Jealous* comes to him, and knowing him to be the Person he had beat some Time before, begins to threaten him if he does not tell whom he wants, on which *Marplot* confesses that the Gentleman he would speak with is *Charles*, Sir *Francis Gripe's* Son, and that he used to come there sometimes. This is sufficient to rouse the long-sleeping Suspicions of Sir *Jealous*, he calls out to stop the Marriage, and swears he will have better Proofs that the intended Bridegroom is *Don Diego*. Sir *George* on hearing this draws his Sword, and suffers no body to come into the Room till the Ceremony is entirely compleated : Sir *Jealous* having no other Way to revenge himself beats *Marplot*. The New-wedded Pair throw themselves at his Feet, avow the Truth, and beg his Blessing ; in that Moment Sir *Francis* and *Miranda* come in ; and that Lady declaring her Marriage with Sir *George*, and giving *Charles* the Writings of his Uncle's Estate, which she has privately taken out of Sir *Francis's* Cabinet, reconciles Sir *Jealous* to the Deceit put upon him ; but the disappointed Guardian is in such a Rage that he quits the House, cursing them all. *Patch* is taken again into *Isabinda's* Service, and poor *Marplot* forgiven.

given. So that the Comedy concludes with rendring none of the Characters unhappy but that which most merits to be so.

C A T O,

A T R A G E D Y.

By Mr. ADDISON.

After the Battle of *Pharsalia* had decided the great Controversy between *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, *Cato*, who had sided with the Latter, retired to *Utica*, accompanied by some chosen Friends, and such whom he thought had most the Cause of Liberty at Heart. Among this Number were *Portius* and *Marcus*, his Sons, *Lucius* an old Senator, *Juba*, Prince of *Numidia*, and *Sempronius*. The Love of Glory was not the sole Motive which induced these two last to follow the Fortunes of *Cato*: They were both enamoured of the Charms of his fair Daughter *Marcia*; but as that Passion operates differently on different Tempers, it excited in young *Juba* an Ambition of rendring himself worthy of the Object of his Desires: In *Sempronius* it prompted to all Sorts of Measures, without Distinction of good or ill, which promised Gratification.

Notwithstanding the Severity of *Cato*, both these Lovers ventured to declare their Inclinations; he absolutely refused *Sempronius*; but contented himself with telling *Juba* this was not a fit Time to think on Love. This Behaviour so incensed *Sempronius*, that he employs Emissaries to instigate the Citizens of *Utica* to Rebellion, not doubting but that if he can destroy, or give up *Cato* to *Cæsar*, who is on his Approach to that Place, he shall obtain *Marcia* from the Victor's Hands as a Reward of his Service.

His Arts are successful enough with the Populace to cause a Rising, but it is immediately quell'd by the Pre-

sence of *Cato*, and the Speech he makes to them: *Sempronius*, to cover his Treason in fomenting this Disturbance, is the loudest in demanding Justice should be executed on the Criminals: And the Heads of the Faction being delivered to his Hands, he sends to immediate Death the poor Wretches whose Guilt his own Artifices had occasioned.

Cæsar in the mean Time, drawing nearer to *Utica*, sends *D. cius* a Roman Knight to offer favourable Conditions to *Cato*; but that great Man disdaining to owe any Thing to the Person who would enslave *Rome*, rejects his Proposals, and resolves to persevere in the Service of his Country, tho' he falls a glorious Victim in the common Ruin.

The Approach of *Cæsar*, and the desperate Condition to which the Hopes of *Cato* are reduced, incline *Sypbax*, chief Counsellor to the *Numidian* Prince, and Commander under him of all the Forces brought from that Country for the *Roman* Service, to enter into the new Measures *Sempronius* is concerting for betraying every Thing into *Cæsar's* Hands. He endeavors to bring his Prince into his Party, but finding no Success in that Attempt, becomes as false to him as to *Cato*; and perceiving that *Sempronius* cannot think of leaving *Utica* without *Marcia*, lends him the Guards and Habit of the *Numidian* Prince, that so disguised he may with the more Facility enter her Apartment, and force her to be the Companion of their Flight.

While pernicious Designs are thus forming against the Liberty of *Rome*, and Life of *Cato*, neither the Affairs of State, the Fatigues of War, the Miseries of their Country, the Danger of their glorious Sire, nor their own, are sufficient to guard his youthful Family from the Assaults of Love: *Marcia* in secret Sighs for *Juba*, and both her Brothers for *Lucia*, Daughter to *Lucius*: 'Twould be to wrong the Passion of either to say it was inferior to that of the other, but *Portius* the elder, knowing the violent Temper of his Brother *Marcus*, forbears to acquaint him with his Love; and *Lucia*, tho' she loves *Portius* with the same Tenderness she is beloved, has too great a Regard for the Sons of *Cato*, and Brothers of *Marcia*, to give either of them Despair, there-

therefore carefully conceals her Sentiments of both. *Marcia* too, like her noble Father, thinks every Consideration should be that of her Country's Welfare, and indulges not her gayer Inclinations, nor gives *Juba* any Room to hope he has the least Interest in her Heart, till an unexpected Accident, in Spite of her, reveals the Secret.

Sempronius being come into her Apartment on the before-mentioned bold Design, it was the good Fortune of *Juba* to enter immediately after, and perceiving the Impostor, they fight, and the perfidious Roman receives from his Hand the just Punishment of his intended Crime: *Marcia* coming with *Lucia* from an inner Chamber sees the dead Body, and mistaking it for that of *Juba* pours forth such Lamentations over it as leave that Prince, who unseen by her hears all she says, no Room to doubt of her Affection; and fills him with a Transport, which for some Moments makes him forget the publick Troubles, or the Intelligence he has just received, that in his Absence all *Numidia* is revolted from him.

But his present Joys soon meet with a new and most unexpected Alloy: The Traitor *Sypbax* with all his Troops had forced a Passage through the City Gates, in Order to go off to *Cæsar*: *Marcus* was slain in opposing their Attempt; and if there was the least Shadow of a Consolation in this sad Event, it was to hear that the brave Youth had killed with his own Hand that base Betrayer of his Trust.

All the little Senate of *Utica*, every noble Roman laments the Fate of *Marcus*. *Cato* alone appears Tranquil, and if he weeps, 'tis not because himself, but *Rome* has lost in him a worthy Son. But the Death of this young Hero seems only the Fore-runner of greater Ills: *Cæsar* is arrived almost at the Walls of *Utica*: No Remedy remains between Death, Flight, or yielding to what Terms the Conqueror will bestow: Two of these are beneath the Dignity of *Cato's* Soul; but as he has Ships in Readiness to sail, advises those of his Friends, who are unwilling to trust the Mercy of *Cæsar*, to make their Escape; then, desiring Privacy passes some little Time in Reflection on *Plato's* Immortality of the Soul, and resolute not to outlive the Liberty of *Rome* falls on his Sword.

WILL.

With his last Breath he bequeaths *Martia* to the Prince of *Numidia*; and desires *Lucius* that the Friendship between them two may survive in their Children by the Marriage of *Lucia* with his Son *Portius*.

The Inimitable Author of this Poem knew too well what was becoming of a *Roman* Constancy under Afflictions, to disturb us with any Lamentations from the Children or Friends of *Cato* on his Death, but leaves it to those who know how to think as greatly, to conceive what past in Souls so elevated in such an Exigence.

CARELESS HUSBAND,

A COMEDY.

By Mr. CIBBER.

THE Scene of this Play lies in *Windsor*, a Place which in a late Reign, was the constant Resort of the *Beau Monde* at one Season of the Year. Lord *Foppington*, Lady *Betty Modish*, Sir *Charles Easy*, and his Lady, and Lady *Graveairs* have all Lodgings here, and Lord *Morelove* is drawn hither by his Passion for Lady *Betty Modish*.

Lord *Foppington* is a Man fond of the Reputation of a Multiplicity of Amours; a great Wit in his own Imagination, and a Fool rather by Art than Nature in the eyes of others. The Confidence he has of his good Parts, joined to a slender Opinion of Virtue in general, gives him Assurance to address every Woman he likes, tho' he is already married, and Lady *Betty Modish* being a celebrated Toast, the present Bent of his Desires is to be thought her Favourite.

Lady *Betty* has Honour and Sense; but Vanity and Affectation sometimes obscure the Brightness of her other Qualifications. She prides herself more in a Croud of Admirers, than in the Character of a prudent Woman; and tho' she is perfectly sensible of Lord *Morelove's* Merit, and has a secret Inclination for him, yet she delights,

lights in nothing so much as shewing the World the Power she has over him, and encourages Lord *Foppington* in the most presuming Hopes, meerly to give Disquiet to the other.

Sir *Charles Easy* has a great deal of Wit, good Humour, and Sincerity, but so excessively indolent in his Nature, that tho' he loves Pleasure, he pursues none that seems to be attended with the least Difficulty: He aims not to appear different from what he is, and is entirely neglectful of what even his best Friends think of him. His Lady is the perfect Model of what a Wife should be, virtuous, discreet, affectionate, and submissive. She has Birth, Fortune, Wit, and Beauty; and above all a Stock of Love sufficient to make her impatient on any Encroachments on her Rights; but her good Sense so much gets the better of her Resentment, tho' in the most tender Point, that when Mrs. *Edging*, her Woman, brings her a Letter, which she has found in her Master's Pocket, from Lady *Graveairs*, she refuses to read it, and orders her to lay it in the same Place, with a severe Reprimand for her Presumption and Curiosity.

Mrs. *Edging*, who is herself one of the Victims of Sir *Charles's* looser Inclinations, and has discovered by the Letter that there is an Amour between him and Lady *Graveairs*, is fill'd with all the Spite and Envy natural to mean Souls on the like Occasions; and the first Opportunity reproaches her Master in the most pert and saucy Terms for his Inconstancy, and suffering her Lady to use the Privilege of a Mistress over her. Notwithstanding the Carelessness of Sir *Charles's* Temper, the Confidence of this Wench a little rouses him, and he soon convinces her that it is not her Place to call him to account for his Actions, nor to make any Mention of her Lady, but with the highest Respect. *Edging* is terrified into Submission, and promises to be more humble for the future, on which he continues her in Favour.

Lord *Morelove*, by the Advice of Sir *Charles*, in vain endeavours to counterfeit an Indifference to Lady *Betty Modish*, she sees into the Design, and defeats it by a Counter plot; feigning to be so infinitely pleased with every Thing Lord *Foppington* says and does, and publick-

ly coquetting with him, that the passionate Lover can no longer contain himself; but shews at once the Violence of his Love and his Despair. She triumphs in the Discovery, laughs at his Pains, and all that either Sir *Charles* or Lady *Easy* can urge, to bring her to a more solid Way of thinking, is wholly ineffectual.

Sir *Charles*, more anxious for the Interest of his Friend than could be expected from a Man of his Character, bethinks him of a second Stratagem: He had of late been very cold in his Affair with Lady *Graveairs*; she repented it in the Manner Women ordinarily do. He heightens the Pique by treating her with the most provoking Indifference to her Face, till she is worked up into a proper Resolution of revenging herself by loving another. In this critical Minute he persuades Lord *Morelove* to make her a Tender of his Heart, and be as publick as possible in his Addresses to her.

This Method of proceeding is somewhat more successful than the former, for tho' Lady *Betty* cannot be brought to believe that he has forsaken her for Lady *Graveairs*; yet her Pride is so far alarmed that the World should have any Occasion to imagine he has done so, that she spares no Pains to recover him: Fortified by the Councils of Sir *Charles*, and his own Experience of her Temper, all her Advances are in Vain; he prosecutes his Courtship to Lady *Graveairs*, gives her the Musick on the Terrass, 'Squires her wherever she goes, and practises all the publick Gallantries of the most obsequious Lover. Lady *Graveairs* receives them with Pleasure, partly to gratify her Vanity, with the Reputation of having a Man of Lord *Morelove's* allowed good Sense her profess'd Adorer, and partly in the Hope of recovering Sir *Charles*, whom she still loves. Lady *Betty* feels a thousand Pangs at this Behaviour of Lord *Morelove*, she speaks kindly to him, soothes and reproaches him by Turns, and cannot help affronting Lady *Graveairs*; but they still continue as they were. Sir *Charles*, to forward this favourable Beginning, takes upon him to remonstrate to Lady *Betty* how much her Reputation will suffer, by Lord *Morelove's* quitting her after so long a Courtship; he assures her that his Friend still

loves

loves her, but as he can never hope to fix the Instability of her Nature, is determined never to return to his first Vows. She thinks Sir *Charles* her Enemy, is piqued to the very Soul to find him in a Combination against her, and becoming a little more sensible of the Error of her Conduct, she expostulates with Lord *Morelove* in a serious Manner, and discovers her Jealousy of Lady *Graveairs*; he is now transported, confesses he never loved but her, and Sir *Charles*, to prevent her relapsing, rails at the Levity of her Humour, advises Lord *Morelove* not to trust to her dissembled Kindness, says she no sooner will find him in her Power, than she will triumph over his easy Nature, and scorn his real Passion for the pretended one of Lord *Foppington*; on which she bursts into Tears, and Lord *Foppington* that Moment coming into the Room, she gives Lord *Morelove* her Hand before him, and abjures all Gallantries that may give him a Disquiet. Lord *Morelove* thinks himself now overpaid for all his Sufferings, and Lord *Foppington* having never been sensible of any Thing worthy the Name of Love, is perfectly easy about the Matter. Neither is Lady *Graveairs* dissatisfied; Sir *Charles* having promised to visit her the same Evening; but before the appointed Hour Mrs. *Edging* happening to come in his Way; and his Wife being abroad, he retires with her into the Bed-chamber, where having past some Time they both fall asleep. Lady *Easy* coming home finds them in that Posture, and seeing her Husband bareheaded she fears he will take Cold, and her Tenderness prevailing above the just Resentment such a Spectacle must naturally excite, takes a Handkerchief from her Neck, and covers his Head, then leaves the Room, and rings the Bell for her Maid. They both wake at the Sound; *Edging* runs in Disorder to her Lady, and Sir *Charles* finding the Handkerchief, and remembering he had seen it about his Wife's Neck that Day, is sensible none but herself had put it on his Head. The Shame of being detected in this Manner, and the Prudence, Patience, and Tenderness of so excellent a Wife now strike full upon him: He wakes from his long Lethargy of Thought, sees her Perfections and his own Demerits, resolves to expiate his past Conduct, by his future, and convinced of the Blessing he enjoys in her, to roam abroad

abroad no more in Search of Happiness: He immediately writes a Letter to Lady *Graveairs* entirely to break off with her; and his Wife soon after entring, there follows so tender a Scene as no Husband guilty in the same Way can be Spectator of without Blushing and Self condemnation, nor no Wife without endeavouring at least to imitate the bright Example which brought about so happy a Change.

Never was poetical Justice more strictly observ'd than in this Play: Every Error finds its Punishment in Proportion; and singular Virtue is singularly rewarded. The excellent Moral, together with the happy Choice of Characters, natural and gentle Diction, and that Spirit of Gaiety which runs through the whole, will undoubtedly maintain the Reputation this Piece has so justly acquired, as long as Theatrical Representations shall exist.

COMMITTEE,

A COMEDY.

By Sir ROBERT HOWARD.

IN that distracted Time when proud Rebellion, born on the Shoulders of Hypocrisy and Fraud, lorded it over Loyalty and Honour, a Committee of Sequestration was set up to oblige all those, who were suspected of favouring the King, to compound for their Estates, or forfeit them; and *Day*, a Fellow, eminent in Villany, chosen for the Chairman: This Wretch found Means first to get into his Power, with her whole Estate, *Anne*, Daughter and Heiress of Sir *Basil Thorowgood*, a worthy Cavalier, and afterwards *Arbella*, an Orphan, also of a great Fortune, and the Daughter of a Gentleman, who had been no less distinguished for his firm Attachment to his King and Country. *Anne* he compell'd to take the Name of *Rath*, and to pass for his own Daughter; and intends to marry the other to his Son *Abel*, or turn her out to Beg-

gary;

gary ; but Fate had better Things in Store for both those young Ladies, than the present Situation of their Affairs could permit them to hope.

Arbella being brought by Mrs. *Day* from *Reading* in the Stage-Coach, in Order to appear before the Committee, a Gentleman, who had been of the King's Party, called Col. *Blunt* happened to be a Passenger at the same Time : They were equally charmed with each other at first Sight ; but the natural Reserve of his Temper, and the Modesty of hers kept both from revealing it. His Business, as well as hers, was with the Committee, and meeting with his Friend Col. *Careless*, a Gentleman of the same Circumstances and Principles with himself, they go together to that, unjustly call'd, honourable Board. In their Way they meet a poor *Irishman*, whom having lost his Master in the late civil Wars, *Careless* takes into his Service, and he attends them where they were going.

The Committee being sat, and Mr. *Day* having prepared his Brothers in Corruption to make an Assignment to him of *Arbella's* Fortune, in Case she refused his Son, that Lady accompanied by Mrs. *Day* and the supposed *Ruth* are admitted : The two Colonels come in at the same Time : They are offered the Terms of Composition for their Estates, but are told withal that they must first take the Covenant, which they refuse with the utmost Contempt : *Arbella* and *Blunt* at this second Interview become more in Love with each other than before : *Ruth* is extremely pleased with the Person and Bravery of *Careless* ; and he feels a Passion for her, which nothing but his Belief that she is a Daughter of the Committee-man can restrain.

Mrs. *Day* orders *Ruth* to insinuate *Abel* as much as possible into the good Graces of *Arbella* ; but these Ladies having exchanged a mutual Confidence with each other, only contrive how to abuse him, and to get some Opportunity of seeing their dear Colonels again ; but as they know not where they live, all their Wit and Invention is of no Service on this Occasion.

Careless on his Side is no less impatient to see his pretty *Ruth*, tho' believing her what she appears, he is far from having any honourable Designs upon her ; but remembering that Mrs. *Day* was formerly a Kitchen Maid in his Father's

Father's House, he resolves to try if for old Acquaintance Sake she will intercede with the Committee, that himself and his Friend may be admitted to compound without taking the Covenant, pleasing himself with the Thoughts that, if he does not succeed in this Point, it will give them an Opportunity of getting acquainted with the young Ladies. To this End he sends *Teague*, the *Irish* Servant, to desire leave to wait upon her, but the poor Fellow having heard his Master describe her Original cannot help laughing in her Face, and makes so many Blunders that she imagines he is sent on Purpose to affront her, and commands her Son *Abel* to chastise his Insolence.

Blunt in the mean Time is arrested in the Street, *Careless* happens to come by, and rescues him, the Bailiffs cry Murder, and raise the Mob, they are pursued and obliged to take different Ways, and *Careless* seeing *Day's* Door open runs in without considering whose House it was, or knowing what Answer *Teague* had to his Message. Mrs. *Day* sees him, and treats him very arrogantly, on which he tells her plainly he knows her; high Words ensue, and she cries out. *Ruth* comes to know the Occasion, is surprised to see him there, and dreading some ill Effects from Mrs. *Day's* Fury, contrives this Way to bring him off. She accuses herself of having forgot to acquaint her that the Colonel sent to her, to desire she would prevail on her to accept 500 *l.* by Way of present to permit him to compound on his first Conditions. The Thoughts of the Money brings Mrs. *Day* presently into good Humour, and she leaves *Ruth* and him together to fettle the Affair. *Careless* is more than ever charmed with her Wit, he declares his Passion; but her Behaviour convinces him he has nothing to hope from her but on honourable Terms. While they are in this Conversation, *Teague* enters and informs him that *Blunt* is taken again, and carried Prisoner to the *Devil-Tavern*: *Arbella* comes in at the same Time, and they can think of no other Way to free him, than by her soothing *Abel*, and prevailing on him to be Bail. The Stratagem succeeds, she pretends *Blunt* is her near Relation, and he goes with them to release him, and promises not to let his Mother know of the Affair.

Blunt

Blunt is bailed, and this generous Action in *Arbella* confirms him hers for ever, he is so ravished with it that he declares to her he loves ; a Confession which the Fear of being laughed at had till now restrained him from making : *Arbella* is pleased with his uncommon Way of Courtship ; but neither she nor *Ruth* can forgive themselves that they have let both their Colonels depart without knowing where they live : To remedy which Inadvertency they send *Obadiab*, first Clerk of the Committee, to the *Devil-Tavern*, where they suppose the Gentlemen still are, on the former Pretence *Ruth* had made to her Mother, concerning the Five hundred Pounds, and taking the Covenant : The Gentlemen imagine *Day* has heard of his Son's being drawn in to give his Bond, and sends to them on some ill Design, they resolve on an innocent Revenge, and make *Teague* ply him with Sack till he is dead drunk, then send him home to Mr. *Day* in a Chair.

While they are diverting themselves in this Manner, their Mistresses are better employed ; the Committee-man and his Wife are obliged to go abroad on an extraordinary Affair, and *Obadiab* not being in the Way to attend them, their Son *Abel* is obliged to play the Part of their Gentleman Usher. Mr. *Day* going out in a Hurry leaves his Keys upon the Table ; *Ruth* finds them, opens his Closet, takes out all the Writings of her own and *Arbella*'s Estate, with a great many other Letters and Papers of Consequence, and *Obadiab* being brought in, as before mentioned, they both get into the Chair, and order the Fellows to carry them to the Place where they took him up.

When *Day* and his Wife come home, and miss the Ladies and the Writings, 'tis easy for them to suppose the one has robbed them of the other : They find also by *Obadiab*, when he comes a little to himself, the Affront put upon them ; and Mr. *Day*, by Virtue of his Authority, gives a Warrant for apprehending both the Colonels : *Careless* happens to be the first they meet with, and is seized and carried directly to Prison for an Offence done to the Chairman of the honourable Committee. He sends *Teague* to tell *Blunt* what has befallen him, the very Moment *Ruth* and *Arbella* are come to the Tavern, and speaking

speaking to him : *Ruth* on this News leaves them together, and hastens to attempt freeing *Careless* : Among the Things she has taken out of *Day*'s Closet is his Seal, which she shews to the Jaylor, in Hope that Token may be sufficient to release him ; but unfortunately for her Design an Order is just arrived that all of the King's Party, who are committed, should be kept close till further Commands from the State. She then tells him she will procure a Ladder of Ropes, and a Soldier's Coat for a Disguise, for him to make his Escape out of the Window when it shall grow dark. *Blunt* ignorant of her Project, and no less impatient at his Friend's Confinement, hits upon the same Thought, and disguises himself in a plain red Coat, sends a Soldier he can trust with a Ladder of Ropes, and a Sword in Case of Accident. *Careless* believes it the same *Ruth* promised to convey, and comes easily out of the Window into the Street, where *Blunt* was waiting for him, and neither knowing each other, and both believing themselves betrayed, drew their Swords, and might have rendred this a fatal Encounter, had not their Voices made a timely Discovery. In that Moment comes *Ruth* with her Ladder, she is overjoyed the Work is performed to her Hands, and they all go together to Lieutenant *Story*'s, where both the Colonels lodge, and *Blunt* had left *Arbella*.

Ruth now discovers whose Daughter she really is, and shews them the Writings of her Estate ; *Careless* is transported to find her a Woman he may love without any Blemish to his Birth or Principles ; and no People could think themselves more happy than did these four.

In the mean Time Intelligence where they are is given to Mr. *Day*, he comes with his Wife and surprises them, and *Abel* and *Obadiab* follow with a Posse of Soldiers ; but *Ruth* soon abates the Fierceness of her *Quondam* Father by producing some Letters sent to him from Women, wherein one demands Money of him for the Support of a Bastard Child, and another refuses to take Physick prescribed by him to cause Abortion. To preserve therefore his Reputation of Sanctity, he is obliged to forgive all, and permit the Lovers to marry, and enjoy their Estates, without either Composition, or taking the Covenant.

CONSCIOUS LOVERS,

A COMEDY.

By Sir RICHARD STEELE.

AN eminent Merchant of *Bristol*, called *Danvers*, on considerable Losses in Trade, repaired to the *Indies* in Hope of retrieving his Misfortunes: Where his honest Industry prospering according to his Wishes, he resolved to settle there, and accordingly sent over for his Family, consisting of a Wife, Sister, and little Daughter, at that Time not seven Years old. In their Voyage they were taken Prisoners by a Privateer of *Toulon*: The Grief of this Disappointment work'd so strongly on the sickly Frame of Mrs. *Danvers*, that she died at Sea; but her Child, and *Isabella*, Sister to Mr. *Danvers*, were carried to *France*. The Innocence and Beauty of the young *Indiana*, for that was her Name, won so much on the Affections of the old Captain, that having no Children, he adopted and educated her as his own: In a few Years after he was unfortunately kill'd at Sea, and dying Intestate his Effects fell wholly into the Hands of an Advocate, his Brother. He no sooner saw *Indiana* than he was charmed with her; but the Addresses he made her were far from being such as Virtue would permit her to accept; on which the cruel Villain stripped her not only of all his Brother's Bounty had bestowed upon her, but the very Jewels which had been her Mother's, turned her out of Doors, and was going to throw her into Prison for her Maintenance with his Brother, when she was relieved in a very extraordinary Manner from this and all other Misfortunes.

Mr. *Bevil*, only Son of a Baronet of that Name, being on his Travels, happened to take *Toulon* in his Way, and heard of this malicious Prosecution: Curiosity led him to enquire further into the Affair, and to make a Visit to the distressed fair one: Her Person charmed him

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but the Beauties of her Mind much more: Charity at first and a warmer Passion afterward excited him to ease her Cares: He appeared openly her Friend, and the wicked Advocate, perceiving she had such a Support, came to a Composition, which *Bevil* discharged without letting her know to what her Release amounted. After this, he prevailed with her to suffer him to conduct her to *England*, and when she arrived with her Aunt, to whom he always paid the most strict Respect, supported her more in the Fashion of a rich Heiress than a helpless Orphan; and all this without demanding any Recompence, or even declaring that he loved.

He had not been long in *England* before his Father, Sir *John Bevil*, proposes a Match for him with *Lucinda*, the only Daughter of Mr. *Sealand*, a very wealthy Merchant. *Bevil* is a tender Lover, but a no less dutiful Son: Disobedience to a Parent was to him the greatest of all Crimes, and he chose rather to be miserable himself in quitting all Hopes of ever possessing *Indiana*, than give one Moment's Pain to him to whom he owed his Being. He therefore testified no Reluctance to this Marriage, and would doubtless have sacrificed his eternal Peace to Sir *John's* Commands, had not an unexpected Accident preserved him from that cruel Necessity.

Myrtle, a young Gentleman, who next to *Indiana* shared his Heart, was passionately in Love with, and beloved by *Lucinda*; and *Bevil* could not be told that Secret without reflecting that how much soever was owing from himself to a Father, he ought not to obey him to the Ruin of his Friend, and also of a young Lady whom, tho' he could not love, he very much esteemed for her good Qualities. He is therefore just on the Point of entreating Sir *John* not to force his Inclinations, when two Accidents happen, which give him Room to hope there will be no Occasion for that open Confession, and that probably the Match would break off on the other Side.

Mrs. *Sealand*, was passionately desirous of marrying her Daughter to a distant Relation, called *Cimberton*, who had twice the Estate of either *Bevil* or *Myrtle*: She was ever teasing her Husband to break off his Engagements with Sir *John*, and he being pretty much ruled by her

her was ready enough to do it, but wanted a Pretence, till Chance furnished him with one by the following Means.

Sir *John* was affronted in a very gross Manner at the Masquerade by one of those Gallants, who imagine their Quality a sufficient Sanction for whatever Rudeness they commit. Young *Bevil* was there at the same Time with *Indiana*, he knew his Father, and seeing him insulted, seized the Offender and plucked off his Vizard; 'tis easy to imagine how such an Action was resented: The Company were obliged to call the Guards to part them; and the Surprise of this Adventure threw *Indiana* into a Swoon: Every Body took Notice of *Bevil's* Concern to find her in this Condition, his Care to recover her, and the Respect and Tenderness with which he led her out: They all were positive she was a Lady, to whom he was either going to be married, or very much wished to be so; and the whole Affair coming to the Ears of Mr. *Sealand*, it served him as an Excuse for delaying the Marriage till it should be known how far young *Bevil* was engaged to that Lady.

Sir *John* is very uneasy at this Impediment: He has also heard of *Indiana*, before he saw her at the Masquerade, and is sensible she is entirely supported by his Son's Bounty, yet as he has never opposed marrying according to his Commands, he looks upon it only as an Affair of Gallantry; however, the more to sound his Inclinations he keeps Mr. *Sealand's* ill Humour entirely a Secret, tells him the Day for his Nuptials is fixed, and orders him to prepare for it. *Bevil* being informed, by an old Servant in the Family, of what has passed between the old Gentlemen, seems not at all disturb'd at the Command, and accordingly on the appointed Day dresses himself as a Bridegroom, and presents himself before his Father, as a Person ready to become so; but in the mean Time writes to *Lucinda*, conjuring her, if Things should come to that Extremity, to refuse him publicly; the Answer she sends him is agreeable to his Hopes, and the Affection she professes for *Myrtle*; but that impatient Lover being told by a Coxcomby Servant of *Bevil's*, that he had carried a Letter to *Lucinda* from his Master, is immediately fir'd with Jealousy, and sends a Challenge
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to *Bevil*. Had he been equally warm, a fatal Catastrophe must have turned our Comedy into Tragedy ; but he is so far from resenting the ill Treatment he at first receives from his mistaken Friend, that he pities the Force of that Passion, which alone could have wrought such violent Effects ; he shews him *Lucinda's* Answer, and proves that what he took for an Injury to his Love was the highest Service to it. Having removed all Apprehensions as to his own Part ; the Next Thing to be considered is how to prevent *Lucinda's* being compelled to marry *Cimberton* ; and with the Assistance of her Chambermaid they contrive that *Myrtle* shall personate old Sir *Geoffry*, *Cimberton's* great Uncle, who is every Day expected in Town, and without whose Consent he cannot enter into any Engagements.

While the two Friends *Bevil* and *Myrtle* are thus employed, Mrs. *Sealand* is using all her Artifices to persuade her Husband to break off entirely with Sir *John*, that there may be no Demur in *Cimberton's* Affair when his Uncle arrives ; the old Man is half inclined to comply with her Request, but unwilling to do any Thing that should not have the Appearance of Reason : He therefore resolves to visit *Indiana* himself, and know from her own Mouth how far she is concerned with *Bevil*.

Her Beauty, her Wit, and the Modesty of her Deportment, make him extremely grieved that so much Merit should be the Victim of a dishonourable Passion ; and he expressing somewhat of his Suspicions, tho' in very tender and respectful Terms, joined with the Imagination of *Bevil's* Marriage, throw her into Agonies, which venting themselves in Words amaze *Sealand* ; she recapitulates her Misfortunes, her Losses at Sea, her Captivity, her Mother's Death, and tearing off her Jewels, drops a Bracelet, which *Sealand* takes up, and knows it to be one he had given his first Wife : In short he finds in the Mistress of *Bevil* his own Daughter, his real Name being *Danvers*, but changed, on his going to the Indies, to *Sealand* : Never was Joy more perfect than his, to embrace a Child he had thought lost with her Mother. His Sister *Isabella*, who remembers him, bears her part in the Transport ; and Sir *John Bevil* and his Son are immediately sent for to compleat it. There

is now no longer Delay, no longer any Remains of Doubt on either Side; *Sealand* now readily bestows his Daughter on *Bevil*, and *Bevil* is no more reluctant to marry the Daughter of *Sealand*.

Mrs. *Sealand* also with *Lucinda*, *Cimberton*, and the pretended Sir *Geoffry*, are brought by *Isabella* to this Scene of Wonder and Delight; and the former seeing *Bevil* now disposed of, desires her Husband will comply with *Cimberton*'s Demands; but that Gentleman, perceiving that *Lucinda*, can be now but a Co-heiress with her new-found Sister *Indiana*, desires to be excused, confesses that her Fortune was the chief Motive of his Pretensions, and that he shall apply elsewhere. *Myrtle* on this throws off his Disguise, and assures the Company that no Diminution of Fortune can make him set a less Value on *Lucinda*. *Sealand* is charmed with his Generosity, and immediately joins their Hands: All the Persons of the Drama conclude their Parts with the utmost Satisfaction, but can counterfeit no more than what a virtuous and polite Audience must feel in Reality at so agreeable and moral an Entertainment.

CONSTANT COUPLE:

O. R. A

Trip to the Jubilee,

A COMEDY.

By Mr. FARQUHAR.

THIS celebrated Comedy, tho' full of Contrivance, cannot properly be said to have a regular Plot, consisting of certain Means to compass a certain End; because the Catastrophe, as will appear from the following Deduction, is, as it were, involuntary, entirely

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owing to the Chance of Incidents, and not to Measures concerted with Design.

Sir *Oliver Manly*, a Gentleman of a considerable Fortune in *Oxfordshire*, has an only Daughter, who by the Treachery of her Maid is seduced by a young Student, who, in an Excursion from College with two others, being benighted, had been entertained with great Hospitality by her Father for two Nights. The young Lady knows not the Person to whom she sacrifices her Innocence : He conceals his Name, under Pretence he is under an Engagement to his Companions not to divulge it till their Return to the University : She presents him with a Ring, and suffers him to depart, without any other Satisfaction than the frail Promise of writing to her in two Days, and returning in fifteen, to relieve her from the Horrors of Reflection, do Justice to her Honour, and marry her. She long expects, but expects in Vain. Her Father dies, and leaves her sole Heiress : She then resolves to revenge the Injury done her by one on the whole Sex ; and give them all the Torment in her Power. With this Design she takes the Name of *Lurewell*, she goes abroad, visits the polite Courts of *Europe*, encourages all that address her, then sets them at Variance. At *Paris* she comes acquainted with an *English* Gentleman, then on his Travels, called Sir *Harry Wildair*, who fights a Duel there on her Account and is obliged to leave that Kingdom. She goes afterwards to *Holland*, but finding Beauty was able to do little Execution on that People, returns to *England*. In her Passage Colonel *Standard*, who comes over in the same Ship falls passionately in Love with her : She countenances his Pretensions, as also those of Alderman *Smuggler*, a Merchant, who has the Writings of her Estate and Money in his Hand ; *Vizard*, his Nephew, and *Clincher* Senior, his late Apprentice, but by the Death of his Father just come to an Estate, and turned Beau.

In this Situation are the chief Characters disposed at the Beginning of the Play, when Sir *Harry Wildair*, being just arrived, discovers to Colonel *Standard* and *Vizard* the utmost Impatience to see Lady *Lurewell*, whose Lodgings he has not yet found out : They both grow

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jealous on his Discourse, but conceal their Sentiments. *Vizard*, who under the Pretence of Sanctity is very debauched, has lately made a dishonourable attempt on a young Lady of Fortune and Virtue, called *Angelica*, to revenge his Disappointment, and at the same Time to turn Sir *Harry*'s Thoughts from Lady *Lurewell*, he recommends that young Beauty to him as a Mistress, tells him that Lady *Darling* her Mother, and a Baronet's Widow, only passes for such, and is in Reality a Bawd: That twenty or thirty Pieces will procure him all the Liberties he can desire; then gives him a Letter of Recommendation to the old Lady, which Sir *Harry* joyfully accepts, and goes immediately to try the Strength of it.

Angelica had never told her Mother the base Designs of *Vizard* on her Virtue, and that Lady, deceived by his specious Pretences believed him what he seemed, so that on receiving the Letter by Sir *Harry* she made no Difficulty of leaving him alone with her Daughter: He behaves to her in a gay loose Manner, offers her twenty Pieces, she takes him to be mad, and flings from him with Indignation: He imagines her Anger is occasioned by not having bid up to her Price, and having no more about him leaves the House, designing to return with a better Present.

Col. *Standard* in the mean Time goes to Lady *Lurewell*, expresses his Uneasiness at Sir *Harry*'s Discourse; she assures him that he is her Aversion, and to confirm it, gives the Colonel a Packet of Letters she has formerly received from him, and desires he will return them to him, with her Request of never hearing from him more; but at the same Time slips a little Note among them, wherein she acquaints him with her Lodgings, and gives him the most obliging Invitation. The Colonel little suspecting the Deceit, hurries to Sir *Harry*, and with an Air of Triumph delivers him the Packet and the Message. Sir *Harry* presently finds the Direction, and each of these Rivals believing himself the happy Man laughs at the other. Sir *Harry* afterwards tells *Vizard* the whole Affair, who, on hearing the Colonel is a Pretender to Lady *Lurewell*, resolves to heighten the Matter to a Quarrel, that by one being kill'd, and

the other hang'd, he may get rid of his two most formidable Rivals. Accordingly he goes to *Standard*, informs him of all he has heard from Sir *Harry*, and the Colonel enraged to have been so much abused sends him a Challenge.

The gay Temper of Sir *Harry* not suffering him to be engrossed by one Woman, he flies immediately to *Lurewell's* Lodgings, she seems overjoyed to see him, but at the same Time accuses him of some fraudulent Dealings with *Smuggler*, who is in the next Room; he beats him severely without telling him the Occasion, and a Pocket-Book dropping out of the old Fellow's Pocket in the Fray, *Lurewell* takes it up unseen by him, and makes her own Use of it afterwards. *Wildair* having by this Means drove away *Smuggler* would fain obtain something more from his Mistress than kind Words; but finding his Rhetorick thrown away, hastens to *Angelica*, whom he imagines a more easy Conquest. In this Supposition he makes that Lady a second Visit, and offers her fifty Guineas, she is more incensed than before, and leaves the Room: *Vizard* comes in the same Moment, promises to make his Peace with her, and tells him Colonel *Standard* waits to speak with him in the Piazza. But that Gentleman having sent a Challenge to Sir *Harry* goes to upbraid *Lurewell* with her Falseness: As he comes up the Street he sees her in the Balcony coquetting with *Clincher*; on Sight of him she bethinks herself how to conceal *Clincher*, and the Porter whom *Standard* has sent to Sir *Harry* coming to look for him there, she obliges him to change Cloaths with *Clincher*, whom she sends down Stairs, and puts the Porter in the next Room. When *Standard* comes in, she prevents what he designed to say to her by reproaching him first, as having told Sir *Harry* where she lived, then calls the Porter out, and bids him begone, telling the Colonel he was sent by Sir *Harry*. The appearance of this Fellow habited like *Clincher*, makes *Standard* believe he has wronged her in one Part of his Suspicions; and as to Sir *Harry*, he now thinks him doubly base in having pretended he received Intelligence where she lived from him: He begs pardon of *Lurewell*, and goes to call his Rival to account; in the Way he meets

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with *Clincher*, whom he takes to be the Porter, who carried the Challenge : He asks him what Answer, and the other being able to return none, is heartily beaten by the impatient Colonel.

Sir *Harry* and *Standard* soon after meet, but the Baronet refuses to fight, swears no Woman is worth the Life of a brave Man, and after some Discourse they discover *Vizard* has been the Incendiary, and that *Lurewell* jilts them both. *Wildair* to prove she receives Presents from him, takes a Ring from *Standard* to give to her, and the other promises to be convinced of the Truth of all he says when he sees it on her Finger.

While the two Gentlemen are thus employed for the Detection of this Lady's Fraud, *Clincher* and the Porter are both carried to *Newgate*, on Suspicion of having murdered each other : Old *Smuggler* is soon after sent to bear them Company, by the Contrivance of Lady *Lurewell*. Under Pretence of making him Amends for the late Beating he received from Sir *Harry*, she invites him to pass the Night with her ; but to prevent the Servants from censuring her Conduct he is to come in Womens Cloaths : She orders *Vizard* also to wait on her at the same Hour : They are both punctual, but the Alderman is first ; on *Vizard*'s knocking at the Door he is shut into a Closet, then *Lurewell*'s Maid lets in *Vizard*, tells him her Lady will receive him in the Dark, and puts him into the same Closet ; where mistaking his Uncle for the Lady, he makes his Courtship, and rails against him to himself. On the Glimpse of a distant Light, and Servants approaching, *Vizard* sneaks out, but *Smuggler* keeps close ; the Butler who has lost some Silver Spoons, perceives him, and searching his Cloaths finds two Spoons, which *Lurewell*'s Maid has conveyed into his Pockets. On this he is carried before a Justice, and so to *Newgate*.

After Sir *Harry* has presented the Ring to Lady *Lurewell*, he goes a third Time to *Angelica*, who still runs in his Head : He now makes her an Offer of an Hundred Guineas : These repeated Affronts provoke both her and her Mother ; and having argued the Affair with him they shew him *Vizard*'s Letter, which recommend-

ed him as a Husband worthy of the young Lady: Sir *Harry*, on finding her a Woman of real Quality and Virtue, changes the Manner of his Addreses, and she consents to marry him.

Lady *Lurewell* having accepted of the Ring, no sooner has Time to examine the Motto, than she knows it to be the same she gave to the dear Ruiner of her Virgin Innocence; not doubting but Sir *Harry* is the Person, she flies to *Angelica's*, challenges his Promise of marrying her, and upbraids his Intentions of becoming the Husband of any other Woman: He is not able to comprehend her Meaning, and leaving her to vent her Rage alone, sends Colonel *Standard* to reproach her in his turn for accepting the Ring, which he acknowledges for his own, and lent to the other to make a Trial of her Temper. By his Discourse, and the Answers she makes, they discover each other, and are mutually transported to meet after so long an Absence. She now no longer has any Pique to Mankind, and *Standard* forgives the Effects of her Resentment, since acted for his Sake. *Wildair* and *Standard* resume their former Friendship: *Clincher* and the Porter are set at Liberty, on the Mistake being unravelled: *Smugler* is bailed, and threatens Revenge on *Lurewell* for the Trick she has put upon him; but she soon stops his Mouth with Papers found in his Pocket-Book, giving an Account of his Clandestine Dealings in Trade, and he is compelled to forgive all and deliver up her Writings.

C O M U S :

A M A S Q U E.

By Mr. M I L T O N.

Acted at *Ludlow-Castle* by Persons of Quality 1634, and now adapted to the Stage, by Mr. DALTON.

THIS Entertainment being calculated only for the Encouragement of Virtue, and to inculcate the Belief that the truly innocent, and who desire to continue so, are every Moment of their Lives attended by Guardian Spirits, commissioned from the most High, and of themselves ready and pleased to do Actions of Benevolence to us wandering and dim-sighted Children of Earth ; there is nothing that can be called a Plot, nor any Incidents to be found in it arising either from human Invention, or that Chance or Fortuity, which often seems to bring forth great Events.

We have here two young Gentlemen, and a beautiful Virgin, their Sister, coming to see their Father, from whence the Poet has not informed us. — They are benighted and lose their Way in a Wilderness, and the Lady being weary and fatigued with her long Walk, lies down to repose herself, while her Brothers go in Search of some Fruits to refresh her as she seems almost fainting. — In this Wood is the Habitation of *Comus*, the Son of *Bacchus* and *Circe*. — He has learned to indulge himself in all sensual Pleasures from his Father, and his Mother has taught him the Art of Sorcery. — He has a Liquor, which whoever drinks of, loses all the Virtues of Humanity, and becomes entirely bestial in his Appetite ; and also an enchanted Wand, which with a Touch renders the Person immoveable. — Great Numbers of both Sexes have found the Force of his magick

magick Art, and not having Power to leave him, form a kind of Court about the Necromancer—— He sees this beautiful young Maid, as she sits waiting for her Brothers, and assuming the Form of an honest plain Countryman, allures her to enter the Palace of Vice, where he entertains her with every thing that can charm the Senses, and having resumed his own Shape, by the Touch of his Wand fixes her in a Chair which she can no way quit, though offended with the Objects which present themselves to her, she often endeavours it——All his Artifices, however, are ineffectual, to prevail on her to taste the intoxicating Juice he offers to her, though compelled to hear and see the Songs and Dances form'd to inspire loose Desires, yet her Mind remains pure and uncorrupted.

Two Guardian Spirits taking on themselves the Shape of Shepherds, in the mean Time, appear to her Brothers; they tell them of the Dangers of this Wilderness, relate the whole Story of *Comus*, and bid them guard their Hearts against the Insinuations of some Women of his Train, who by their Speeches, Songs, and Dances, would fain tempt them from Virtue; but the Youths bred up in the strictest Principles of Honour and Temperance, and fortified yet more by the Admonitions of their celestial Guides, reject the Offers made them by these abandoned Creatures: This Trial over, they are conducted by the same good Spirits to the Palace of *Comus*, where having been instructed what to do, they break the Cup that holds the pernicious Liquor, but the Enchanter makes his Escape with the magick Wand in his Hand, which it behoved them to have broke, in order to set free their Sister who still sits immoveable in the Chair.

The attending Spirits to remedy this Misfortune call in the Assistance of *Sabrina*, a chaste Nymph of the Floods, who sprinkling the Lady with some Drops she has brought with her, releases her from the Enchantment, and the Morning by this Time breaking upon them, they all together repair home, where their Father, no doubt, has impatiently expected them.

To convey Instruction with Delight is certainly the noblest Aim of a Poet, and it must be confessed this
great

great Author has extremely well hit the Mark, as the Musick, the Songs and Dances charm the Senses, and keep that Attention away which might otherwise be asleep to the moral.—I hope there are few, if any of those who are pleased with the *one*, who do not see the *other* which is couched in it, and go home with Thoughts more refined and delicate than they came out with.

DISTRESS'D MOTHER, A TRAGEDY.

By Mr. AMBROSE PHILLIPS

AFTER the Destruction of *Troy*, the Royal Captives being divided by Lot among the *Grecian* Princes; *Andromache*, Widow of *Hector*, with her young Son *Astyanax*, fell to the Share of *Pyrrhus*, King of *Epirus*. This Prince was contracted to *Hermione*, Daughter of *Menelaus* King of *Sparta*; she was sent to his Court, all Things were ready for the Celebration of their Nuptials; and every Day gave Expectations that the next would see the Performance of them; but his Soul being fired with an unhappy Passion for *Andromache*, made him still find Pretences for Delay, though without receiving the least Encouragement from that truly disconsolate Widow.

The *Greeks* in the mean Time, remembering the Wonders they had seen perform'd by *Hector*, begin to conceive Apprehensions of what might be hereafter attempted by his Son; therefore dispatch an Ambassador to *Pyrrhus*, to oblige him to destroy the Child, or hear himself declared the Enemy of *Greece*; and that this Determination may have the greater Weight, no less a Person than *Orestes*, the Son of *Agamemnon*, is deputed in that Character, which he readily undertakes for the sake of seeing *Hermione*, with whom he has long been passionately in Love.

The Arrival of this Prince at the Court of *Epirus*, and his meeting with his Friend *Pylades* there, whom he had not seen a considerable Time, begins the Play.

The Character of *Pyrrhus* is pretty conformable to that which *Homer* has given us of his Father *Achilles*, rash, vain-glorious, impetuous, and disdainful of Controul : When *Orestes* delivers the Purport of his Embassy, he expresses a Contempt of the *Greeks*, for entertaining any Fears of what may happen from the Remains of *Hector*, but much more for any Menaces from themselves ; he absolutely refuses their Request, and lets the Son of *Agamemnon* know he may depart, as soon as he pleases, with this final Answer.

Nothing could be more agreeable to the Wishes of *Orestes*, than this Behaviour in the King ; he now flatters himself that the *Greeks* will be disoblig'd ; the Marriage with *Hermione* broke off, and that Princess be recall'd to *Sparta*. His Hopes are yet more indulg'd, when she acquaints him that she has receiv'd a Command from *Menelaus*, to embark with him if *Astyanax* is not deliver'd up ; but all these pleasing Expectations vanish when they seem most near Accomplishment.

Pyrrhus making a Merit to *Andromache*, of preserving her Son, and demanding her Love as the Recompence of his Service, that afflicted Queen answers his Offers in so cold a Manner, as entirely changes his former Resolution ; and meeting *Orestes* immediately after, excuses himself, as not having sufficiently weigh'd the *Greeks* demand in their last Conversation ; says, he now allows the Justice of it, will yield *Astyanax*, espouse *Hermione* without delay, and desires *Orestes* to inform her of it, and to Personate her Father in giving him her Hand.

The despair of *Orestes* is now beyond all Bounds, he thinks of nothing but Death, resolves to return no more from *Epirus*, till invigorated by the Counsels of his Friend *Pylades*, they form a Plot to carry off *Hermione* by Stealth. That Princess, who loves *Pyrrhus* with an Extremity of Passion, is transported at this unhop'd for Alteration in his Sentiments ; and *Andromache* gives her whole Soul a Prey to the most consummate Grief : She solicits her triumphant Rival in Behalf of the condemn'd *Astyanax*, but receives no Consolation, nor the least
Prospect

Prospect of Relief, till persuaded by her Confident *Cephise*, she throws herself at *Pyrrhus*'s Feet, entreating him to revoke his Sentence, and vowing not to outlive the Execution of it. On seeing her, and hearing her Complaints, the King relapses into his former Passion, is able to refuse her nothing; but dissembling the Excess of his Tenderness, makes the Price of her Son's Redemption, her Consent to marry him, which she at length grants; but at the same Time secretly resolves, that as soon as the Nuptials are perform'd, and her Son assured of Protection, to put an End to her Life, and avoid yielding herself to any second Bed.

Hermione at this News is all distraction and Fury, the Wrong done to her Love, the Indignity to her Charms operates so strongly on her haughty Nature, that Revenge is all she now desires: She sends for *Orestes*, she begs, she commands him to assist in her Designs, she soothes his Love, she promises him hers, and at last prevails on him to assassinate *Pyrrhus* in the Temple, where he was gone to be married to *Andromache*.

Orestes having undertaken this dreadful Commission, assembles all his Friends, and seconded by the *Spartans* of *Hermione*'s Train, goes to the Temple, where he finds it no difficult Matter to perform his Promise, the greatest Part of *Pyrrhus*'s Guards being placed about *Astyanax*. The unhappy Prince was murder'd at the Foot of the Altar, in the very Moment he was giving *Andromache* his Hand. The cruel Deed accomplished, *Orestes* hastens to *Hermione*, informs her that her Orders are obey'd, and demands her Promise of embarking with him for *Sparta*: But the Princess, instead of approving what she had with so many Threats, Prayers, and Promises enforced, upbraids the horrid Action, calls him a Murderer, a vile Assassin, declares her Hate to him, her Love to *Pyrrhus*; and meeting the Body of that slaughter'd Prince, plunges a Dagger into her Bosom, and testifies she had no less a share of Tenderness for his Person, than of Rage for his Indifference.

Orestes confused, astonish'd at the Treatment he has received from a Person who alone could have had power to urge him to a Deed like what he had just been guilty of, is quite stupified, and wholly regardless of his own Safety.

Safety ; but when *Pylades* acquaints him with the Death of *Hermione*, he loses the Use of his Reason entirely, and falls into the most terrible Ravings that Grief, Remorse and Horror ever excited. *Andromache*, being proclaimed Queen, and vowing Revenge on the Murderers of *Pyrrhus*, the faithful *Pylades* forces his wretched Friend on board the Vessel which had brought him on this fatal Embassy ; and the secure Protection the State of *Epirus* now affords to *Hector's* Son and Widow, finishes the Business of this affecting and celebrated Play.

THE
DOUBLE DEALER:
A COMEDY.

By Mr. CONGREVE.

LORD *Touchwood*, an honest worthy Nobleman, is married to a Woman who seems to have in her a Complication of Vices, Pride, Revenge, and Wantonness, to a very great Excess ; tho' treated in the most tender Manner by her Lord, she indulges the most violent Passion for *Melissent*, his Nephew, a young Gentleman of an amiable and virtuous Character ; she declares to him her criminal Inclinations ; but he is struck with Horror at the Thoughts of an incestuous Amour, and endeavours to bring her into better Sentiments ; but this, instead of working any Effect for her Amendment, only renders her outrageous, and makes her take a Resolution of ruining him, without abating any Thing of her lawless Passion.—In that Instant of Time, full of Distraction at the Slight put upon her Charms, she meets *Maskwel*, a most cunning designing Villian ; and being a kind of Dependant on the Family, had long flattered her with a pretended Passion, in order, seeing into her Temper, to bring her into Designs which he had formed for

for the aggrandizing himself.—The Humour she was in gained him his Point, and she readily gave herself to his Embraces, on Condition he should assist her Revenge on *Melifont*, and break a Match intended between him and a young Lady called *Cynthia*. Daughter of her Brother, Sir *Paul Plyant*, a very silly old Knight. This he vows to do, and vows sincerely, being himself secretly in Love both with the Person of *Cynthia*, and her Fortune. To this End he advises Lady *Touchwood* to tell Sir *Paul* and Lady *Plyant*, that *Melifont* had no real Regard for *Cynthia*, only desired to marry her, as he thought he should have greater Opportunities of making his Court to her Mother-in-Law, Lady *Plyant*. Lady *Touchwood* approves the Plot, and puts it in Execution, and the Story, improbable as it is, gains an easy Credit with both.—— Lady *Plyant* has no larger a Share of Wit, than her Husband, but the Deficiency of her Understanding is supplied by an immoderate Vanity, which makes her swallow the most incredible Absurdities, if in the least flattering to her Beauty.—— Sir *Paul* is in a great Passion with *Melifont*, and tells him he shall never see his Daughter any more; but his Lady testifies a Resentment mingled with a visible Satisfaction, and behaves in the most ridiculous Manner imaginable; however, they both join in forbidding him even to think of *Cynthia*; so a Match just concluded on is broke off in spite of all that Lord *Touchwood*, who believes nothing of the Story, can say in defence of his Nephew. The poor young Gentleman, who tenderly loves *Cynthia*; and is equally beloved by her, is in great Confusion of Mind, till he is cheer'd by *Maskwel*, who pretends to be his very sincere Friend, and promises to set all right again; but instead of doing any Thing for his Service, he contrives with Lady *Touchwood* to ruin him with his Uncle.——These are the Methods they take; that wicked Woman tells her Lord, that *Melifont* has for a whole Year been attempting her Chastity, and of late has grown so bold, that she did not think it safe for her to conceal it any longer; she accompanies her Accusations with Tears, and every Insinuation that ill-designing Wit can suggest, till her Lord is perfectly deceived into Belief. But to give yet a stronger Confirmation than Words,

Words, there is still a farther Scheme, which is, *Maskwel* tells *Melifont*, that his Aunt has confest a Passion for him, and appointed him to meet her in her Bed-Chamber at eight a-Clock that Evening, and persuades him to conceal himself in a Closet, and when he has heard enough between them to threaten her with, then to start out upon her, reproach her Infidelity, and oblige her to bring on the Marriage again with him and *Cynthia* as a Recompence for his keeping this Discovery of her Falshood from his Uncle. *Melifont* is overjoyed at the promised Opportunity of forcing her to be his Friend, and readily falls into the Snare. He conceals himself as agreed upon; Lady *Touchwood* and *Maskwel* enter; she treats him with the most guilty Endearments, and *Melifont* rushes out upon them; *Maskwel* runs out of the Chamber; and while he is endeavouring to bring her to Terms for the Purchase of his Secrecy, Lord *Touchwood* is sent by *Maskwel*: the Moment of his Entrance, Lady *Touchwood* screams out for Help, and pretends *Melifont* attempted to ravish her. The Lord, who before had been persuaded of his Nephew's Villainy, imagined he had now an undeniable Proof of it, and flew into a Rage proportionable to the seeming Occasion. — *Melifont* endeavours to justify himself, and lay open his Aunt's Baseness, but the other will not suffer him to speak, but leaves him with a Menace of never seeing him more.

This pretended Service has so ingratiated *Maskwel* to Lord *Touchwood*, that he resolves to disinheret his Nephew; he takes into his Head to make that Villain his Heir, believing him the most honest and sincere Man upon Earth; — withall he promises to use his Interest with Sir *Paul Plyant*, that he may marry his Daughter, and every Thing is just on the Crisis of crowning his detestable Plots with all the Success he could desire, when Lady *Touchwood* finding her Lord's Intentions, is almost distracted with Rage and Jealousy, and beginning to suspect, that instead of making *Maskwel* the Tool of carrying on her Designs, she has been only the Instrument of accomplishing those he had form'd merely for his own Interest, she flies upon him with all the Fury of a Woman so beyond Measure provoked, and holds a Dagger in her Hand, with which she vows Revenge. — He

puts all his old Artifices in practice, to bring her to Moderation, and protests this Marriage is only that he may continue to enjoy her with more Security. While they are in this Conversation, Lord *Touchwood*, with *Cynthia*, to whom he has been communicating his Desire of seeing her married to his new Favourite *Maskwel*, happens to come into the Gallery where they are talking. — *Cynthia* prevails on his Lordship to stand aside and listen to them, so that the whole Secret of both their base and dishonourable Proceedings is detected, and their Artifices no longer are a Refuge from the just Vengeance of a Husband and a Patron so monstrously wrong'd.

Lord *Touchwood*, now ashamed of his former Credulity, asks his Nephew's Pardon, re-instates him in his former Favour; and all the Obstacles which before impeded the Marriage with *Cynthia*, being thus happily removed, it is now agreed upon by all Parties. Lord *Touchwood* parts for ever from his Lady, and makes the Servants secure *Maskwel* till he can think of a proper Punishment for him.

There are four other Characters in this Play besides those I have mentioned, which are Lord and Lady *Froth*, *Careless*, a Friend of *Melissant*, and *Brisk*, a great Fop and Pretender to Wit; these serve only to expose the Follies of the Age, and are no Way conducive to the main Plot, nor have any among themselves, but that *Careless*, taking the Advantage of Lady *Plyant*'s Vanity, makes his Addresses to her, which are favourably received; as are also those of *Brisk* by Lady *Froth*, tho' she seems passionately in Love with her Husband; and both these Ladies prove, that however weak a Woman is, the filliest of them all have yet Artifice enough to impose on a Husband who loves them.

The Whole, however, of this Play, even in the most amorous Part of it, is conducted with a Decency worthy the Author, who, for Purity of Diction, as well as Wit, and Strength of Sentiment, has been equall'd but by few, and whose Works will, doubtless, outlive most of those of a more modern Date.

T H E

THE
DOUBLE GALLANT,
OR, THE
SICK LADY's CURE.
A COMEDY.

By Mr. CIBBER.

THERE are few *English* Plays which afford a greater Diversity of Characters, or Variety of Incidents than this; and none, that I know of, where the one are more lively and agreeable, or the other, numerous as they are, more naturally introduced.

Mr. *Wilfull* and Sir *Harry Atall* are Country Gentlemen, Neighbours and Friends, the former has a Daughter called *Silvia*, bred in *London*, with some Relations, and the latter has a Son, who, on his Return from his Travels, is design'd for the Husband of that young Lady. They have never seen each other, but the Matter being agreed on between the Parents, how agreeable it may be to them is not in the least consulted.

Young *Atall* receives a positive Command from his Father to come to *England* with all possible Expedition, in order to be married to a Lady he had made Choice of for him. He obeys the Summons, but is somewhat fearful that his Inclinations may not be conformable to his Duty, especially as he finds in himself no Disposition to marry any Woman, though she appeared ever so handsome in his Eyes. Happening to arrive somewhat before Sir *Harry* comes to *London*, he falls into the Acquaintance of a young Lady called *Clarinda*, Niece to Sir *Solomon Sadlife*, under whose Trust she and her Fortune is, which is very considerable: Her Beauty and Humour render her extremely agreeable to him, he makes Love to her, though without any Intentions of a serious Courtship,

Courtship, and she encourages him more out of a little Spirit of Coquetry, than any extraordinary liking: being at that Time address'd by a Gentleman named *Clerimont*, who has the most tender and established Passion for her, and whom she really loves as much as is consistent with the Gaiety of her Temper. *Atall*, however, has not so much devoted his Heart to her as not to leave Room for another Impression. As he was one Day on the River *Thames*, going to shoot the Bridge, he saw a Boat, which, by the Carelessness of the Watermen, struck against the Piles, and was immediately overfet. There was a young Lady in it, who must inevitably have been lost, had he not jumped into the Water, and with the Hazard of his Life catch'd her, just sinking, and brought her into his Boat. That distressed Condition discovered to him so many Charms, that he immediately became inflamed with a Passion, which till then had been wholly a Stranger to him; having naturally a good Share of Confidence he presently acquainted her with the Effect her Beauty had on him, but the same Reason which had hindered him from letting *Clarinda* know who he was, obliged him to conceal his real Name to this Lady also, and on her desiring to be informed to whom she was indebted for her Life, he said he was a Gentleman of Fortune, and called *Freeman*. He entreated Permission to visit her, and she having a more than ordinary Liking to his Person, was glad of so plausible an Excuse as that of Gratitude for her Deliverance to allow him the Favour he requested; but as she had Reasons as well as he for concealing herself, she forbore telling him where she lodged, but appointed him to come to *Clarinda's* who was her near Relation, and a Lady whom she knew she might take that Freedom with.

Atall, who, till he saw this last Beauty, was one of the most gay, wild, inconstant Men on Earth, had made a little Sort of an Acquaintance with the Lady of Sir *Solomon Sadlife*, whom he saw in the Park; and had perhaps push'd it farther, had not her Husband, by Accident passing that Way, broke off their Conversation, without giving them Time to acquaint each other who they were, or where they might see each other again, to the no small Mortification of both; for she being young and

and amorous, and finding nothing in the Person or Conversation of Sir *Solomon*, but what served to render him contemptible to her, was as well pleased to receive the Addresses of a fine Gentleman, such as *Atall*, as he could be to make them.

These are the Preparations for those agreeable Scenes which give the first Part of the Title; a different Plot, wholly detach'd from the other, comes under the second. Lady *Dainty* is a fine young Woman of Quality, but her Affectation is immoderate: She thinks its indelicate ever to be in perfect Health, and vulgar to like any Thing that is the Produce of her own Country, so is the eternal Dupe of Doctors and Apothecaries for the one, and all who pretend to be Rarity-mongers for the other, *Carlesi* is a Gentleman of Birth and Fortune, who loves, and would fain cure her of her Follies, to which End he tries all Means: Finding that Submission is in vain, he has Recourse to Remonstrances; those ineffectual, he grows more bold, breaks her Vials of Physick before her Face, and turns her *Japonefe*, *Armenians*, *Jews*, and the rest of the Bauble-Sellers out of Doors, yet she is still incorrigible, and he as far as ever from his Hopes either of marrying, or reclaiming her. He relates his ill Success to his Friend *Clerimont*, but resolves to persevere, as does the other also, who is in little less Disturbance of Mind at the Coquetry of *Clarinda*, who neither entirely discards him, nor will give him any Assurance of her Affection. To secure her as much as possible, he has gained the Interest of her Guardian, Sir *Solomon*, by a Promise of five hundred Pound, yet she still trifling with him, and treating him with more Coldness than ever, he grows jealous that there is some Rival in the Case, and is so diligent in observing her, that she cannot admit *Atall* at her own Lodgings, but meets him in other Places, which is the Occasion that he does not suspect her for the Mistress of *Clerimont*, whose intimate Friend he is, nor is alarmed at that Place being appointed for waiting on his new Charmer.

That young Lady having told her Cousin *Clarinda* of the Obligation she has to the supposed Mr. *Freeman*, goes to her Lodgings to receive him at the Hour she had given him Leave to come, he is too much enamoured to

fail,

fail, and on Notice being given of his coming, *Clarinda* retires that the other may entertain him. After the first Compliments are over, he begins to address her in the Language of Love, on which she freely confesses she has no Dislike to him, provided he prove the Man of Birth and Fortune he has represented himself, but tells him she has an intimate Friend in the next Room, whose Approbation she will have before she consents to receive him as a Lover. He is very willing to stand the Test of that Friend's Examination, on which *Clarinda* comes forth. He is Thunder struck at the Sight of her, but sticks to what he has said to the other, and on her expressing a Surprize at seeing him there, and calling him Colonel *Standfast*, he utterly denies the Name, or that he has ever seen her before, protests he is a *Gloucestershire* Gentleman, and his Name *Freeman*. *Clarinda* is ready to burst with Spite at being thus outfaced, especially as she finds her Cousin preferr'd so palpably to her: She tells her the whole that has past between them, but the other prepossessed by her good Opinion of him, cannot tell how to believe it, and to vex the other, seems not to do so at all.

To compleat the Intricacy, as *Atall* is going down Stairs, he meets Lady *Sadlife*, who was there on a Visit to *Clarinda*; not the Passion he has for his fair unknown, nor the Rub he has just met with in his Addresses to her, have the Power to hinder him from prosecuting a new Intrigue: She makes an Appointment with him the same Evening at her own House. In the mean Time the two Cousins violently angry, and jealous of each other's Charms, at last resolve to write to him, the one by the Name of *Standfast*, the other by that of *Freeman*, both desiring to see him at seven o'Clock that Evening at Lady *Sadlife*'s. He was now more at a Loss than ever what to do; he found they were resolved to be convinced, if the Colonel and Mr. *Freeman* were two Persons or one, and had besides another Perplexity, which neither of these Ladies could divine. The Hour was exactly the same, in which he had wrote to Lady *Sadlife*, that he would wait on her, and it being her House where the two fair Rivals had resolved on making a Trial of him, he knew not which Way to act, to prevent a Discovery, which

which must infallibly ruin him with one of them, if not all three. As to Lady *Sadlife*, he thought he might go somewhat before the Time, and excuse himself by the Impatience of his Love, and as to managing the other, he advised with his Friend *Clerimont*, who little suspected he was serving him with his own Mistress, and between them they found a Stratagem so as to prevent the Ladies from being positive at least that he had deceived them.

But while this double, or rather treble Gallant, was puzzling himself how to behave, Lady *Sadlife* was not without her Troubles on his Account. She had bid him direct his Letter for her to Mrs. *Wilbwell* her Woman, and sign it only with some romantic Name, and happy it was for her she had this Precaution; for Sir *Solomon* intercepted it, which put her at first into a most terrible Fright; but he opening it, and finding nothing in it but what might possibly be wrote to the Person it was directed to, grew so good humour'd that he would needs have his Wife write an Answer to it in her Woman's Name; which she complies with, though with a seeming Unwillingness, and this Scene is very diverting.

Atall comes, as he was obliged, before his Hour, but Sir *Solomon* being gone out, he was introduced to the Lady's Chamber; as Opportunities of this Nature were like to be scarce, he was for pushing his good Fortune, and concluding the Affair at once; but Lady *Sadlife* affecting Coyness, Sir *Solomon* returns, while they are talking, on which they are obliged to conceal him in a Closet. The Lady slips into an inner Room, and *Wilbwell* opens the Chamber Door to Sir *Solomon*, after he had knock'd some Time. The fastening of the Door, and Delay of letting him in, made him imagine there was something extraordinary in Hand, especially as he thought he had heard the Voice of a Man. Jealousy grows strong in him, yet not enough to overpower his Cowardice, he fears to detect the Person who he thinks has injured him, or make any Mention of his Suspicion, while he imagines him in hearing. As he looks round the Room, he is convinced that if any Man has been there, he must certainly be hid in the Closet, so bethinks himself of a Way to be assured, and at the same Time get rid of this Invader of his Honour without Danger. He puts out the

Candle

Candle as if by Accident, and sends *Wishwell* to light it, and as soon as she is gone, goes to the Closet Door, and calls softly for him to come out. *Atall* supposing it is the Lady, ventures forth, and runs off without saying any Thing that can confirm Sir *Solomon* of his Intentions. He is no sooner gone than the Husband puts himself in his Place, and *Wishwell* returning with a Light, and believing Sir *Solomon* gone, goes to the Closet to release *Atall*, whom she imagines still there : When she calls to him, Sir *Solomon* rushes out upon her, she shrieks, and Lady *Sadlife* runs in, and pretends to fall in a Fit at seeing her Husband offering Violence to her Woman ; he endeavours to recover and pacify her, and gives *Wishwell* Money not to discover to her Lady that he has been jealous of her.

Atall is no sooner disengaged from this Adventure, than he dresses himself for Colonel *Standfast*, and goes to the Apartment where he is expected by the two Ladies. He accosts *Clarinda* with the Gaiety he always treated her with, and salutes her Cousin as a Person he had never seen before : She is strangely surprized ; she finds in him the exact Shape, Stature, and Features, but nothing of the Behaviour of Mr. *Freeman*, and is divided in her Thoughts ; however, the Concern she testifies at fearing she is impos'd upon, betrays so much Tenderness for him, that it increases his Affection ; but he continues the Deception, and a Messenger arrives to acquaint her, that Mr. *Freeman* having been arrested by Mistake for Colonel *Standfast*, he quarrell'd with the Officer, and is hurt in the Arm, but will wait on her as soon as his Wound is dress'd. This confounds the Ladies, even the Confident *Clarinda* begins to stagger in her Opinion, and will not now swear that the Colonel and Mr. *Freeman* are the same. As they are in this Dilemma, an Officer comes in and seizes him on a sham Warrant of High Treason ; he is carried off, and in two or three Minutes returns in a different Habit as the grave, sober Mr. *Freeman* ; *Clarinda*, to be eas'd of the Perplexity she is in, goes to the House where the pretended Officer said he should carry the Colonel ; and as she was stepping into her Chair, *Clerimont*, as had been agreed between him and *Atall*, comes in, the Sight of *Clarinda* ; makes him sus-
pect

pest the Truth that *Atall* is his Rival, and the sole Occasion of his Mistress's late Coldness to him ; but being a Man of Sense, moderates his Resentment till he has an Opportunity of talking to him alone, and before the Fair unknown, calls him by the Name of *Freeman*, and seems to wonder at the great Resemblance there is between him and Colonel *Standfast*, whom, he says, he has just met in the Hands of one of the King's Messengers. This Gentleman's Arrival puts the finishing Stroke to clearing all this young Lady's Doubts ; she freely confesses an Affection for him ; but while he is vowing eternal Constancy to her, her Aunt comes hastily in, and acquaints her that her Father is come to Town, and that she must prepare to be married that very Night : *Atall* seems distracted at this News, but the Lady assures him she will omit nothing to break off a Match which is detestable to her since she has seen him ; begs him to be easy, and promises, that in two Hours Time she will send to let him know her Fortune and Family. After her Departure *Clerimont* begins to call *Atall* to account for having imposed on him in the Affair of *Clarinda* ; the other is surprized, and protests he was intirely ignorant, as indeed he was, that she was the Woman he loved, and assures him that he is ready to renounce all Pretensions to her, and will readily confess the Deception he put upon her.

Clerimont, after this, meets *Clarinda*, and reproaches her with entertaining another Lover, tho' without naming the Person. She is just come from the Messengers, but can get no Satisfaction as to the Colonel ; but as she has no Love for him, begins to grow weary of troubling herself about him : She seems to resent *Clerimont's* Impatience, but secretly acknowledges the Justice of it, and resolves to make him amends. Accordingly she dresses herself in Men's Cloaths, goes to her Uncle, offers him a thousand Pounds for his Interest in his Niece, which he privately consents to take, and to break off with *Clerimont*. That Gentleman coming the same Time, and perceiving a new Rival, as he imagines, high Words rise between them. *Clarinda* provokes him to a Duel, but pretends she cannot get her Sword out of the Scabbard. *Clerimont* taking it for Cowardice, exchanges with her,

and finds nothing but a Hilt : She offers to give him his Life, if he will renounce his Pretensions to *Clarinda* ; which he refusing, she discovers herself, acknowledges she has treated him ill, but will now make him happy : He receives her with Transports suitable to the Passion she has for her ; and they now marry without giving Sir *Solomon* the five hundred Pounds he was to have received from *Clerimont*.

The fair Cousin of *Clarinda* is now in the utmost Distress, she is pressed by her Father to marry a Person she never saw ; in vain she confesses her Heart is engaged ; he threatens to disclaim her for his Daughter, if she persists in Disobedience ; she sends for *Atall*, who she thinks is *Freeman* ; he pleads his Cause, but without Success ; and while he is doing so, old Sir *Harry Atall* comes in ; he is enraged at hearing he has been so long in Town without letting him know it ; and tells him he must resolve to marry the Lady he has provided for him immediately. The young Gentleman protests he never can be happy with that Lady, on which his Father vows to disinherit him ; but all this Rage is soon converted into Joy at the Discovery that the charming *Incognita* is the real *Silvia*, whom he was design'd for, and Mr. *Freeman* that very Mr. *Atall* intended for the Husband of *Silvia*, neither of the Fathers knowing each other's Children, by reason of their being bred the one in *London* and the other Abroad.

While *Silvia* and *Clarinda* have brought their Affairs to so happy a Catastrophe, *Cartless* despairing of gaining Lady *Dainty* in his own Shape, assumes that of a *Muscovite* Prince, and disguised with huge Whiskers, and a *Russian* Habit, makes his Addresses. The Design succeeds, and she readily consents to marry him ; after which he discovers himself ; and as he is a Gentleman equal to herself in Fortune, notwithstanding the Reflection that her Folly had laid her open to be a Prey to any Cheat that might have attempted her, she rejoices to have been deceived for her own Good, by one who loves her, and is a Man of Honour.

Sir *Solomon* and his Lady are the only Persons who are not satisfied with these Events, the one for missing the five hundred Pounds he was made to expect by the Disposal

posel of his Niece, and the other from finding herself disappointed in the agreeable Gallant the Addressee of *Atall* had flattered her with.

There are, besides the Characters I have mentioned, three others, *Sir Squabble Splitbair*, *Captain Strut*, and *Mr. Saunter*, all Pretenders to *Clarinda*; but as they enter but once, and then only to heighten the Scene, I thought it would be rather impertinent than agreeable to give any Detail of their Behaviour.

THE
EARL of ESSSEX:
OR, THE
UNHAPPY FAVOURITE.
A TRAGEDY.

By Mr. BANKS.

THE Author is indebted for the Conduct of this Play to a Novel, intitl'd, *The Secret History of Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Essex*; and happy he was to have so popular a Subject modell'd to his Hands in that interesting Manner we find it.

To heighten our Compassion for the unhappy Earl, and justify the Queen's vehement Affection for him, he is represented as posselt of all those eminent Qualities which compose a Hero; and to be a faultless Character requires only to have had a greater Command over his Passions. *Burleigh*, first Minister to the Queen, jealous of her Glory, and envious of the Favours heap'd on *Essex*, is continually labouring to render him suspected. *Sir Walter Raleigh*, no less his Enemy, joins his Endeavours for the same End, and both are abetted by the malicious

malicious Countess of *Nottingham*, who, having been passionately in Love with *Essex*, and rejected by him, seeks to ruin what she can't enjoy. The Impetuosity of the Earl's Temper gave them but too great an Opportunity, and they accomplish'd their Ends in the following Manner.

A Rebellion breaking out in *Ireland*, headed by *Tyrronne*, a very valiant Man, *Essex*, as being Lord-Lieutenant of that Kingdom, and Captain-General of all her Majesty's Forces both by Sea and Land, marched with a powerful Army against him; after some slight Skirmishes, the Earl's Troops being much harassed, and the Enemy posted very advantageously, he yielded to a Parley, which being very private, was represented to the Queen as derogatory to her Honour, and as if the Earl was not free from some clandestine Designs. *Burleigh* and *Raleigh*, with some other Members of both Houses, petition her for Leave to impeach him of High Treason, which she not only refuses, but is extremely incensed that such a Motion has been made, repeats the former Services the Earl has done the Nation, and reproaches them with Malice, Envy, and Ingratitude: The Earl of *Southampton*, a very sincere Friend of *Essex*, urges every Thing he can in his Behalf, and extols the Queen's Justice in protecting him; so that for that Time his Enemies are put to Silence.

The Queen however, not satisfied with his Behaviour, sends Orders to him to repair his past Conduct, and not quit *Ireland* till the Rebels are totally subdued, and all Things quieted; but the Earl hearing of the Accusations had been brought against him, was too impatient to be clear'd; and having engaged *Tyrronne* to lay down his Arms, came over in spite of the Queen's positive Command to the contrary. His cruel Foes rejoiced; all his Friends were alarmed at this imprudent Step; the Countess of *Rutland*, to whom he was privately married, trembled for the Consequence; and the Queen herself was beyond Measure afflicted to find that his rash Proceeding now left her no Pretence to espouse his Cause, without manifesting a Tenderness which she was desirous of concealing from the whole World. The Consideration of her Dignity, heighten'd by her native Haughtiness;

ness, and the secret Love she bears him, occasion cruel Conflicts in her Breast; long she debates within herself, whether she shall obey the Dictates of the *one*, and send the audacious Man to the Tower, or comply with the soft Impulse of the *other*, and admit the beloved Criminal to justify himself before her: The latter, after much Struggling, gets the better, but not without some Restrictions; she resolves to see him, but to receive him in such a Manner as shall leave him no Room to hope she will easily pardon his Offences.

Burleigh, *Raleigh*, and *Nottingham* are present at this Interview, on the latter of which she leans, and seems busy in Discourse, without once looking on the Earl; and, after suffering him to kneel some Time, quits the Room, sternly commanding all who have Loyalty to follow her, and leave the Traitor to himself. None dare to disobey, even *Southampton* goes, but soon returns, and, with the disconsolate *Rutland*, bewails his Misfortunes. Immediately after *Burleigh* and *Raleigh* are sent to demand his Staff of Offices, which he refuses to resign to any but the Queen herself; and both he and *Southampton* treat those Ministers with Contempt.

The Queen being presently informed of this Behaviour, is highly incens'd, yet still divided in her Thoughts; she cannot brook the Railings of *Nottingham* against him, and the Praises bestowed on him by the unwary *Rutland* make her yet more uneasy, by the Discovery that she loves him: She, however, at last, commands he shall be brought into her Presence: he attempts to vindicate his Conduct, but the Reasons he gives seem too weak to convince her Judgment of his Innocence. She pardons him to satisfy the secret Affection she has for him; but deprives him of all his Honours in Consideration of what she thought owing to herself as Queen. Here the Earl is no longer able to restrain the Impetuosity of his Nature, he throws his Staff at her Feet, accompanied with some Expressions, that sound like Reproaches; on which the Queen, inflamed with Wrath, gives him a Blow. He lays his Hand on his Sword, and it is in vain that *Southampton* conjures him to be more moderate; he goes on repeating his Services, and accusing *Burleigh*, *Raleigh*, and even her Majesty, of Injustice. She leaves him

him in the utmost Rage, and none remain with him but *Southampton*, who in this Exigence will not forsake him.

Grown desperate with his Misfortunes, he runs head-long into the City, proclaims his Wrongs, and inveighs against the Ministry. All this is told with Aggravations to the Queen, who orders the two Earls to be seized. They are pursued and taken, and sent close Prisoners to the Tower, there to wait their Trial. But the Queen, in spite of all can be said to her, will needs see *Essex* before he goes, and fearing his Crimes were too flagrant to escape Sentence, in order to save his Life, gives him a Ring, with a solemn Promise, that whenever he sends that, to grant him in Return whatever he shall ask.

As she expected, he was found guilty by the Law, and condemned to lose his Head; as was also his Friend *Southampton*. Her Majesty knew that by her Prerogative she had a Right to pardon him; but then she thought such a Grace would too much betray a Weakness unworthy of a Queen, and waited till he should send the Ring, and beg his Life. Impatient till she knows him secate she sends *Nottingham* to him, who pretending the greatest Compassion for him, is intrusted by him with this precious Pledge of Safety, and with it a Petition to the Queen for Mercy. She had now all she wish'd in her Possession, and a full Opportunity to revenge the Contempt he had shewn her Charms. Instead of bearing his Message to the Queen, she represents him as insolent, disdaining to receive any Favour from her; and daring all that her Power and Indignation can inflict: To heighten her Displeasure against him, an unlucky Accident contributes: His Wife hearing he was condemn'd to die, quite desperate with Grief, flies to the Queen, reveals the Secret of their Marriage, and begs her Husband's Life.

Never did publick Indignation, or secret Despair, rise to a greater Height than in the Behaviour, and Breast of this Princess; she spurns the Countess from her, and gives Orders that the Sentence past on *Essex* shall be immediately executed. The malicious *Nottingham*, who now engrosses her Ear, persuades her to pardon the Earl of *Southampton*, not out of any real Pity for that Nobleman, but because she imagines *Essex* will feel the Severity of his

his own Doom more deeply, in seeing that Mercy which is denied to himself bestowed on his Friend. To imbit-
ter Death the more, she also intreats his unhappy Wife
may be permitted to see him as he is conducted to the
Block; to both these the Queen consents, but unhappily
for the cruel Adviser, the Earl then gives a Letter to his
Wife to be delivered to the Queen, who being at that
Time in the Tower, receives it soon after the Earl is
carried off; and finding by it that the Earl had sent the
Ring, and beg'd his Life by *Nottingham*, sends to forbid
the Execution; but *Burleigh* and *Raleigh*, who were in-
trusted with the fatal Orders, took so much Care they
should not be delayed, that the Earl was dead before the
Arrival of this second Message. The Queen is grieved
beyond Measure, banishes the treacherous *Nottingham* for
ever from her Presence, and is much displeased with all
who had shewn themselves Enemies to the unfortunate
Earl.

Mr. BROOKE has lately wrote a new Tragedy on this
Plan, which has met with all the Success so interesting
a Story, set off with all the Beauties of Poetry, may just-
ly challenge.

EDWARD the BLACK PRINCE; OR, THE BATTLE of POICTIERS.

An Historical Tragedy, after the Manner of
Shakespeare.

By WILLIAM SHIRLEY, Esq;

EDWARD, surnamed the *Black Prince*, Son of the great
Edward the third, after a Course of glorious Suc-
cesses in *France*, appears in the opening of this Play, in
Council with his Lords, where he informs them he has
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received Intelligence of a mighty Army encamped on the Plains of *Poitiers*, to intercept the Retreat of his. After some Debate, 'tis resolved to march that Way, and in this and throughout the Piece, the Prince shews all that Humanity, Gentleness and Moderation, which with the other shining Virtues of Courage, Fire and Constancy, join to make him completely an Hero. *Arnold*, a Gentleman bred from his Infancy with this amiable Prince, and now his chief Favourite and Bosom Friend, is here introduced as receiving new Instances of his Master's Affection. He is passionately in love with a beautiful Captive, called *Mariana*, who is entrusted to his Care ; but as yet, knows not that she is inspired with an equal Tenderness.

While Things are in this Situation in the *English* Camp, the *French* make large Preparations, and many of their Courtiers, particularly the Archbishop of *Sens*, express a Desire of Vengeance on the *English*, unbecoming the generous Character of a Soldier, and highly offensive to the gallant *Ribemont*, a Nobleman remarkable for Valour and every excellent Quality. He reproves their over warm Zeal, and shews them the Folly of despising an Enemy, which they express the utmost Fear of, by their violent Detestation.

In the Second Act the two Armies are encamped at *Poitiers*, but with this terrible Circumstance to the *English*, that they find the whole Force of *France* is now drawn together against their Handful, and so placed as to cut off all Hopes of Retreat. In this Time of Distress, the Prince receives an Account that *Arnold*, too weak against the Assaults of Love, has been perswaded by *Mariana* to desert his Countrymen and fly with her to the *French*. Cardinal *Perigort*, the Pope's Nuncio, interposes, but in vain, to gain reasonable Terms for the Prince's Army.—The *French* exult in their Numbers, and will grant no Conditions, but such as are too base for *Britons* to submit to. *Arnold* now appears in the *French* Camp, where Lord *Charney*, father to *Mariana*, absolutely denies to give him his Daughter, and leaves him no other reward for his Guilt, but Remorse and Despair. In this State, *Ribemont* full of generous Sentiments, meets and upbraids him with his Ingratitude,

which heightens the Distress of his Mind to such a Degree that he quits *Mariana*, and leaves her almost distracted at his Loss.

The next Act presents us with a melancholy Soliloquy of *Ribemont*, who feels an unusual Weight on his Spirits, at the Approach of the Battle, which is determin'd for the next Day. He fancies he sees the Apparition of his Father, as if to warn him of impending Danger. He shakes off, however, his Terrors at last, and prepares himself to do his Duty. About this Time, *Arnold* in Disguise comes to the Prince's Tent, throws himself at his Feet in Despair, and begs Permission to die in the Battle as an Expiation of his Guilt. His much injur'd Master behaves on this Occasion with the Firmness of a General, and yet shows all the tender Feelings of a fond, forgiving Friend.

The Battle ensues, where by amazing Valour, the *English* gain a complete Victory, at the Odds of Twelve to one. *Arnold*, after having performed wonderful Feats of Arms, is killed by *Ribemont*; who resolving to fall with his Country, refuses Quarter from Lord *Stedley*, a brave *Englishman*, and is slain by him, whom he leaves behind him wounded, and admiring the greatness of his Soul. *Mariana* wounds herself mortally on the Body of *Arnold*, lies to the Prince, implorer and receives his Pardon, and then dies in his Presence. The Piece concludes with new Instances of *Edward's* magnanimity, in his Behaviour to the King of *France*, and his whole Court, who are made Prisoners, and forced to acknowledge the Hand of Heaven in so signal and glorious a Victory.

FAIR PENITENT, A TRAGEDY.

By Mr. ROWE.

THE Republick of *Genoa* was once happy in a Minister no less eminent for his Services in the Field than

than Cabinet: but, as distinguish'd Merit is, always the
 Mark of Envy, to shoot her keenest Arrows at, a power-
 ful Faction, as he grew in Years, was raised against
 him: Malice, and, a Thousand Artifices too numerous
 to insert, got the better of open Sincerity: This great
 and good Man was displaced, and his most mortal Ene-
 my put into his Employments. The Crowds, which be-
 fore attended his Levee, now transferred their Homage
 to his Successor; but this was an Inconstancy of Fortune:
 he could well have born, had no other Inconvenience but
 the Loss of Grandeur been the Consequence of his Dis-
 mission from publick Business; but he had been so far
 from profiting by his Posts, that he had greatly imbez-
 zled his paternal Estate to support the Dignity of his Cha-
 racter without Prejudice to the Commonwealth; in fine,
 he was so very poor, that tho' he pass'd the Remainder
 of his Days in the most private Manner imaginable, he
 was obliged to go in Debt, even for common Necessaries,
 and his Corpse being seized after his Death had been de-
 nied the Rites of Funeral, had not his only Son, the
 pious *Altamont*, yielded up himself as a Redemption.
Scioto, a rich and worthy Nobleman beheld this Act of
 filial Love with Admiration, and having paid the Sums
 demanded, began to consider how he might farther re-
 compence such Virtue: He was a Widower, and too far
 advanced in years to think of a second Bride bed: The
 only Blessing left him of his Marriage State, was a
 Daughter of consummate Beauty, and no less admirable
 Accomplishments; he had observed *Altamont* had long
 regarded her with a Lover's Eye, tho' the ill Fortune
 of his Family would not permit him to declare a Pas-
 sion for the Heiress of such immense Possessions. This
 tender Father, and generous Patron, therefore thought
 he could not make his beloved Daughter more happy,
 than by giving her a Husband, such as *Altamont*, nor
 any where find so worthy an Inheritor of his vast Posses-
 sions, as him who had delivered himself up as a Ransom
 for a Father who was no longer in a Condition to reward,
 or even to thank such filial Piety. But because he would
 leave him nothing to wish for in the Possession of *Calissa*,
 he gave to *Horatio*, this noble Youth's dearest Friend,

and who had married his Orphan Sister, a Sum of Money to supply the Deficiencies of his narrow Fortune. Such unbounded Favours must needs have their due Effect upon a Soul so grateful as was *Altamont's*; but had he given him Worlds, he had looked upon them all as trifling nothings, when compared to the infinitely more precious Blessing of being the Husband of *Calista*.

Happy would they both have been if her Sentiments had any Way corresponded with her Father's Commands, or her Lover's Hopes; but, unfortunately for them all, she had long since settled her Affections on *Lotbario*, a young Nobleman, and the Son of him who had supplanted the Father of *Altamont*: To him she had yielded up her Heart and Honour, and the Sentence of some horrid and immediate Death had been less shocking to her, than the Thoughts of being married to another.

The chief Characters thus disposed at the Beginning of the Play, admirably prepare, and raise our Expectation for the Catastrophe; which is brought on by the following Incidents.

The Day appointed for the Celebration of these unequal Nuptials being arrived, *Altamont*, with Rapture, welcomes the long-wish'd for Morn: *Calista*, with no less Horror sees it dawn upon her: She had with Tears, with Swoonings, with all the Eloquence of Love and Grief importuned *Lotbario* to marry her, which he at first evaded, and afterwards plainly refused, and she is now all Fury and Distraction; yet still retains so much of her former fatal Weakness for him, as to solicit one more Interview, and imagines she shall be more at ease when she has vented the Bitterness of her Soul in Reproaches on him. To this end she sends *Lucilla* her Confident, with a Letter to him: *Horatio*, happening to pass that Way is a little surprized to see the Woman of *Calista* in private Conference with the avowed Enemy of *Altamont*, but much more so, when, *Lotbario* having dropped the Letter, as he was putting it hastily into his Pocket, he takes it up and reads the Contents, which fully explain the Love and Dishonour of his Friend's Bride.

Never

Never were the Workings of a great and perfect Friendship more naturally decipher'd than in the various Agitations of *Horatio's* Soul at this Discovery : At first all Fire on the Injustice done to his dear *Altamont's* faithful Passion, then all Ice on the Remembrance that the fair Offender was Daughter to the generous *Sciolto*, to whom they both were so greatly indebted : He could not resolve to wound the Soul of that tender Father with the Knowledge of his Daughter's Shame ; and much less can he break the faithful Heart of *Altamont* with Intelligence so ruinous to his Love and Honour. *Lothario*, the Destroyer of their common Happiness, is alone judg'd the worthy Victim of his just Revenge : He therefore hastens after him, and having found him, upbraids him with having forged a Letter in *Calista's* Name, and purposely dropping it to throw an Aspersions on that Lady's Fame : *Lothario*, insolent by Power, impetuous by Nature, vain of his Conquest over the undone *Calista*, and pleas'd to triumph over *Altamont*, avows all that has pass'd between him and the Daughter of *Sciolto*, and declares he will make it so publick in *Genoa*, that her Husband's Dishonour, and her easy yielding shall be the common Topick of Mirth. *Horatio* on this no longer attempts to curb his Indignation, but the Place they were in being improper to take an honourable Satisfaction, they agree to decide the Business the next Morning.

Lothario gone, *Horatio* begins to reflect that before that Time he will see *Calista*, the Appointment made by her in the Letter being before that Hour ; to prevent therefore any farther Injury to *Altamont*, he resolves to speak to her, to charge her with her Crime ; and if possible, call back her Soul to Virtue, by setting forth the Unworthiness of him she has so unjustly preferred. An opportunity of finding her alone most fitly offering, he prosecutes his Design in the most gentle Terms imaginable : But the Haughtiness of her Nature not suffering her to endure the least Rebuke, she answers in such a Manner as obliges him to confute her with her own Hand writing : She snatches the Letter from his Hand, tears it in Pieces, and, having thus destroyed all Evidence of her Fault, reproaches him as an Incendiary ;

and *Altamont* coming that Moment into the Room, and finding her in this Disorder, she swears tho' the Ceremony of the Church has passed, never to be the Partner of his Bed, till he has abjured all Friendship, all Society with *Horatio*: His partial Fondness of her, and Obligations to *Sciolto*, make him not doubt the Justice of her Rage: He quarrels with *Horatio*, provokes him to fight, and the Combat had perhaps been fatal to one or both of them, had not *Lavinia*, the Wife of *Horatio*, and Sister of *Altamont*, run between their Swords, and obliged them to desist, but is wholly unable to bring them to any Reconciliation. *Altamont* vows never to see *Horatio* more, and that generous Man, struck to the very Soul at the ill Requital his Integrity has received, resolves to leave *Genoa* for ever.

Lothario, at the appointed Hour, is conducted by *Lucilla* to *Calista's* Chamber, where, as she was reproaching his Ingratitude, *Altamont* comes suddenly in, and surprises them: convinced now of her Guilt, his own Dishonour, and the Wrong he has done his Friend, he fights with *Lothario*, and kills him.

Sciolto is no sooner apprised of this dreadful Event, and the Cause of it, than he goes to stab his Daughter, but is with-held by the still tender and forgiving *Altamont*. In the mean Time *Rossano*, the Friend of *Lothario*, has raised the Populace, and *Sciolto's* House is threatned with Destruction, if the Death of *Lothario* be not revenged; and meeting *Horatio*, whose Attachment to *Altamont* is well known, they fall upon him, and had made him the Sacrifice of their Fury, had not *Sciolto's* Servants and Dependents, who by this Time had arm'd themselves, rush'd forth and preserv'd him. *Altamont* mourns the Injustice he has done so true a Friend, asks, and receives from him Pardon; but *Sciolto* going out soon after, in order to appease the People, is slain by some of *Lothario's* Party; which when *Calista* hears she slabs herself, having first testified a sincere Repentance for her Crime. The Wealth of *Sciolto* is by his last Breath bequeashed between *Altamont* and *Horatio*: but whether the former is in a Condition to enjoy his Part, the Author has not inform'd us, his Spirits being sunk by these Misfortunes, so as to leave us dubious of his

his Recovery from a Swoon, in which he is carried off; and which ends the last Scene of a Play too touching for an Audience, not wholly divested of Humanity, to be Spectators of, without in some Measure, sympathizing with the represented Woe.

H A M L E T,

Prince of DENMARK;

A TRAGEDY.

By MR. SHAKESPEAR.

HAMLET King of Denmark, thought himself less happy in the Possession of a great Kingdom, than a beautiful Wife, named Gertrude: The Histories of those Times make mention, that he did nothing without consulting her, and that his Love encreasing with his Years, arrived at length to such a Degree of Fondness, as might almost be term'd Dotage. The Returns she made were equal in appearance, but in Reality such as are shocking to Imagination. She first yielded up her Honour to Claudius, the Brother of her Husband, but more inferior to him in Personal Qualities than he was in Dignity; and, a very few Days after the Death of Hamlet, married, and had him crown'd King in Prejudice of her Son, young Hamlet. Whether she was privy to the Murder of her Husband, is uncertain; but all Accounts agree, that he was poison'd by Claudius, with the Juice of *Hebony* being poured into his Ears, as he lay sleeping in an Arbour; and her Behaviour, before and after this unnatural Action, gives but too much Room to suspect she had a Hand in it.

Prince Hamlet, tho' far from guessing the foul Play offer'd to his Father, beheld his Mother's Marriage with Horror and Amazement; fain would he have retired

from

from Court, and return'd to his Studies at *Wittenberg*, but the Queen's positive Commands detain'd him ; and believing the Discontent he labour'd under proceeded from being put by his Succession, she endeavour'd to dissipate it, by Assurance that he should Reign after *Claudius*.

The Play begins with the Surprize some Gentlemen upon Guard are in, at the Sight of an Apparition, on the Platform, arm'd Cap-a-pee, as the deceas'd King was wont to be, when going to Battle : This they communicate to *Horatio*, the most intimate of *Hamlet's* Friends, who unwilling to give too much Credit to such Reports, will not be convinc'd but by the Testimony of his own Eyes : To that End he accompanies those who watch'd the next Night, and beholding the same awful Form they had describ'd, exactly resembling that of the Royal *Dane*, was struck with the utmost Consternation : He had however, Courage and Presence enough of Mind, to adjure it to reveal the Cause of its appearing : but it making no Answer, he acquainted Prince *Hamlet* with what he had seen. All that could be felt by a dutiful and loving Son, on such an Occasion, was experienced by this young Prince ; and flattering himself that the Ghost would reveal to him some what that might be improper to be made known to others, he goes with *Horatio* to the Platform, where, as the Clock struck Twelve, the amazing Fantom appears before his Eyes, and on his speaking, beckons him to follow : He obeys, and being come to a fit Distance from being overheard, the Tremendous Shade relates at Full the Story of his Fate, and urges him to revenge ; which *Hamlet* promising, it vanishes away.

To conceal the true Cause of the Horror of his Mind, after this Event he counterfeits a Frenzy : The King and Queen send for *Rosencrans* and *Guildestern*, two of his Fellow Students, to divert his Melancholy, and if possible, sift out the Occasion. *Polonius*, the King's Chamberlain, will needs have it proceed from Love for his Daughter *Ophelia*, whom for a long Time that Prince had address'd in the most tender Terms ; but *Claudius* suspected a very different Reason ; and was more confirm'd in his Conjectures, when *Hamlet* bespoke a Play to be perform'd

perform'd at Court, in which, the Murder of a King by his own Brother was represented. The Disorder *Claudius* appeared in at this Performance, assured *Hamlet* that the Spirit had not deceived him; and *Claudius* on the other Hand had no room left to doubt if *Hamlet* was not but too jealous of his Father's Fate.

Therefore to remove the Dangers which threaten'd him from this young Prince's Resentment, he resolves to make him away; but because he thought it impossible to procure the Queen's Consent to the Death of her only Son, he contrives to send him to *England*, attended by *Rosencrans* and *Guilderstern*, under Colour of demanding a Tribute, at that Time paid to the *Danish* Crown, but in Reality to have him slain at his Arrival.

Hamlet prepares for his Departure; but before his Voyage, being alone with his Mother in her Closet, he kills *Polonius*, who had placed himself behind the *Arras*, to overhear their Discourse: This Action furnishes the King with a new Pretence for obliging him to quit *Denmark*; he embarks with all possible Expedition; but imagining there were other Reasons for his being sent away, than those of which he was appriz'd, he steals the Commissions, given to *Rosencrans* and *Guilderstern*, and having opened them, discovers the Plot laid against his Life; on which, he writes two others, Exacting from *England*, to put the Bearers to immediate Death, and lays them in the Place from which he had taken the former.

The Ship was soon after chased by a Pirate, and being slow of Sail, they chose rather to trust to Courage than Flight. In the Grapple *Hamlet* boarded the Pirate, and the same Instant the *Danish* Vessel getting clear, made off, and he alone remained Prisoner: On his declaring who he was, and promising to obtain their Pardon, they set him on Shoar at *Denmark*.

While this Adventure beset *Hamlet*, *Opbelia*, betwixt Grief for her Father's Death, and Horror that he fell by that Hand which she once hoped would have been joined with hers in Marriage, falls mad, and soon after drowns herself. *Laertes* her Brother, returns from his Travels, and vows Revenge for those untimely Deaths:

Hamlet

Hamlet arrives at *Elsinour* the Moment of the Funeral Obsequies of *Ophelia*, and jumping into the Grave to lament her Fate, has a Quarrel with *Laertes*; but the King, Queen, and whole Court being present, they were soon parted.

After this, the King makes a property of *Laertes's* unsatisfied Revenge, to glut his own Hate on *Hamlet*, and having worked him to his Purpose, *Laertes* seems reconciled, and challenges the Prince to play a Bout at Foils, which the other accepting, *Laertes* fights with an envenom'd Weapon, wounds *Hamlet*, and in the Scuffle changing Rapiers, *Hamlet* returns the Hurt, and *Laertes* dies by his own Treachery: The King in the mean Time having prepared a poisoned Bowl for *Hamlet*, in Case *Laertes* should fail hitting him, the Queen chances to drink of it, and dies immediately. *Hamlet* apprised by the last Words of *Laertes*, how these Things came to pass, stabs the King with the same Sword by which himself and the Son of *Polonius* had received their Deaths; and of the chief Characters only *Horatio* remains alive to mourn the sad Event.

HENRY the Fourth.

The FIRST PART;

With the LIFE and DEATH of HENRY,
Surnam'd HOTSPUR; an Historical Play.

By Mr. SHAKESPEAR.

HENRY the Fourth having obtained the Crown by the Assistance of the Earls of *Northumberland* and *Worcester*; those ambitious Lords thought that Service as never to be sufficiently recompenced, and were continually repining, though the King scarce ever denied any Thing they asked. Their Arrogance at last arrived

at such a Height, than *Henry Lord Piercy*, otherwise called *Hofpur*, Son to *Northumberland*, having been Victorious over the *Scots* in the Battle of *Holmedon*, refused to deliver up his Prisoners, till the King had ransom'd *Mortimer*, who a little Time before had been taken by the *Welsh* Rebels. King *Henry* could not be prevail'd upon to grant this; but in Justification of his Refusal, alledges, That he has good Reason to believe *Mortimer* betrayed his Party to *Glandower*, the Head of the *Welsh*, whose Daughter he had married, and that he was no more than a voluntary Prisoner. Whether this was Fact or not, we are pretty much in the Dark; it was, however, a plausible Pretence for the King, to keep at distance from Court a Nobleman whose Presence he feared; because the deposed King *Richard*, at his Death, had declared that he, *Mortimer*, was next in Blood to the Crown.

This Refusal of the King's, joined to their own Ambition, makes the Lords resolve to take up Arms: They enter into a League with *Douglas*, the valiant *Scot*, and ancient Enemy to *England*; and to link the Band of Friendship more closely, release all the Prisoners taken at *Holmedon*, among whom were *Mordake*, Earl of *Fife*, the eldest Son of *Douglas*, the Earls of *Atbol*, *Murray*, *Angus* and *Menteith*; and having drawn the Archbishop of *York*, *Sir Richard Vennon*, and many others of the Nobility and Gentry into the Conspiracy, they all repair to *Wales*, where, with *Glandower* and *Mortimer*, they muster all the Forces in their Power. Believing themselves secure of Conquest, to prevent all future Broils among themselves, they divide *England* into three equal Parts; and the *Tripartite* Monarchy, after King *Henry's* Overthrow, is to be Ruled by *Glandower*, *Mortimer*, and *Hofpur*.

The King received Intelligence of these Preparations with an infinite Concern, and the more so, because his eldest Son *Henry*, Prince of *Wales*, instead of any Way assisting him by Counsel or Action, pass his whole Time among Companions far unworthy of a Prince, or even an honest Man. *Sir John Falstaff*, the most debauched and dissolute Man of the Age, even *Poins*, *Gadshill*, *Peto*, and *Bondolph*, Wretches, who had no other Dependence

pendance than Robbery, were of the Number of those with whom this young unthinking Heir of Empire, chose to laugh away his Hours, rather than attend to the serious Business of the State: Nothing therefore from him was to be expected, nothing to be hoped; but Appearances frequently deceive us, and sometimes by being seemingly against our Wishes, add to our Satisfaction, by presenting us with a Blessing we thought farthest off. Buried, as he seemed, in Pleasures of the worst Sort, the Seeds of Glory, Humanity, and every Princely Virtue, were deeply implanted in this young Hero's Breast: The great Fame *Hotspur* had acquired in Arms, raised in him a generous Emulation; and the Rebellion he now headed against his King and Father, fired him with an equal Indignation and Disdain: He longed to pluck the Trophies of Honour from his tainted Brow, and prove, that *Henry Plantaganet*, whenever he pleased to exert himself, knew how to triumph every Way over *Henry Percy*. To this End he falls at the King's Feet, and begs the Command of the Army raised to oppose the Rebels; but that prudent Monarch, who could conceive little Hopes from his past Behaviour, thought it not proper to entrust so great a Charge to any but himself; he gave him, however, the next Post to himself, and having sent *John of Lancaster*, his younger Son, the Earl of *Westmoreland*, and a great Number of the Nobility before, set forth himself, with the Prince of *Wales*, to meet the Rebels, and made *Shrewsbury* the Field of Battle.

Hotspur, *Worcester*, and *Douglas*, were equally on Fire to receive them, though the same Messenger that brought Intelligence of the King's Approach, informed them also, that *Glendower* could not bring up his Forces within fourteen Days, and that the Earl of *Northumberland* was prevented from joining them, by a sudden and most violent Indisposition, which confined him to his Bed: Two such Misfortunes might have damped the fiercest Courage, yet did they continue resolute to die or conquer.

King *Henry*, willing, if possible, to reclaim them by gentle Means, sent to speak with *Worcester*, and as a Security for his safe Return, *Westmoreland* was left Hostage.

tage. After having, in mild Terms, reprimanded this Earl for instigating his Nephew to Rebellion; he offers free Mercy to them all, provided they return to their Duty, and threatens the utmost Severity if they provoke him once to draw the Sword of Justice. *Worcester* departs from the Royal Presence, and *Westmoreland* is returned; but believing that if they should lay down Arms, the King would never be brought sincerely to forgive him, he conceals from *Hotspur* the proffer'd Clemency; and carries to him only Threatnings and Revelings: On which, the impatient Youth orders the signal of Battle to be given, and both Armies engage with equal Fury: For the Preservation of the King, several Noblemen and others take the Field, in all Things accoutred like him, and fall Victims to the destroying Swords of *Hotspur* and *Douglas*; among whom was the Earl of *Stafford* and Sir *Walter Blunt*: At last the real King *Henry* and *Hotspur* met Hand to Hand; the Combat seems equal for some Time, but the Youth and Vigour of the latter at length gains Advantage, and the King finds himself hardly prest; when the Prince of *Wales* flies to his Assistance, and the King retreating, leaves him to try his Force with *Piercy*; after several Passes on both Sides, the juster Cause is Crown'd with Victory, and *Hotspur* is compell'd to yield all his Laurels with his Life, to the more prevailing Arm of *Henry Plantaganet*.

Sir *John Falstaff*, who had attended the Prince of *Wales* in this Expedition, finding *Hotspur* dead, takes him on his Back, and pretends to have slain him, which occasions some Diversion among the Officers, who know the Cowardice of this old fat Knight; but a particular Account of this, or any other of the Comick Scenes, would be but tiresome in Description, tho' extremely agreeable in the Representation; I shall therefore omit any Account of them, being no way necessary to the Business of the Play.

Douglas, *Worcester*, and *Vernon* were taken Prisoners: The former by the Generosity of the Prince of *Wales* was released without Ransom; but *Worcester* and *Vernon* shared a different Fate; they having deceived the gallant *Piercy* in the Message of the King, and by that Means occasioned

occasioned his Death, and that of so many other brave Men, were ordered to immediate Execution.

This Victory, with the Orders given for the Removal of the Army to fall on *Glendonwar*, and *Northumberland*, who was now recover'd and in Arms, is all our excellent Author thinks fit to present us with at this Time.

JANE SHORE.

A TRAGEDY.

By Mr. ROWE.

After the Death of *Edward* the fourth, his Brother *Richard*, Duke of *Glocester*, was unanimously chosen Lord Protector during the Minority of the young King; but this cruel and ambitious Man had further Views, and aiming at the Crown for himself, raised a formidable Party both among the Lords and Commons, who were ready to abet any Design he should take in Hand: In the first Place he caused Scruples to be raised concerning the Lawfulness of the late King's Marriage, and endeavoured to prove that having before been contracted to Lady *Elizabeth Lucy*, the Children born of her, whom he had afterward made Queen, could have no Right to reign; and then found one Pretence or other to take off, either by Death or Banishment, all who were any Way attached to the Queen's Interest.

Lord *Hastings* was the only remaining Person, of whose Regard for the Memory of *Edward*, Loyalty to his young Successor, and great Power, the Protector stood in Awe: His Brain was labouring for Means either to bring him into his Designs, or to prevent his being off any Prejudice to them, when the unhappy Woman, whose Story is the main Subject of this Tragedy, innocently assisted his Wishes.

She had been the favourite Mistress of *Edward* the fourth, and by his lavish Love endow'd with great Possessions;

essions;

sessions; but was stripped of the greatest Part, after his Death, by Order of the Lord Protector, and would perhaps, have been deprived of all, if *Hastings*, who was passionately in Love with her, had not been an Advocate for her:

Never was Woman more address'd, more solicited, more worshipp'd than *Jane Shore*, in her Days of Prosperity; but the Scene is now chang'd, the Homage of the Croud ceases with her Power of obliging; and even those of the better Sort, who were not shocked at her Crimes, fly from her Poverty as from a Pestilence: Among the Multitude of her Female Friends, *Alicia*, a young Lady of Quality and Fortune, was all that now remained; and of the Men, as those of such as had no other Views than to do her Service, there was only *Bellmour*, a neighbouring Gentleman, who had been a long and intimate Acquaintance of her Husband's.

The Death of *Edward*, the Misfortune which ensued, and the Experience of the Vanity of Grandeur made her look into herself, examining her past Conduct with impartial Eyes, and become a real Penitent. Her Return to Piety and Virtue was very much strengthened by the Conversation of the worthy *Bellmour*; but much more so by the respectful Remonstrances of a Person he had introduced into her Service under the Name of *Dumont*, but was in reality her Husband, *Mr. Shore*, whom she thought dead, and had been buried at *Antwerp*. But that indulgent Man, whose Tenderness for her still lived, caused that Report to be spread, the better to conceal himself, and be the more able to serve and protect her in any Exigence: He had not been long in her Family before an Occasion offered, wherein his Assistance was necessary. Lord *Hastings* presuming on the Service he had done her with the Protector, demanded her Love as the Recompence, which she assuring him she could never grant, he offers to enjoy her by Violence, and is forcing her into her Chamber, when the supposed *Dumont* rushes forth to her Deliverance, fights with *Hastings*, and disarms him; on which the disappointed Nobleman quits her House in a Rage, and vows Revenge.

This

This Accident makes *Dumount* and *Bellmour* advise her to rely no longer on his Intercession, but to present a Petition herself to the Protector ; which she resolves to do the next Day ; but before that Time *Hastings* made appear he had not terrified her with idle Threats ; for on a Complaint of his, *Dumount* was seized by Officers and carried to Prison.

Jane Shore bewails, as it deserved, the Misfortune fallen on so faithful a Servant, merely for the Rescue he had given her ; but this seemed as it were but the Beginning of her Woes, and she soon after found that there was scarce an Ill in the Power of Fate with which she was not to be afflicted.

Alicia has been long the Mistress of *Hastings*, and finding herself of late neglected for the untasted Charms of *Shore*, all the good Will she before had born to that unhappy Woman, is now converted into the extremest Envy and Detestation : Nor is it at all to be wondered at that she, who to gratify her Love had been forgetful of all she owed to her high Birth, her Virtue, and her Reputation, should be, in such a Juncture, forgetful also of the Promises she had made of an everlasting Friendship ; but concealing her Resentment, that she might the more easily fulfil whatever it should dictate for the Ruin of her Rival, she visited her as before, and joined with *Bellmour* in advising her to address the Protector.

Jane Shore, little suspicious of this new Enemy, puts her Jewels, and whatever else she had of Value, into her Custody, believing that if the Hand of Power should seize on all besides, she should never want a safe Asylum in this Lady's Friendship. Having prepared her Petition she shews it to her, and the cruel Creature having before wrote a Letter to the Protector, suggesting to him that *Hastings* was refractory to his Designs, merely to oblige Mrs. *Shore*, exchanges the Papers, and the poor deceived Petitioner presents with her own Hand the Accusation against herself.

Richard, on reading the Contents, is strangely surprized : He easily believed she that gave the Paper was wholly unacquainted with the Nature of them, and not doubting but it came, by whatever Means they contrived to send it him by that Conveyance, from some
Person

Person who wished well to his Projects, resolved to take the Hint, and make Trial of Lord *Hastings's* Humour ; but that Nobleman, however blameable in his private Conduct, shewed on this Occasion the most unshaken Loyalty and stedfast Honour, and grew so warm on the Occasion, that the Duke, who was the most artful Man of his Time, was obliged to retract his Efforts, and pretend all he had said was but to sound his Inclinations. He then sends for *Jane Shore*, communicates to her plainly the Intention he has to make himself King, tells her that he is no Stranger to the Power she has over Lord *Hastings*, and commands her to exert it for his Interest. This Injunction she is so far from even seeming to comply with, that in his Presence she invokes Heaven to bless the Children of King *Edward* ; on which he orders her to be turned into the Street, and a Proclamation to be published, making it Death for any to relieve her.

Being now resolute to ascend the Throne, and having got a Majority of the Council, he accuses *Hastings* of having practised, in Combination with the Queen and *Jane Shore*, certain Spells and Enchantments, by which his Arm is wither'd ; all the Lords, tho' they well knew it had been so from his Birth, readily assent to his Judgment, and *Hastings* is put under a Guard, and a Command given for his Execution the same Hour. As he is going to Death, *Alicia* meets him, and not doubting but this Fate is fallen on him through the Paper she caused *Jane Shore* to put into the Protector's Hand, is stung with so poynant a Remorse, that it distracts her Brain, and she soon after falls into the most raving Madness. *Jane Shore*, in her Distress comes to her House for Relief, but is denied it, and having wandered for three Days without either Repose or Food, at last lies down in a Street, which from her Death is since called *Shoreditch*.

Bellmour in the mean Time having procured Mr. *Shore* his Liberty, and acquainted him with the Calamity fallen on his Wife, that affectionate Husband comes with him to comfort her ; he now has thrown off his Disguise, and she has the Consolation of knowing him, and receiving an entire Forgiveness from him before she dies.

Perceiving

Perceiving her faint he offers her some Cordial, on which *Gatsoy*, a Creature of the Protector's, and the Guard appointed to watch that none relieved her, approach and seize on him and *Bellmour*, as Traitors to the State, because contrary to the Proclamation they had presumed to administer Relief to her: She expires almost the same Moment, and they are carried to Prison; which makes the last Scene of this affecting Representation.

JULIUS CÆSAR,

A TRAGEDY.

By Mr. SHAKESPEAR.

AFTER the Death of *Pompey*, the Ambition of *Julius Caesar* in assuming a Kind of Regal Authority over the People of *Rome*, occasioned a Conspiracy to be formed against his Life as the only Means to preserve that Liberty, which had made the Name of *Rome* so famous: *Cassius*, *Metellus*, *Imber*, *Trebonius*, *Decius*, *Cinna*, *Casca*, and *Caius Ligarius* were the Chief concern'd in it; but tho' they all were brave and resolute Spirits, they could not agree on the Manner how the Enterprize should be accomplish'd, till *Brutus* joined in the Design, and by the Sanction of his Name and Virtues gave it a double Life and Vigour. The Love he bore to *Cæsar* render'd him unwilling to undertake any Thing against him; but when all other Considerations at length had yielded to the Good of his Country, he is no sooner determin'd, than he goes about the immediate Execution.

To this End all the Faction are appointed to meet at Midnight in his Garden, and the succeeding Day is fixed for the Death of *Cæsar*, when he was to go to the Capitol on the publick Business. Fix'd as they were, however, and steady in their Purpose, Fortune, or Fate, or something, for which we want a Name,

had

had like to have delayed the so ardently wish'd End; Strange Prodigies had all this Night been seen both in the Heavens and on Earth: Fire seem'd to rain from above, and shrieking Ghosts ascended from below, and filled the Streets of *Rome* with Horror and Amaze: The Augurs in the Morning Sacrifice drew only sad and inauspicious Omens from the Bowels of the Victims: *Calphurnia*, the Wife of *Cæsar*, dream'd he lay dead and bleeding in her Arms: The Soothsayers had long bid him beware the Ides of *March*, of which that Day was the first: *Artemidorus*, a Man famous for his Predictions, stood in his Way, and would have prevented his Passing to the Capitol; a thousand Warnings conspired to make him think that some impending Danger threatened him. Great as his Courage was, he felt Alarms, which more than once had half determin'd him to put off the Meeting of the Senate till another Day; but the Faction remonstrating how weak it would appear in him to be sway'd by Dreams and Omens, he grew ashamed of his Timidity; and in Spite of *Calphurnia's* Tears, and the Entreaties of those who loved him, he sets forward to the Capitol, where he was no sooner seated than *Metellus Cimber* going toward him, as to present a Petition, plunged a Dagger in his Breast, and was in the same Moment followed by all the other Conspirators, so that he fell oppress'd with Six and thirty Wounds.

The Amazement not only of the Senate, in whose Presence this Deed was done, but of all *Rome*, was inexpressible: *Antonius* the most intimate of *Cæsar's* Friends expected to have shared his Fate; but *Brutus* presently dissipated his Fears, and let him know that as nothing but Rescuing *Rome* from Tyranny could have made him consent to *Cæsar's* Death, so that accomplish'd, there was no more to be done than to lament him dead, whose Ambition was too dangerous to be permitted Life: *Antonius* on this desires Permission to pay the Funeral Duties over his Body, which in *Rome* was to Harangue the Populace on the Virtues of the Deceased; *Cassius* oppos'd his Request, but *Brutus* granted it on Condition that he should utter nothing in Condemnation of their Behaviour in this Action; which

Antonius

Antonius promising, they all adjourn to the Market-Place, where the Populace being assembled, *Brutus* first mounts the *Rostrum*, or Pulpit, and acquaints them with the Motives that drew on *Cæsar's* Fate; then having received a general Approbation by loud Huzza's and Shouts, he comes down, and yields the Place to *Antonius*, who beginning with setting forth the many excellent Qualities of *Cæsar*, by Degrees expatiates on the Cruelty of his Assassination, and at last produces a Will made by *Cæsar*, wherein he has left considerable Donations to every *Roman* Citizen. This turns them in a Moment to the Reverse of what they were before; Revenge for *Cæsar's* Blood, is now their whole Cry, they swear they'll burn the Houses of the Conspirators; and meeting *Cinna*, the Poet, who unluckily was of the the same Name with him collegued with *Titus* and *Cassius*, mistake him for the other, and without suffering him to justify himself, drag him to instant Death.

The Faction aware of this Misfortune, quit *Rome*, and repair to *Sardis*, where they raise a very powerful Army. *Antonius*, with *Octavius Cæsar*, Nephew to *Julius*, and *Lepidus*, a Patrician, govern the City conjointly, under the Title of the Triumvirate, and have also very powerful forces, with which they prepare either to attack *Brutus*, or oppose him in Case he marches towards *Rome*.

Brutus is inform'd of their Strength without any Emotions, but receives other Intelligence which is very bitter to him. *Portia*, his Wife, fearing for the Success of his Arms, and terrified at the Preparations made against him by his Enemy, had fallen mad, and in the Absence of her Attendants, having no other Means to come at Death, had swallowed Coals of Fire. As he is musing on this sad Accident in the dead of Night, the Ghost of *Julius Cæsar* appears to him, tells him he is his evil Genius, and will see him again at *Philippi*; where *Brutus* and *Cassius* had just before resolv'd to march their Forces. The Soul of this great Man was a little shocked, but not daunted at the Apparition; and instead of altering or delaying his Purpose of going to *Philippi*, he sends immediate Orders to all the Commanders to Decamp by Break of Day.

Octavius

Octavius and *Antonius* being also on their March, the two Armies meet at *Philippi* and give Battle; after a bloody Struggle, *Brutus* perceives *Octavius's* Wing unable to maintain their Ground, on which he pours the main Body of his Army upon them, who too largely pursuing their Advantage, *Antonius* takes that Opportunity, to fall on the Remainder left with *Cassius*, and with a *Corps de Reserve* charges him in the Rear at the same Time, and made a very cruel Slaughter among them; *Cassius* was himself obliged to fly, but no farther than a Hill, whence he might discern what was doing on *Brutus's* Side. He sees a great Blaze, and imagining it was occasion'd by their own Tents, set on Fire by the Enemy, dispatches *Tisnius*, an Officer, to learn the Truth. *Pindarus* his Slave, remains with him, who seeing *Tisnius* enclosed by Horsemen, and hearing a great Shout, believes him taken Prisoner; on which, *Cassius* not doubting but *Brutus* is overcome and all is lost, commands *Pindarus* to hold his Sword while he falls upon it; the Slave obeys, tho' with Reluctance, and *Cassius* expires the same Moment. Scarce has his Breath forsook him, when *Tisnius* returns, not being taken, as they supposed, by Enemies, but greeted by Friends; *Brutus* having been Victorious. But there were now no Ears to welcome the Tidings he brought with him; the Grief of which made him plunge his Ponyard into his own Breast, and die by the Side of his General.

Brutus in the mean Time turn'd his Conquering Troops on *Antonius's* Wing, who flush'd with the Success over *Cassius*, give him a warm Reception; and after much Effusion of Blood on both Sides, the Troops of *Brutus* yielded or fled; all that could be expected from a good General, was performed by him; but Fate was on *Antonius's* Side, and, like *Cassius*, to avoid being taken, he fell on his own Sword, even that Sword which had stab'd *Julius Cæsar*. Thus was the Death of that great Man fully revenged, and *Rome*, in losing the Assertors of her Liberty, fell a Prey to Arbitrary Power, no more to rise, no more to be revered as heretofore.

King *L E A R*,

A T R A G E D Y.

By Mr. SHAKESPEAR : And alter'd by
Mr. TATE.

TIS the Depravity of Human Nature, to be ever railing at the Present, and extolling the Happiness of past Ages ; but if we turn our Eyes back as far as the Times in which this History was presented on the Stage of the World, we shall find that Ingratitude, Perjury, and Deceit, were Vices no less in Fashion, than in our Days.

While *Britain* was uncorrupted with the Mixture of other Nations, and long e'er the *Dants* or *Saxons* had got Footing in this Island, it was govern'd by a King, call'd *Lear* ; who being far advanced in Years, took a Resolution to retire from the Cares of State, and having no Male Issue, to divide his Kingdom between his three Daughters, who were at that Time sought in Marriage by the Dukes of *Albany*, *Cornwall*, and *Burgundy*. A Day therefore was appointed to give each of them a Crown and Husband, and all the Nobility of the Kingdom summoned to appear in Honour of the solemn Act.

Few there were of those who wished well to their Country, or to the old King's future Peace of Mind, that were pleased with this Change of Affairs ; but *Lear* had ever shewn a Disposition impatient of Advice ; for which Reason none presumed to speak their Minds.

When all the Nobles and great Officers of State were assembled in the Presence Chamber, the King caused a Map to be brought, in which the three Divisions of his Monarchy were drawn out ; and holding it in his Hand, told his Daughters, That one Part being richer, and more fertile than the others, should be the Portion of her who lov'd him best ; on which, *Gonerill*, the eldest,

was prodigal of her Assurances; *Regan*, the second, yet exceeded her in Protestations of an eternal Duty and Affection; but *Cordelia*, the youngest, disclaimed her Sister's Dissimulation, and confess'd, that a Husband would take up some Part of her Tenderneſs. This plain Speech ſo incens'd the old capricious King, That he entirely cut her off from all Share in the Monarchy, and parted it between *Gonerill* and *Regan*, who were immediately after married to *Albany* and *Cornwall*. The Duke of *Burgundy*, ſeeing *Cordelia* Dowerleſs, relinquish'd his Suit, and took his Leave of the Court, to the great Satisfaction of that young Princeſs; who having been moſt long and faithfully beloved by *Edgar*, Son to the Earl of *Glouceſter*, had behaved in the Manner I have ſaid, on purpoſe to preſerve her ſelf for him, chuſing rather to be no Queen, than be the Wife of *Burgundy*. She ſaw her Siſter's triumph without a Pang, and lamented only the Neceſſity of incurring her Father's Diſpleaſure; who was now ſo ſet againſt her, that he condemn'd the Earl of *Kent* to perpetual Banishment, only for ſpeaking in her Behalf too freely. This indeed was the laſt Act of Power executed by the infatuated Monarch; for he gave all into the Hands of *Gonerill* and *Regan*, reſerving only for himſelf a Train of an hundred Knights, who, with him, were to ſojourn at the Palaces of the new Queens, one Month in each alternately.

Kent had but three Days Time allowed him to prepare for his Departure; but that truly honeſt and loyal Subject, preſaging ſome of thoſe Calamities which afterwards beſel his Royal Maſter, could not reſolve, ill treated as he was, to withdraw from a Place, where alone he might be able to render him Service: He therefore diſguiſes himſelf ſo as not to be known, and under the Name of *Cajus* gets admitted as one of his Retinue.

Edgar, in the mean Time, experiences the utmoſt Exceſſes of Joy and Sorrow: He was all Extacy at the Behaviour of *Cordelia*, and to ſee himſelf delivered from ſo dangerous a Rival as the Duke of *Burgundy*: He now flattered himſelf with being at the End of all his Wiſhes; but when he thought himſelf moſt near, a Delicacy in the Nature of that Princeſs threw a Bar be-

tween him and his Hopes, which was the more dreadful to him, as it was the least expected. She praised his Constancy, confessed her own Affection, but at the same Time assured him, that the Pride of Blood would not suffer her to marry, and be dependant on her Husband's Fortune, therefore commanded him to think no more of Love, or ever see her Face again. This was a Turn of Fate he scarce had Courage to sustain, and he, perhaps, had yielded up his Life with the Hope of what was yet infinitely more dear, had not a second Misfortune, not less cruel or sudden, divided the Current of his Affliction, and gave a kind of sad Diversion to its Force.

The Earl of *Gloucester* had a Bastard Son named *Edmund*; who was a perfect Master in the Art of Disimulation, and had so far insinuated himself into his Father's good Opinion, that he, at least possess'd an equal Share with *Edgar* in his Affection. Finding the Influence he had gained, he so far improved it as to render his Brother suspected of ill Designs; he represented him as ambitious, bloody, and capable of the most unnatural Attempts; and to prove the Truth of these Accusations, forges a Letter, as from *Edgar* to himself, tempting him with the offer of half *Gloucester's* Estate, if he will consent to murder him privately. When he has shewn this to the Earl, he runs to *Edgar*, tells him, that some Villain has incensed their Father against his Life, and advises him to fly his Presence, till Time shall make a full Discovery of his Innocence of the Crimes laid to his Charge. *Edgar* deceived also by his seeming Sanctity and Zeal to serve him, falls into the Snare by thinking to avoid it. His Flight confirms the Earl of the Truth of *Edmund's* Reports; and to make it yet more certain, that wicked and designing Traitor gives himself a slight Wound in the Arm, pretending he received it from his Brother, on his dissuading him from his unnatural Enterprize.

This accomplishes entirely the End at which he aim'd: *Edgar* is disinherited, proclaim'd a Traitor, and Proscribed; and himself declared the Heir of *Gloucester*.

Edgar in his Retirement hears this News, and having no other Way to escape, yet loth to die under these

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bare Imputations, puts on the Habit and Behaviour of a Lunatick, and thus disguised lives unknown and unregarded in the Woods and Forests, while the perfidious Author of his Miseries riots in the full enjoyment of all his ambitious Soul could wish: High in the Favour of his Father, and indulging his looser Pleasures with no less than Royal Beauty: *Gonerill* and *Regan* had each of them courted him to their Embraces, and he, by Turns, enjoyed both.

But during these Transactions, King *Lear* was fatally convinced of the Folly he had been guilty of in parting with his Power: His two imperious Daughters no longer treated him as their Father, but their Subject; they reduced the Number of his Attendants, first from an hundred to fifty, then to twenty-five, then to ten, afterward to five; and at last are scarce willing to allow him one: *Kent*, who still follows him under the Name of *Cajus*, is put into the Stocks for tripping up the Heels of one of *Gonerill's* Gentlemen, who had behaved in a disrespectful Manner to the King. To such a Pitch does their Ingratitude at length arrive, that the unhappy Father, no longer able to support the Contempt thrown on him by these unnatural Monsters, resolves to quit their Sight for ever; and leaving with them his severest Curses, departs the Palace of *Gloucester*, where they were then, and flies into the Woods, chusing to associate with Beasts, as less Savage than Wretches, such as they, in Human Form.

It was in the most dreadful Storm the angry Heavens ever poured down, Thunder, Lightning, Hail, Rain and Wind, blended their several Forces to make a Night of Horror, when the unhappy King exposed himself to open Air; and having once quitted the Palace, *Gloucester* was forbid on Pain of Death, either to court him back, or follow him with any Relief; a Barbarity so shocking to a King and Father, joined with the Tyranny these haughty Sisters exercised over the Commonwealth, alarmed the Noble-minded Earl, and he resolved, if possible, to restore Things to their Primitive Condition. To this End he writes to the Duke of *Cambray*, who regarded the Duke of *Cornwall*, with inveterate Hate, praying his Assistance to reinstate the

King, and pluck down the Arrogance of the two Female Furies. These Dispatches, as well as the Purport of them, he entrusts to *Edmund*, who glad of this Opportunity to step at once into the Earldom of *Gloucester*, delivers them to *Regan*; on which the Earl is condemn'd as a Traitor to the Government, and having both his Eyes pluck'd out, is afterwards thrust out of his own Palace to beg or starve; while the wicked *Edmund* is instated in all his forfeited Wealth and Titles.

At the same Time *Cordelia* hearing of her Father's Sorrows, and that he wander'd in the Woods, accompany'd only by his faithful *Cajus*, went, with one of her Women, in search of him; *Edmund* burning to enjoy her, and having Intelligence of her Design, hires two Ruffians to pursue and seize her, designing, when they should have convey'd her to a Place proper for that Purpose, to Ravish her; but her good Angel prevented this execrable Project from taking Effect; the Villains, 'tis true, easily overtook her; but as they were about to force her along with them, her cries reached the Ears of *Edgar*, who immediately rushed out, and with a Staff he had in his Hand, puts them both to flight. *Cordelia* is at first no less frighted at the Appearance of her Deliverer, than she had been before with the Ruffians; but he knowing her, makes himself also known, and obtains from her, in his Rags, a Blessing, which as *Gloucester's* Heir he solicited in vain; she tells him, that they are now on an Equality, and being both wretched Vagrants, she may plight her Troth to him without a Blush, or the least Consciousness of being too far oblig'd to an Excess of Passion. He is now as happy as the Reflection on the King's Griefs will give him Leave to be; and *Cordelia* being over much fatigued with travelling so far on foot, and in so terrible a Tempest, composes herself to sleep in his Hovel, while himself and her Woman, watch by her.

When she awakes, he acquaints her that the King, by the Earl of *Gloucester's* Means, has been conveyed to a little House hard by; and then on her Desire conducts her thither, where having left her, he returns to the Wood and meets his Eyeless Father: This is a Sight which leaves no Room for any additional Affliction; he

has

has however the Consolation of preventing him from doing any Violence to himself, and persuading him to shew himself to the Populace, whom the Knowledge of his Wrongs, the Cruelties practised on the King, and the imperious Behaviour of *Gonerill* and *Regan*, induce to take Arms. *Edgar* puts himself at their Head, and prepares to attack the imperious Queens, who having also raised Forces, *Edmund* is made General, the Duke of *Albany* not being willing to accept it, and *Cornwall* being dead of a Wound he had received from one of his own Servants, whom he had struck for advising him not to proceed with so much Rigour against *Gloucester*.

The Armies join, and after a cruel Struggle *Edmund* won the Field of Battle. *Lear* and *Cordelia* were made Prisoners; and *Edgar* having now no other Resource, disguised accompanies a Herald, who, in the Name of an unknown Champion, challenges *Edmund* to single Combat, accusing him of Treason. *Edmund*, who wants not Courage, accepts the Challenge, and *Edgar* appears in his own Shape; a consciousness of Guilt now alarms the hitherto successful Villain; but the Duke, and both the Queens being in Presence, he braves it out, fights, and is slain by *Edgar*. *Gonerill* and *Regan* seem to outvie each other in their Lamentations over him; but *Edgar* having given a Letter he had intercepted from *Gonerill* to the fallen Traitor, she endeavours to silence her Complaints by the Sight of that Evidence of her dishonourable Passion, at first she raves, but Death soon puts a Period to her ill-used Power: Both she and *Regan* jealous of each other, have been by each other poisoned, and it is but a few Moments that either of them survive their darling *Edmund*. *Albany* convinc'd of the Injustice offer'd to the King, goes with *Edgar* to the Prison, where he is confin'd; they arrive in that Moment, when the Executioner, by Order of the late Queens, is going to put an End both to his Life and that of *Cordelia*. As the Duke was a Stranger to this Decree, he considers the Proceedings of his Wife with the more Detestation, and struck with a true Remorse for the Part he has been drawn to act in them, restores the Kingdom to *Lear*, who bestows it, with *Cordelia*, on *Edgar*, and resolves to pass the Remainder of his Days in Privacy with *Gloucester* and his faithful *Cajus*, whom he now

knows for the Earl of *Kent*. How far this Catastrophe is consonant to Truth, I will not pretend to determine, our History of those Times being very obscure ; but it is certainly agreeable to that Poetical Justice, which in Representations of this Kind ought always to be strictly observed.

Lady *JANE GRAY*:

A TRAGEDY.

By Mr. ROWE.

THIS Play begins with the Death of King *Edward VI*, and the putting in Practice that Design which the Ambition of the Dukes of *Northumberland* and *Suffolk* had contrived from the beginning of that Monarch's Indisposition, which was to set aside the Princesses *Mary* and *Elizabeth*, and place the Lady *Jane Gray*, Daughter to *Suffolk*, on the Throne, and marry her to Lord *Guilford* the Son of *Northumberland*. She is young, and a strict Protestant, and the Pretence of making her Queen being Religion, she is easily brought to consent, tho' not without some Apprehensions of the Consequence.

The Earl of *Pembroke*, who is passionately in Love with her, cannot support the Thoughts of her being given to *Guilford*, though he was a Man he otherwise very much esteemed.——In his Rage and Despair he joins the Party who have proclaimed Princess *Mary*, who was indeed the undoubted lawful Heir, as eldest Daughter to *Henry VIII*.——Queen *Jane* is deposed in a few Days, and sent Prisoner to the Tower with her Husband.——The Law condemns them both to Death, but the Queen is inclined to shew them Mercy on Account of their Youth, and on the Intercession of *Pembroke*, who, in this Instance, shews an extraordinary Generosity, grants them a free and unlimited Pardon. *Gardiner*, Bishop of *Winchester*, and a bigotted *Roman* Catholick, is highly incens'd at this Act
of

of Lenity in the Queen, and represents to her, that it is a Thing unprecedented in a crown'd Head, to permit those to live who have had the Boldness to usurp the Throne, and that, besides, it would be the Means to keep alive a Faction which would be always disturbing the Peace of the Nation, as well as a tacit Encouragement to the new Religion. — All these Things work their desired Effect, especially as urged by a Person who had been so zealous for the Recovery of her Right; but as she cannot go back from her Promise, she confirms their Pardon, but on this Condition, that they both renounce Protestantism, and return to the old Faith. — This they refuse, and are accordingly executed, — the Lady *Jane* within the Tower, and Lord *Guilford* on Tower-Hill.

The Poet, as he had Permission to dedicate this Tragedy to Queen *Caroline*, then Princess of *Wales*, has adorned his Heroine with all the Virtues that can be found in Woman, in order to make a Kind of Parallel between them, and that she might appear the more conspicuous, seems to have sunk every other Character, to the no small Disadvantage of the Piece in general. — It was, however, acted with very great Applause at first, and the many Compliments contained in it, on all who had any Hand in the Revolution, will doubtless continue to render it agreeable. I look upon it, notwithstanding, to be, if we consider it merely as a Play, of the least Merit of any wrote by the same Author: The Incidents being few, and those not worked up in the Manner they might be expected from his Pen, or the Dignity of the Subject.

The L A D Y ' s l a s t S T A K E :
O R, T H E
W I F E ' s R E S E N T M E N T . .
A C O M E D Y .

By Mr. CIBBER.

L O R D and Lady *Wranglove* seem to love each other, without knowing they do so — A too great Tena-
ciousness

ciousness of the Prerogative of a Husband in the one, and of conscious Merit in the other, renders both of them liable to Mistakes in Conduct, which make them equally unhappy. — He sometimes gives into the gay Pleasures of Life; she imagines him more faulty than he is; reproaches him without a Cause, as well as with a Cause. — He thinks it beneath him to reform those Errors, he is in Reality guilty of, or convince her of his Innocence when unjustly suspected, as she seems to exact it from him; and she has too much Pride to submit to any soft Measures for the acquiring even what she most desires.

Lord *George Brilliant* is his intimate Friend, in Love with Mrs. *Conquest*, a young Lady of a Fortune not altogether equal to him, for which Reason he endeavours to cure himself of his Passion, by addressing others; but this is only an Amusement, and however his Senses may stray, his Heart is wholly devoted to her in Spite of all he can do. — Lady *Gentle* is one of those to whom he for a Time imagines himself devoted, but as she is already married, and is a Woman of a great deal of Virtue, he makes no Addresses to her in plain Terms; but her favourite Foible being the Love of Play he attacks her on that Side, and ingratiates himself very much with her, by making one in all the Parties she proposes for this Diversion, without suspecting he has any farther Designs in it.

Miss *Notable* is a vain forward Girl, Niece to Sir *Friendly Moral*, and under his Guardianship. — The Warmth of her Inclinations makes her fond of the Men, and an ill-judged Pride of Admiration, makes her no less pleased with exposing her Gallantries to the World; and above all, to excite Jealousy, and create Disquiet to her own Sex, is her darling Passion. — This odd Mixture of Vanity and Ill nature has coquetted with Lord *Wronglove*; he has returned her Advances so far as to appoint a private Meeting, but her Uncle has so strictly watched her that Day, that she was obliged to fail her Assignment; she sends an Excuse, however, the next Day, and promises to meet him that same Evening. After having read this Epistle, he tears it to prevent Discoveries. — Lady *Wronglove* finds the Pieces, and putting them together, makes so much Sense out of them, as to perceive the Business, though not the Name, nor Place of Meeting. Miss

Notable

Notable comes immediately after to visit her, finding her uneasy, is extremely delighted, and to heighten her Chagrin, tells her, that she overheard Lord *Wranglowe* tell Lord *George Brilliant* that he was to meet a Mistress at Five that Afternoon in a Hackney Coach in the Road to *Chelsea*, and advises her to disguise herself and follow them. This Lady *Wranglowe* resolves to do, and thinks herself much obliged to Miss *Notable* for the Intelligence.

In the mean Time, Lord *George* is pursuing his Scheme with Lady *Gentle*. He has engaged a foreign Count in the Affair, who has won a thousand Pounds of her upon Honour. — She is a little uneasy at it, on which he lends her the Money to pay him, and afterwards plays with her himself — wins a thousand Pound more of her. — She is now ashamed of her Folly, and is ready to make a Vow never to touch a Card any more, as she has Reason to fear her Husband will not forgive such a Depredation on his Fortune; but whatever are her Disquiets on that Score, they are infinitely increased, when Lord *George* plucks off the Mask of Sobriety, he till now has worn before her, confesses a Passion for her, and insists on the Gratification of it, for the Payment of the Debt. Now she indeed suffers all that distress Virtue, and a lawless Invader of it can inflict. — Her Tears and Distraction gave him the Opportunity of making her a seemingly generous Offer, which is to tailley on a Card for the Decision of her Fate; if it answers to what she names, he is to make no farther Demand of the two thousand Pounds, if the contrary, she must permit him to expect every Thing. — Here is, indeed, *The Lady's last Stake*, and admirably shews into what a wretched Dilemma the most strictly chaste may be brought by the Love of that destructive Pleasure. — After some Reasonings with herself, she consents, sets on a Card, and loses it, and with it almost her Senses. — She falls at his Feet, she bathes them in her Tears, begs, conjures him to accept of the Payment of the Money quarterly, or, if he would needs have it at once, assures him of acquainting her Husband with it, tho' his Knowledge of her Folly may perhaps occasion an everlasting Breach between them, yet any Thing she will consent to rather than yield the shocking Forfeit; but all this has no Effect, he persists on her fulfilling the Condition of the last Venture,

ture, and is beginning to threaten even Force, when she meets with a Relief which it was impossible for her to have entertained the least Idea of.

Mrs. *Conquest*, who really loves Lord *George*, and is alarmed at the Pains she finds he takes with Lady *Gentle*, pretends to go out of Town, and soon after appears in Men's Cloaths, passing for Sir *John Conquest* her Twin Brother, just arrived from his Travels, and is as such received by all the Company. She conceals herself in an inner Room, while Lady *Gentle* and Lord *George* are at Play, overhears all that passes between them, and when she finds the Lady is brought into the abovementioned Exigence, sends a Man with Bank Bills to the Value of two thousand Pounds. Lady *Gentle* is at once transported and surprized; but thinking from what Hand soever this Favour came, she could not be involved in greater Danger, by owing it, than she was at present, throws them on the Table to Lord *George*, bids him take his Debt, and never see her more.

But his Lordship has too consummate an Assurance to be dashed at this Reproach; on the contrary, it only hardens him the more, and he resolves she shall not triumph in his Disappointment. — Not to lose the present Opportunity, he snatches her in his Arms, and is going to bear her off; she shrieks out, and the supposed Sir *John Conquest* rushes in, challenges him to fight, and tells him he demands that Satisfaction of him, not only for the ungentlemanlike Behaviour he has just now been guilty of, but also for having pretended Courtship to his Sister Mrs. *Conquest*, and afterwards dishonourably quitting her. — Lady *Gentle* endeavours to prevent this Duel, but in vain, and they go out of the House together as to fight.

Lady *Wranglove* has all this while her own Troubles, and her Lord his Disappointments. — Miss *Notable* takes a Hackney Coach, goes to the Place appointed, and when she sees his Lordship, makes a Sign to him that his Lady is behind, then drives off. — He, to prevent his Wife from following her, makes the Coachman turn his Horses cross the Road, and stop her Coach, which being done somewhat too hastily, she is overset: His Lordship's Coach gets clear and drives away, and that her Ladyship is in, being broken down, she is obliged to come home on

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Foot. — On her Return a high Quarrel ensues between them, in so much that she is resolved to part. *Sir Friendly Moral* is consulted by both Parties, who talking separately to each, easily perceives their living so ill together, rather owing to Humour than any real Dislike to each other, and reasons them out of every little Folly, so destructive to their mutual Peace. — Lady *Wranglowe* acknowledges she has carried her Suspicions to too great a Length, and her Lord is not now above confessing he has given her but too much Cause for them. — Both promise never to run into the same Errors for the future; and the most tender Reconciliation is the Consequence of their late Violence.

Miss *Notable*, who had been the chief Cause of the Misunderstanding between them, has been no less active in heightening the Breach between Lord *George Brilliant* and Mrs. *Conquest*, and after that Lady has assumed the Appearance of a Man, makes Advances to him, as well as to Lord *George*, and when she hears they are gone to fight, is transported with Joy, imagining herself the Cause of their Quarrel; and as she thinks nothing will make her Beauty the general Theme of Conversation, so much as having a Man killed for her, heartily wishes that one of them may fall in the Rencontre. — The Vanity and Affectation of a young Girl who has *Wit* without *Judgment*, is in this Character so naturally delineated, as renders it an admirable Lesson for all of that Age to take Warning by.

But to return to our Combatants: — Lord *George Brilliant* and the pretended *Sir John Conquest*, make Choice of the Park for the Decision of their Contest: — Perceiving themselves observed by three or four Fellows, who seem to follow them, Lord *George* imagines they guess on what Intent they are come, and loiter there to part them: — *Sir John* seems of the same Opinion, so they agree to separate, and meet again in another Walk, — Lord *George* is no sooner alone, than they come up to him, trip up his Heels, and fall to rifling his Pockets. — The other returning on the Noise, cocks a Pistol at them, but misses Fire, on which two of them attack him, — He falls, and the *Ruffians* runs off. — Lord *George* believing his intended Antagonist was mortally wounded
by

by other Hands than his own, calls a Chair, and goes himself to a Surgeon, to whom the seeming Sir *John* directs.

The whole Company are at Sir *Friendly Moral's*, when the Chair is brought in. — The Surgeon tells them the Gentleman cannot live three Hours. — All are extremely troubled, especially Lady *Gentle*, as she supposes herself the Occasion of this unhappy Accident, by Sir *John's* Quarrel in her Defence ; but infinitely greater is the Concern of every one present, when the Surgeon going about to take off the wounded Person's Cloaths, in order to apply his Plaisters, she discovers herself, and tells them, that it is Love, Resentment, and Despair, which had made her undertake to be her own Champion, seeming much less concerned to hear she was so near her End, than of the Injury this exploit would be to her Reputation after her Death.

All the Passion Lord *George* ever had for her now assumed its full Force : he could not have believed himself so dear to her, and this fatal Proof of it, fills him with the most tender, grateful and generous Sentiments. — His former gaiety of Nature is now in a Moment extinguish'd in him, and he could almost part with his own Life for the Preservation of that of his charming Mrs. *Conquest*. — To make her last Moments as easy as possible, he offers, to prevent the Mouth of Scandal from blackening her Fame, to marry her that Moment, and Lord *Wranglove's* Chaplain is sent for to perform the Ceremony. — Mrs. *Conquest* having brought him to this, resolves to shew no less Generosity on her Side, and immediately starts up from the fainting Condition she had counterfeited, tells Lord *George* and the whole Company that she has no Hurt ; that the Robbery was a Stratagem of her own, to prevent fighting in good Earnest ; — that the Surgeon, as well as the pretended Thieves, were all prepared by her Contrivance, and concludes with telling Lord *George*, that she scorns to take Advantage of the Pity her supposed Condition inspired in him, and he may therefore send and prevent the Chaplain from giving himself the needless trouble of coming.

Every Body is as much charmed with the greatness of her Spirit on this Occasion, as rejoiced to find the Trouble they had been lately in was without Foundation ; but Lord *George* more transported than any of them, as he had
most

most Cause, is now too true a Convert to Love and Honour, to go back from the Promise he had made of marrying her.——He looks on being the Husband of such a Wife as the greatest Happiness Heaven can confer upon him, and to shew that he has done with all the unwarrantable Gaieties of Life, he begs Pardon of Lady *Gentle* for his base Designs upon her, returns her back the two thousand Pounds which he confesses he won unfairly of her, as a Means to force her to yield to his Desires, and gives her withal a Caution to beware for the future of Gaming deep. She assures him she will punctually follow his Advice, and finding it was from Mrs. *Conquest* she received the Bills, restores them to her with those Thanks the timely Relief they had given her, merited.

Miss *Notable* finding she had been made no more than a Jest on by Lord *Wronglove*, Lord *George Brilliant*, and what was yet more vexatious, by Mrs. *Conquest* under the Appearance of a Man, and that so far from dying for her, none thought her worth a serious Thought, neglected by the Men, and laugh'd at by the Women, runs off in that Shame and Confusion, which is always the Portion of disappointed Vanity.

There is something so extremely genteel as well as entertaining in this Comedy, that the Applause it has received, and still continues to receive, wherever acted, is not at all to be wondered at.

LOVE for LOVE,

A COMEDY.

By Mr. CONGREVE.

SIR *Samson Legend* has two Sons, *Valentine* the Elder is a well educated Gentleman; *Ben* the Younger has something amphibious in his Character, being Half Home-bred and Half Sea bred: The one has disobligh'd him by an expensive Manner of Living; he therefore resolves to disinher't him, give all his Estate to the other, and marry him

him to an awkward Country Girl, call'd *Miss Prue*, Daughter to *Mr. Foresight*.

This *Foresight* is an illiterate old Man, peevish and positive, very Superstitious, and a Pretender to Astrology: He is lately married to a second Wife, who is young, gay, and has Wit enough to despise her Husband. Her Sister, *Mrs. Frail*, is a Woman of much the same Character, and lives in the House with her; as does also *Angelica*, Niece to *Foresight*, a young Lady of a considerable Fortune in her own Hands, and is passionately beloved by *Valentine*, whom she in secret approves, but has hitherto conceal'd her Inclinations.

The Characters are thus disposed at the opening of the Play, when *Valentine* having contracted several large Debts, is obliged to confine himself to his own Lodgings for fear of being confined in a worse Place by his Creditors: His Impatience, however, of getting abroad to see *Angelica*, prevails above all Considerations of his future Interest; and he consents to make a Deed of Conveyance for the whole Estate to his younger Brother, that he may receive four thousand Pounds immediately to secure his Liberty. On this Condition *Sir Sampson* sends the Money to him by his Steward; and he renews his Addresses to the Lady, who continues still as much on the Reserve as ever. *Sir Sampson* presses him to sign the Conveyance, but on the Advice of *Mr. Scandal*, a Man of Wit, and his most intimate Friend, he pretends to a sudden Disorder in his Head, and afterwards downright Frenzy.

Ben, in the mean Time, is brought into the Company of *Miss Prue*, but they seem agreed to dislike each other; he is much taken with *Mrs. Frail*, who knowing he is to have the Estate, endeavours to draw him in for a Husband; and the Girl is charm'd with *Mr. Tattle*, a Fop, whom *Mrs. Frail* has artfully introduced to her Acquaintance, on purpose to make the rough Sailor appear more disagreeable to her. Old *Foresight* imagines all these cross Accidents happen, because they did not consult a lucky Hour to make the first Motion of the Match, and grows so ill upon it, that he is obliged to be put to Bed, while *Scandal* and his Wife take that Opportunity of making him a Cuckold.

Mrs. Frail perceiving that the madness of *Valentine* would

would hinder him from signing the Conveyance, and being told he was incapable of knowing any Body, bribes *Jeremy*, his Man, to pass her upon him for *Angelica*, and get them married together: The Fellow who is subtle, and in all his Master's Plots, seems to consent to all she desires; on which she discards *Ben*, and thinks herself certain of both his Brother and Estate. *Jeremy* acquaints *Scandal* with the Promise he has made to Mrs. *Frail*, on which he tells *Tattle* as a great Secret, that *Angelica* is going to be married to *Valentine*; and *Jeremy* immediately after confirms the same, and makes an Offer of putting him in his Master's Place: *Tattle* is overjoyed at the Thoughts of obtaining such a Beauty and Fortune, and swears he will highly recompence *Jeremy* for such a Service. The Appointment is made, *Tattle* is to be in the Habit of a Friar, and Mrs. *Frail* to be vail'd like a Nun; for so, says *Jeremy*, the Parties are agreed to be disguised. The Stratagem succeeds; *Tattle*, supposing he gives his Hand to *Angelica*, binds himself in the indissoluble Bonds of Marriage to Mrs. *Frail*; and Mrs. *Frail*, not doubting but she plights her Faith to *Valentine*, vows an eternal Love and Duty to *Tattle*.

Valentine and *Scandal* are very merry in private on this Adventure, but their Gaiety was but of short Continuance: *Angelica* having discovered that *Valentine* was not really mad, resolves to shew him Trick for Trick, and encouraging old Sir *Sampson* to flatter himself that she had an Inclination for him, he addresses her for Marriage; she seemingly consents, a Day is fix'd for the Celebration of their Nuptials, and the News immediately reaches *Valentine's* Ears. He was now in Reality almost as mad as he had feigned to be, and in spite of the Persuasions of *Scandal*, and the Entreaties of *Jeremy*, flew to *Foresght's* House, where he finds his Father sitting with *Angelica*; both their Words confirm the Truth of what he has been told; and now regardless of every Thing, he confesses he had but pretended Madness to delay signing the Conveyance, but was now ready to do it, since he had lost in *Angelica*, all for which he valued an Estate. Sir *Sampson* then gives him the Parchment, but as he is just going to set his Name, *Angelica* snatches it suddenly from him, and tears it in Pieces; declaring she had counterfeited a

Kindness

Kindness for his Father, only to make Trial of his Love and Constancy, which, since she found inviolable, she would now reward with her Person and Fortune. The Transport of *Valentine*, the Congratulations of *Scandal*, and the Rage of *Sir Sampson*, at this unexpected Turn, is the Conclusion of this diverting Comedy.

LOVE'S last SHIFT:
OR,
The FOOL in FASHION.
A COMEDY.

By Mr. CIBBER.

LOVELESS, a Gentleman of a large Estate, but of dissolute Morals, after five Months Marriage with *Amanda*, a young and most deserving Lady, grows weary of her, runs into the greatest Extravagancies, mortgages his Estate to *Sir William Wisewood*, then lavishes all the Money he has received upon it in making the Tour of *Europe*. At last having nothing wherewith to supply farther Expences, he returns to *England*, in hopes of borrowing five hundred Pounds more of *Sir William*. In the mean time an Uncle of *Amanda* dies, and leaves her two thousand Pounds a Year; her Friends fearing if her Husband should hear of it, he might come back to strip her once more, send him Word she is dead, and on his Arrival confirm him in that Opinion. Hardened in Vice, he listens to the Story of her supposed Death, without being in the least moved, and thinks of nothing farther than to get Money from Time to Time to throw away on the vilest Part of Woman kind. She, who tenderly loves him, is grieved to the Soul to hear that not even Beggary has had the Power to make him more considerate; but is prevailed upon by the common Friends of both not to undeceive him as yet in the Opinion he has of her Death.

Sir

Sir *William Wisewood* has in his Family a Daughter call'd *Narcissa*, who has a thousand Pounds a Year in her own Hands, left her by a Relation, and *Hillaria* his Niece, to whom he is Guardian. These two young Ladies are courted by two Brothers named *Worthy*, the elder is designed by the Father to marry *Narcissa*, and to the younger he has promised *Hillaria*, on Condition he pays him five thousand Pounds out of her Fortune on the Day of Marriage; but the Gentlemen have different Inclinations; the elder being passionately in Love with *Hillaria*, and the younger finding it more to his Convenience, on the Account of her Estate, makes his Addresses to *Narcissa*. The Ladies are far from being averse to their Proposals, and they all four agree to deceive Sir *William*.

Amanda is persuaded by young *Worthy* to endeavour to reclaim her Husband, by passing herself upon him for a Mistress. He has been absent ten Years, in which Time she has had the small Pox, which joined with her living in a different Manner from what he could expect, and the Opinion of her Death, favours the Deception, and renders it improbable for him to know her.

He is introduced to her House by Candle Light, she appears drest in the most gay and loose Manner, assumes all the Behaviour of a Woman devoted to Luxury, which charms him to the utmost Height of wild Desire.——The Woman whom he despised and flew from as a *virtuous Wife*, he almost adores as a *wanton Mistress*; and after having past the Night with her, declares himself unsatiated. She now puts on a more serious Air, and having obliged him to confess what his real Sentiments of Love, Honour, and Virtue are, with also the Accidents of his past Life, talks to him in so moving a Manner, and so well remonstrates the Injustice he has been guilty of in wronging and forsaking a Wife, whom he acknowledges to have once dearly loved, and who had never given him the least Cause to withdraw his Affection, that he appears seized with Remorse for his past Conduct, which is still aggravated by the Thoughts of the miserable Condition to which it has reduced him.

Having thus brought him to the Point she wished, she discovers herself, and all his late Anxiety is now converted into an adequate Contentment.

While

While this Couple are thus happily indulging their mutual Satisfaction, the Business of Love and Marriage is successfully carried on at Sir *William Wisewood's*. He gives a Bond to elder *Worthy*, for five thousand Pounds as an Addition to *Narcissa's* Fortune, but the younger Brother by the Assistance of the Lawyer, has his own Name inserted instead of his Brother's; after which the four Lovers go together to be married, the elder *Worthy* to *Hillaria*, and the younger to *Narcissa*. *Amanda* having sent to Sir *William* to bring the Writings of her Estate, the old Gentleman appoints the new married People to meet him at her House, where he is equally surprized and enraged to find himself imposed upon, and that his Daughter with her vast Fortune is fallen to the share of a younger Brother; but they soon stop his Mouth by reminding him how basely he would have betrayed his Guardianship by selling *Hillaria* to that younger Brother for five thousand Pounds, and he is at last reconciled.

Sir *Novelty Fashion*, an accomplished Fop, makes a considerable Figure in this Play, and enlivens every Scene where he appears; but has no other Business through the whole Plot, than just to create Intricacies, and excite jealousy in the two *Worthys*, by making Love alternately to *Hillaria* and *Narcissa*, and to shew the Folly of keeping a loose Woman, he being persecuted with the termagant Behaviour, Extravagance and Impudence of *Flareit*, whom at last to get quit of, he is obliged to settle a Pension on of three hundred Pounds a Year. The Moral of this Comedy, as indeed in most of those wrote by the same Author, is enforced in so interesting a Manner, and conducted with so much Life and Spirit, that it answers the true end of the *Drama*, to inculcate in the Audience an Inclination to good Actions, shew *Virtue* in the most *amiable*, and *Vice* in the most contemptible Colours that Expression can paint out.



LOVE makes a MAN :

OR, THE

FOP's FORTUNE.

A COMEDY.

By Mr. CIBBER.

ANTONIO is the Father of two Sons, the eldest, call'd *Carlos*, is wholly devoted to his Studies, *Clodio* the younger does not want Wit, but has travelled, and brought home with him all the Fopperies of the different Countries he has been in: Don *Lewis*, Brother to *Antonio*, is extremely fond of his Nephew *Carlos*, but has a Contempt for *Clodio*, which he testifies on all Occasions. *Charino*, an intimate Friend of *Antonio*, has one Daughter who is to be the Heiress of his Estate: It is agreed upon by these two old Gentlemen, that she shall marry either the Scholar or the Fop, both which she is to see and make her Choice. Accordingly the one is sent for from the University, and the other from *Paris*; but *Carlos*, on his coming to Town, talks in a Strain not liked by his Father, because not understood; and besides, on Marriage being mentioned to him, he seems rather averse than inclined to it, and declares he has no Taste for any Thing but Learning: *Clodio*, on the other Hand, is pert and lively, and pleases not only his own, but the Father of the young Lady much more than his elder Brother, on which they agree she shall see only the younger, but on Condition that he shall inherit the Estate, and *Carlos* have only a small Portion out of it, to provide him Books, and common Necessaries; at which the Scholar, when he is told of it, does not seem chagrined, but readily promises to set his Hand to the Conveyance of all his Father's Land to *Clodio*.

On

On this *Angelina*, for so the Daughter of *Charino* is called, has an Interview with *Clodio*; she does not see him with her Father's Eyes, but hearing he is the Person destined for her Husband, resolves on Obedience.— Don *Lewis* finding her a very amiable young Lady, is almost distracted at the Behaviour of *Carlos*, he goes to him, repeats all her Perfections, and in the End prevails with him not to sign the Writing but in her Presence, hoping her Beauty and Sweetness of Behaviour will work a Change in him. The Sight of her works the Effect he wished it should, *Carlos* falls passionately in Love with her, and having first demanded of her, if she loved his Brother, and being answered by her, that Duty alone has engaged her Consent, and that she could wish some lucky Accident might break the Match, he asserts his Right of Eldership, refuses to sign the Conveyance, and will not part with a Foot of Land on that Account. Both the Fathers are incensed, and as he is making his Court to her, endeavour to force them asunder, but *Angelina* avows an Affection for him, and Contempt of *Clodio*, on which *Carlos* and Don *Lewis* keep off all those who attempt to separate them. The old Gentleman finding no other Means to accomplish the Intent they are so obstinately bent upon, go out to fetch Officers to take *Angelina* from him, as she is an Heiress, but they are no sooner out of the Room, than the Lovers, by the Advice of Don *Lewis*, make their Escape, and get on Board a Ship; he accompanies them in their Voyage. The Poet does not tell us whither bound; but to what Place soever they intended to go, they are disappointed by the Vessel being taken by a Portuguese Man of War. Don *Lewis* and his Nephew fought bravely in Defence of the Ship they were in, but being overpowered, and dreading the Thoughts of Slavery, they both jumped into the Sea, as they were not above a League from Shoar, they swam and made the Land, while *Angelina* was put on board the Conqueror's Vessel, and brought to *Lisbon*, where Don *Manuel*, the Commander of it, makes a Present of her to a Lady of great Fortune, named *Lovisa*, with whom he has long been in Love, though slighted by her.

Don *Lewis* and *Carlos* go into a Church in *Lisbon* to
give

give Thanks for their late Escape ; Divine Service being over, they talk to each other of their Misfortunes, *Lovisa* happens to be there at the same Time, overhears them, and falls in Love with *Carlos* ; as she is a Lady who consults nothing farther than the Gratification of her own Humour, she comes up to *Carlos*, makes him a Present of one hundred Pistoles, and afterwards sends her Man to watch where he goes, in order to execute a Design which that Moment comes into her Head ; which was this. She sends Bravo's the same Evening to seize upon them both ; Don *Lewis* she makes be kept confin'd, and *Carlos* is introduced to her Chamber. She discovers her Passion for him in the most touching Terms, but he remains constant to his Vows to *Angelina*, and flings from her with a just Contempt of her Behaviour.——Don *Lewis*, who has from a Balcony observed all that passed, throws himself out of it, intending to pacify the Lady, who seems in the utmost Rage, at the little Effect her Charms had on his Nephew. —— This more provokes her, she commands her Servants to tie him Neck and Heels, and lock him in a Garret.——Her Orders are obeyed, but, in the mean Time, *Carlos* endeavouring to find his Way out of the House, meets *Angelina* by Accident.—— They run to each other with the Transport which might be expected on such an Occasion ; he tells her the Means by which he was brought into that House, and his Desires of escaping ; she proposes his jumping from the Garden Wall, which he readily consents to venture, and promises to be there again within an Hour to release her also. *Lovisa* enters behind, hears the latter Part of their Discourse, and calls her Servants to pursue and stop him ; but they are too late, and he passed over the Wall before they got into the Garden : She comforts herself, however, with the Thoughts of his returning, which he no sooner does than he is taken Prisoner a second Time by her Men, and brought into a Room, where *Angelina* is placed between two Bravo's, who hold a Handkerchief round her Neck ready to strangle her.——He entreats of *Lovisa* to spare her Life, but can obtain it on no other Terms than his abjuring her, which he refusing to do, the Word is given for her Death.——*Carlos* then renews his Suit with all the Ardency of Love and Despair, and the moving Terms in which

which he expresses himself, at length prevail on *Lovisa*, who repenting of, and ashamed of her past Folly, orders *Angelina* to be unbound, and gives her to that faithful Lover.

While these Things are transacting at the House of *Lovisa*.——*Clodio*, who came with *Don Antonio* and *Clarino* in search of *Angelina*, happens to meet *Don Duarte*, a very insolent *Portuguese*, in the Street, and being insulted by him, runs him through the Body. A Servant attending the Don cries out Murder: The Officers of Justice are alarmed, and pursue *Clodio*, who runs into a House for Shelter: The Lady of it, who is called *Elvira*, and is Sister to *Don Duarte*, conceals, and gives him a solemn Promise of Protection.——The Body of *Don Duarte* being presently after brought in,——she laments the rash Promise she has made to the Person who she now finds is his Murderer, yet resolves to keep it, and lets him out at a Back Door. The Fop imagines it is rather the liking of his Person, than any Tenaciousness of performing her Vow, which has made her act in this Manner, and has the Folly and Impudence to write to her upon it; her Brother, who is privately cured of his Wound, and also of that Warmth of Temper which occasioned it, gets acquainted with *Clodio*, and is by him, tho' unknown, entrusted to carry his Letter to *Elvira*: He goes to her in a Disguise, and she answers it with all the Tenderness the Person who sent it could Wish; but *Don Duarte* is beyond Measure enraged at the seeming Levity of a Sister whom he had thought was endued with as much Modesty and Prudence as any of her Sex.——*Clodio*, who finds this imaginary Mistress was a very great Fortune, resolves to marry her, and invites his Father and *Don Charino* to the Wedding.——*Elvira*, willing to make what she intended as publick as possible, sends also to desire the Company of the Governor, who is her Uncle, *Donna Lovisa*, *Don Manuel*, and several others. These last carry with them *Carlos*, *Angelina*, and *Don Lewis*; so that they all meet without expecting it.——*Charino* finding *Clodio* has renounced his Daughter, readily gives her to *Carlos*, to which *Antonio* also consents.——*Elvira*, instead of calling for a Priest, makes a Sign for the Magistrates, who stand behind to appear; ——and being now released of her

Promise

promise by *Clodio's* inadvertent Appearance, orders them to seize him for the Murder of her Brother; on which *Don Duart* overjoyed to find her thus retrieve her Character discovers himself, and endeavours to persuade his Sister to make good also her second Engagement to this Stranger: She yields to his Sollicitation, and *Lovisa* prevailed upon by all these Examples, gives her Hand to *Don Manuel*, which ends a Play, which though full of Impossibilities, is yet pleasing enough in the Representation.

M A C B E T H.

A T R A G E D Y.

By Mr. SHAKESPEAR.

MACBETH, *Thane*, or Earl of Glamis, and *Banquo*, joint Generals under *Duncan* King of Scotland, having gain'd a compleat Victory over the *Norwegians*, were on their Return home; when on a Barren Heath they were accosted by three Witches, who stop their March, and greet them with strange Predictions. They tell *Macbeth* he shall be *Thane* of *Cawder*, and King hereafter. To *Banquo* they promise a long Succession of Monarchs in his Posterity; then disappear, nor will hold farther Converse, as if to reveal more was not permitted them.

The Generals are surprized; but much more so, when Moment after they see the first Part of the Prediction verified: A Messenger from the King congratulates their Victory, and gives *Macbeth* the Title of *Thane* of *Cawder*; that Peer, who had before enjoyed it, being convicted of High Treason, and condemned to lose his Head. This Promotion proved fatal to the Virtue of *Macbeth*, the flattering Prophecy run ever in his Mind, and setting the Glories of a promised Crown full in his view, he thought of nothing but the Means to attain it, which in a short Time presented themselves.

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The

The King, who was pleased with all Occasions of doing him Honour, would needs make him a Visit at a fine Castle he had at *Inverness*: He was attended by *Malcolm* and *Donalbin*, his two Sons, the *Thanes* of *Fife*, *Lenox*, *Ross*, *Angus*, and many other Lords and Gentlemen of his Bed-chamber; but *Macbeth* not having Apartments for them all, none slept in the Castle but the King and two Princes, and those who were of their immediate Attendants.

From the Moment of his Entrance, his ambitious Host resolved he should depart no more, and being strengthen'd in this bloody Purpose by his Wife, he entered the Chamber of the Royal *Duncan* at dead of Night, and having plunged a Dagger in his Breast, besmeared the Swords and Hands of two Gentlemen, who were sleeping in an outer Room, to make them seem the Murderers.

When the next Morning the Peers came to pay their Duty to his Majesty, *Macbeth* accompanied them to the Apartment, and on the Discovery of the horrid Deed, was the loudest of them in Exclamations: So far transported did he seem by his Rage, as to kill the two Waiters without suffering them to speak, as supposing them to have been guilty of their Sovereign's Death. Then done, he suggested to the Lords, that those Wretches who had slain had been suborn'd by some who were nearly allied, and therefore too impatient for the Crown. *Malcolm* and *Donalbin*, by a precipitate Flight from the Castle, brought upon themselves a Suspicion of Guilt, and those who before had been best affected to them, knew not what to think.

The young Princes, however, believing that whoever Work the Murder was, the fatal Steel would not be drop'd till all the Impediments to Sovereignty were removed, thought it their best Way to shelter themselves, at least for a Time, in foreign Realms: *Malcolm* retired to *England*, and *Donalbin* to *Ireland*; where, in spite of the Rumours industriously propagated by *Macbeth*, and his Adherents, great Numbers daily flock'd to them.

On their Absence, and suspected Guilt, *Macbeth*, next of Blood, succeeded to the Throne; but being arriv'd at the Height of all his Wishes, Content was

Stranger

Stranger to his Breast : The same Prediction which promised him a Crown, had also promised it to *Banquo's* Children, and having experienced the Truth in one Part, did not doubt but the other would equally be made good ; and this Thought gave him an Anguish of Soul which all his exterior Grandeur could not dissipate : Resolving, however, to baffle Fate it self, if possible, he invited *Banquo*, and his only Son *Fleam*, to a Banquet, but ordered Ruffians to Way-lay and Murder them as they came to Court : The Design succeeded against the unhappy Father, but the Son escaped and fled to *Malcolm*, who had obtained Permission of *Edward*, King of *England*. to raise forces for the Recovery of his Kingdom. This News preyed like a Vulture on his Breast ; to encrease his Horrors, *Banquo's* Ghost appeared before his Eyes in the Manner as he had fallen beneath the Murderers Swords ; his Wife struck with a too late Remorse, run mad and died. *Macduff* the *Thane* of *Fife*, and many other Lords, left *Scotland*, and repaired to *Malcolm*, and every Hour brought with it the News of some new and alarming Event ; yet did not all these Evils make him harbour the least Thought of Penitence, or giving up his usurped Dominion to the rightful Owner, but rather served to harden him in Blood. On the first Intelligence of *Macduff's* Behaviour, he caused his Lady, and two innocent Children, to be massacred in their own House, and went on destroying, murdering all whom he but suspected did not approve his Actions.

Hearing that *Malcolm*, with the revolted Peers, and a great Army, were entered *Scotland*, he musters what Forces he was able, to oppose them ; but Fear, which is ever inseparable from Guilt, rendering him doubtful of even his best Friends, he has Recourse to the Witches for a Fore-knowledge of the approaching Event ; they tell him, That his Power should continue *till* Birnam Wood should come to *Dunfinane Castle*, and as to his Life, he could be slain by none of Woman born. This Prediction so much re-assured his Hopes, that without taking any Measures to repel the Enemy before they gain'd so great a Head, he contents himself only with fortifying *Dunfinane*. where he then resides.

But, as it will ever be with all unwarrantable Searchers into Futurity, he is in a short Time fatally convinced of the Error of depending on such Prognostications. *Malcolm* had ordered his Soldiers, as they passed through *Birnam* Wood, to pluck down each a Bough, and carry in their Hands, thereby to conceal their Numbers from the Tyrant's Knowledge; so that the Wood seemed to the amazed Eyes of *Macbeth*, to come, indeed, to *Dunsinane*: Enrag'd, despairing, he now quits the Castle, resolving to trust only to his Courage, and is slain by *Macduff*, who was not *born*, but ript untimely from his Mother's Womb. The Death of this Monster of Cruelty, and the Proclaiming *Malcolm* King, is the Conclusion of the Tragedy.

T H E
MERCHANT of VENICE :
A TRAGI-COMEDY.

By Mr. SHAKESPEAR : And alter'd by
Lord LANSDOWNE.

THE Scene of Action is partly at *Venice*, and partly at *Belmont*, a fine Seat on the Continent belonging to a Lady called *Portia*. *Anthony* is represented as one of the best of Men, and the greatest Merchant that ever *Venice* produced. He trafficks to every Part of the Globe where Commerce has any Footing, and the Reputation of his immense Riches, joined to his Excellence of Nature, render him the general Object of Love and Esteem. There is between him and *Bassanio*, a Man of noble Blood, but small Estate, the most perfect Friendship; and the Play opens with a Proof of it, which was very near proving fatal to him that gave it. *Bassanio* has some Time before, being on his Travels, seen *Portia*, and became enamoured of her admirable

Beauty

Beauty and Accomplishments: Her Father being now dead, and she left the sole Mistress of herself and a prodigious Fortune, he is induced both by his Passion and Necessities to attempt gaining her in Marriage, but not being Master of a sufficient Sum to enable him to visit her in that Magnificence her Quality and Wealth demands from those who come to make their Addresses to her, he has Recourse to *Anthony*, to whom already he is much indebted, to supply him. This generous Merchant having lately sent out a great Number of Ships richly laden, has not at present so much Money by him, as the other's Wants require, he therefore desires him to make use of his Credit. On which *Bassanio* applies to one *Shylock* a Jew, who makes it his Business to lend Money on great Interest. The Character of a Usurer is here so admirably drawn, that sure it is impossible for any Man who knows himself guilty of Extortion to read, or see it acted without being struck with a conscious Shame, and for a Time, at least, render'd more humane. This Wretch consents to lend the Money on *Anthony's* Bond, for three Months, but will needs have the Penalty of a Pound^s of Flesh from the Breast of the Bondsman in case it be not paid in the Time. To this hard Condition *Anthony* sets his Hand, not doubting but that he shall be able to discharge the Obligation before the Time prefixed, and *Bassanio* having prepared every Thing befitting the Occasion, sets sail for *Belmont*, where the fair *Portia* is surrounded with Suitors of the greatest Quality.

This Lady's Father, at his Death, left three Caskets, the one of Gold, the other of Silver, and the third of Lead; in the first was enclosed a Death's Head, in the second an Idiot, and in the third the Picture of *Portia*, each of them containing also Scrolls of Paper with suitable Inscriptions. He bound her with a most solemn Oath never to disclose the Secrets contained in these Caskets, nor to give herself to any Man but him, who, being offer'd his Choice, should pitch on that which was the Repository of her Picture. To prevent also any one from rashly undertaking this only Means of gaining

her, the adventurous Lover was to be first sworn never to reveal what he beheld in the Casket he happen'd to chuse; — Never after to pretend to any other Woman on the Score of Marriage, and to quit *Belmont* for ever the Moment he found that he had chose amiss. These hard Conditions made many who came to offer their Service to her, retire without trying their Fortune; great Numbers, however, are more bold, but none are fortunate enough to chuse rightly till *Bassanio* arrives.

Portia, who had felt a secret Tenderneſs for him from the time ſhe had firſt ſeen him, was little leſs tranſported than himſelf, to find her Deſtiny beſtow'd her on the Man whom ſhe alone could love, and nothing could exceed the mutual Contentment of this happy Pair. To add to it, *Gratiano*, a *Venetian*, of a gay and lively Temper, who accompanied *Bassanio* in this Enterprize, loving, and being beloved by *Neriffa*, a young Lady who attends *Portia*, agree to make each other bleſt, and are married on the ſame Day with their Principals.

But while Joy and Harmony preſides at *Belmont*, a ſad Reverse is to be ſeen at *Venice*: the noble Merchant has News that all his Ships are loſt; the Bond is expired: He unable to pay it, the *Jew* is inexorable, and inſiſts on the Penalty. *Anthony*, whoſe Nature is the Reverse of all Extortion, has formerly rated him on the *Rialto* for the extravagant Uſury he obliged the Neceſſitous to pay, and this, together with the mortal Hatred he bore to him as a *Chriſtian*, made him at firſt exact thoſe Conditions, in hopes of an Opportunity of ſatisfying his Revenge. He had now alſo another Provocation, *Lorenzo*, a great Companion of *Bassanio's* and *Anthony's* had prevailed on *Jefſica*, his only Child, to marry him privately, turn *Chriſtian*, and go with him by Night, with a very great Part of her Father's Treasures: Unable to diſcover where they were gone, or to recover his Daughter, his Jewels, and his Ducats, *Shylock* is almoſt mad, and having no other Way to glut his Malice, petitions the Duke to grant him the Penalty of his Bond againſt *Anthony*. The Laws of *Venice* are on his Side, and all can be done, is to perſwade him to take the Money,

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Money, which many are willing to lay down for the Preservation of so worthy a Man.

The Duke anxious to save him, yet fearful of breaking thro' the Laws, desires only a Respite, that he may send to *Padua*, in order to consult *Bellarion*, a learned Doctor, and in the mean Time *Anthony* writes an Account of what has happened to his dear Friend *Bassanio*. He receives also the same Account from *Lorenzo* and *Jessica*, who to avoid the pursuit of *Shylock*, take Shelter in *Portia's* House.

This News strikes a great Damp to the Felicity of the new married Pair, but the generous Bride will not suffer *Bassanio* to delay a Moment going to his Friend's Relief, and he instantly departs for *Venice*, accompanied with *Gratiano*, and loaded with Money to bribe the Avarice of the rapacious *Jew*. At taking Leave, *Portia* and *Nerissa* gave them Rings each, exacting from her respective Husband a solemn Promise never to part with that Pledge of her Affection.

Bassanio and *Gratiano* have no sooner quitted *Belmont*, than *Portia* bethinking herself that *Bellarion* was her near Relation, sent to desire his Advice in *Anthony's* Affair, which having received, with full Instructions what to do, she commits the Care of her House to *Lorenzo* and *Jessica*, and in the Habit of a Doctor of Law, with *Nerissa* as a Judge's Clerk, hastens to *Venice*, where she arrives on the very Day that the Duke, pressed by the Importunities of *Shylock*, was sat with all his Senators to give the Decision of *Anthony's* Fate.

She presents a Letter to the Duke from *Bellarion*, wherein that great Oracle of the Law excuses himself from attending in Person, and recommends the Bearer as a Person fitly qualified for the Cause. Both Parties agree to stand by his Decree, and after having heard what each have to urge, gives Sentence in favour of the *Jew*; but joins with the Duke, and all present in persuading him to accept the Money rather than the Penalty, but the implacable Wretch refuses every Thing, and insists on the Pound of Flesh; on which the Knife is prepared, and *Anthony* bares his Bosom for the fatal Incision. The pretended Judge then bids them hold till he has given his Charge to *Shylock*, which is, that he must take Care he takes no

more nor less than just a Pound, and reminds him, that if in the cutting this Flesh, he sheds one Drop of *Christian* Blood, all his Effects are confiscated by the Laws of *Venice* unto the State. On this *Shylock* is confounded, and now offers to take the Money; but the Judge will not suffer it to be paid him, and says, that since he refused it when offered him before, he now shall have the Penalty or nothing, on which he is going to leave the Court; but is called back, and the Judge lays a Statute before the Duke, wherein it is enacted, that if it be proved an *Alien* seeks the Life of any *Citizen*, his Goods are forfeited, half to the Person against whom he conspired, the other half to the State, and his Life at the Mercy of the Duke. This he proves to be the Case of *Shylock*, who, insisting on the Penalty of his Bond, plainly shewed he aimed at the Life of *Anthony*.

The whole Court was transported at this Decree; but the Duke had Mercy on *Shylock*, gave him his Life, and the generous *Anthony* offered to restore the Moiety of his Goods, on Condition he would bestow it, with his Pardon, on his Daughter *Jessica*, and instantly become a *Christian*. The Duke also remits the other Moiety forfeited to the State, and the *Jew* seeing no other Remedy, accepts the Proposal.

Portia and *Nerissa* then take Leave of *Bassanio* and *Gratiano*, but for the great Service rendered them, beg the two Rings off their Fingers, which themselves had given them with a Charge never to part with. 'Tis with great Reluctance *Bassanio* plucks it off, but considering that he is indebted for the Life of his dear Friend *Anthony* to the Person who requests it, and who will take no other Recompence for so great a Service, he hopes his *Portia* will forgive him, when she shall be told the Occasion.

After this, the pretended Lawyers set out for *Belmont*, as does *Bassanio*, *Anthony*, and *Gratiano*, who are there almost as soon as the Ladies. A merry Quarrel ensues on having parted with the Rings, but *Portia* having had the Satisfaction of perplexing them a while, unravels the whole Story, and lets them know that it was to her Pleading *Anthony* owed his Preservation. *Lorenzo* and *Jessica* receives the News of *Shylock's* Conversion with an

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Infinity of Joy, and *Belmont* once more becomes the Seat of Pleasure.

An Audience cannot but go home well pleased from an Entertainment, which, besides a great Variety of Incidents, contains a Moral which must leave a good Impression on every Mind disposed to Virtue and Benevolence.

Merry Wives of *Windsor*,

A COMEDY.

By Mr. SHAKESPEAR.

THE Scene of this Play lies in *Windsor*, where Mr. *Ford* and Mr. *Page* are near Neighbours, and live in a very great Intimacy with each other: This Friendship of the Husbands occasions one no less sincere between the Wives, insomuch that tho' they dwell in two Houses they seem but as one Family; nothing of Moment ever happening to the one, without being immediately communicated to the other. Mr. *Page* has a Daughter, called *Anne*, whose Beauty join'd with the good Fortune her Father is able to give her, attracts a great Number of Admirers, among whom is *Cajus*, a French Doctor, whose Addresses are approved by the Mother on the Account of the Interest he has at Court: Mr. *Slender* a foolish Country 'Squire, encouraged by the Father, because he has a good Estate, and can make a handsome Settlement; and Mr. *Fenton*, a young Gentleman of small Fortune, but beloved by *Anne* for his agreeable Person and Accomplishments. The Hopes of Doctor *Cajus* are also supported by his Housekeeper, Mrs. *Quickly*, who pretends to have a great Influence over Mr. *Page's* Family, and gets Presents from all the Lovers by Turns, for her Interest. Justice *Shallow*, a Neighbouring

Gentleman,

Gentleman, and a Relation of *Slender*, espouses his Suit, and gets Sir *Hugh Evans*, a *Welsh* Parson, to second his Endeavours against *Cajus*; but *Fenton* is without any other Friend or Mediator than the young Girl's Affections: He has however the Consolation of seeing his two Rivals, by their different Interests, obstruct each other, and the bestowing of *Anne Page* on either, deferred from Time to Time.

While the Lovers are thus employed, the two Wives happen on a Matter of Diversion, which very much engrosses their Thoughts. Sir *John Falstaff*, a Fat, lewd, vain, cowardly, avaritious Knight, knowing that *Page* and *Ford* have the Character of wealthy Men, flatters himself with being able to get both their Wives for his Mistress, and by that Means also unlade their Coffers of some Part of the Treasures contained in them. To this End he sends Love-Letters to them both, which they shewing to each other, find exactly the same, Word for Word, and differing in nothing but the Names.

Affronted to have their Virtue thus attack'd, they agree to be revenged on him by a Way which shall make some Sport for themselves. Mrs. *Ford* answers his amorous Billet with a seeming Compliance, and appoints him to come to her House between Ten and Eleven o'Clock the same Morning, her Husband being to go abroad at that Hour.

The old Debauchee rejoices in his imaginary good Success, but having disoblged two of his Companions, they in Revenge inform Mr. *Ford* of the Design he has upon his Wife, who being naturally inclined to Jealousy resolves to find out on what Encouragement: For this Purpose he disguises himself, and getting the Innkeeper, where *Falstaff* lodged, to introduce him to his Acquaintance, by the Name of *Brook*, pretends to be in Love with *Ford's* Wife himself, and makes the Knight an Offer of what Money he shall demand, to bring him into her Company. *Falstaff* swallows the Bait greedily, promises to do all he requests of him, and to prove that he has a Power over her, shews him the Letter she has just before sent to him.

Ford

Ford applauds his own Ingenuity in thus discovering the Falshood of his Wife, and resolves to expose her to the Ridicule of the Town, and then be divorced. At the appointed Hour *Falstaff* comes to *Mrs. Ford*; she receives him with a seeming Extacy; but before they can exchange many Words, *Mrs. Page*, as it was agreed on between them, comes hastily in, and informs *Mrs. Ford* that Somebody has incensed her Husband with Jealousy, and that he is just entering to search for a Gallant, whom he is resolved to murder, if found in the House: On this they thrust him into a great Buck-Basket with foul Cloaths, and order two of the Servants to carry the pretended Linen to a Laundress at *Datchet Mead*.

Mrs. Page, however, had spoke a greater Truth than she imagined, for they had no sooner pack'd up the Knight, but *Mr. Ford*, accompanied by her Husband and several other Neighbours, came indeed to search the House; they met the Basket carrying out, but being informed 'twas Linen, let it pass. No Man being found, *Ford* begins to grow ashamed of his Jealousy, asks his Wife's Pardon, and invites the Company to come next Day to go a Birding with him. In the mean Time he goes again in the Name of *Brook*, to *Sir John Falstaff*, who tells him the whole Story of the Buck-Basket, with this Addition, that *Mrs. Ford* had made a second Appointment with him, to come the next Morning; which now convinces the jealous Husband that his Wife is really false, and makes him resolve to prove her so.

It was really Truth, that *Mrs. Ford*, and *Mrs. Page*, willing to mortify him yet more, had sent him such a Summons; but before the Time of his Appointment arrived, *Ford* had inform'd *Page* of all he had heard from *Falstaff*; he told it to his Wife, and she communicated it to her Friend, who was almost as much offended at her Husband's causeless Jealousy, as at the Knight's impudent Addresses, contrives to play them both a Trick. *Falstaff* is no sooner entered, than the Alarm is given of *Mr. Ford's* Return, who on that is obliged to consent to be drest up like an old Woman of *Brainford*, who used to come to see her Maid, and passed for a Fortune-teller: The Buck-Basket is again prepared, and when *Ford* appears with all his Friends, in order to detect his Wife in her

her Guilt, the Servants, according to the Cue she has given them, open the Door to carry it out; he commands them to set it down, and not doubting but the Knight is in it, plucks out all the Linen; finding himself disappointed there, he goes into the House, searches all the Rooms, and seeing the supposed old Woman, whom he hated, and took for a Bawd, beats Sir *John* unmercifully, and turns him out of Doors. All the Neighbours laugh at him, and reproach him for his unjust Suspicions; and when his Wife thinks herself sufficiently revenged by their Persecutions, she lets him into the whole Secret, how *Mrs. Page* and herself contrived these Stratagems to punish the Attempt made on their Virtue by that old Lecher. Every one applauds their Conduct, and *Ford* is entirely cured of his jealous Humours. After this they all agree to plague Sir *John* yet farther; *Mrs. Ford*, and *Mrs. Page*, are to Lure him to *Windſor* Forest at Midnight, and the rest of the Company are to be drest like Fairies, and pinch and torment him till he forswears all Efforts against the Chastity of Women. The Contrivance is no sooner formed, than they go about the Execution of it; and the two Wives having played their Part, and *Falſtaff* accepted of the Invitation, they prepare for his Reception.

All this Time *Mrs. Page* had been strenuously labouring to get her Husband's Consent for their Daughter's Marriage with Doctor *Cajus*, and he as earnestly endeavouring to gain her Approbation of *Slender*; but neither of them being able to convince the other, both resolve to take the Opportunity of this Midnight Ramble, to bring about what they desire: *Anne* is as well as the rest to personate a Fairy, and to be drest in White for that End. *Page*, therefore bids *Slender* steal her privately away, and carry her to *Eaton*, where a Chaplain should be ready to meet them. *Mrs. Page* makes her wear a green Habit, and by that, tells Doctor *Cajus* he may distinguish her, and lead her to the Deanery, where she will appoint a Parson to wait for them. *Anne* receives the different Commands of both her Parents, and pretends a ready Obedience; but seeing that there is a Necessity for her to disoblige one of them, she thinks it best for to take this Opportunity of following her own Inclinations, and goes off with Mr.

Fenton;

Fenton; having drest up two Boys, one in White, and the other in Green, to deceive *Slender* and the Doctor.

Sir *John Falstaff*, who by the merry Wives Advice, had disguised himself like *Herne* the Hunter, a Spirit, supposed to walk in a certain part of the Forest, is frightened, almost out of his Wits, by the seeming Fairies; who after their Fill of terrifying him, discover themselves and taunt him with the most bitter Mockery. In the midst of their Mirth, *Slender* returns, lamenting that he has taken a great lubberly Boy for *Anne Page*: The Doctor immediately follows with the same Complaint; and as they are amazed what is become of their Daughter, she appears with *Fenton*, and both fall on their Knees, entreating Blessing and Forgiveness. Neither *Page* or his Wife have any ill Nature in their Composition, and are easily brought to reconcile themselves to what is without a Remedy.

The M I S E R :

A C O M E D Y.

Done from *L'Avare* of MOLIERE,
By Mr. FEILDING.

LOVEGOLD, the Miser, has a Son and a Daughter called *Frederick* and *Harriot*, the one is passionately in Love with *Mariana*, a beautiful Lady of a small Fortune, and the other with *Clermont*, a Gentleman, who, for the better Opportunity of addressing her, conceals his Rank, and hires himself as Clerk to her Father. As the Brother and Sister live in the utmost Harmony, neither conceal their Inclinations from each other, and join in Contrivances how to deceive a Father, who would sacrifice both them and all the World to his Avarice. *Lappet*,
Cham-

Chambermaid to *Harriot*, and *Ramillie*, Valet to *Frederick*, two of the most intriguing and artful of their Function, are in the Secret, and assist their Principals in carrying on the Design. But an ugly Accident intervenes, which is likely to ruin the Hopes of *Frederick*. His Father, the Miser, falls in Love with *Mariana*, and resolves to marry her.——*Harriot* having talked to her a little too freely concerning her Brother, she resolves to be revenged, and feigns to consent to the old Gentleman's Inclinations;—on which her Mother and self are invited to Supper, and the Wedding is to be solemnized that very Night.——*Lappet*, in order to prevent it, tells *Lovegold* a thousand Stories concerning his intended Wife's Extravagance; as they were talking *Ramillie* comes into the Room, and knowing that she has formerly seem'd desirous that this Match should go forward, imagines she is speaking in the Praise of that Lady, so as soon as she goes out, he comes forward, and protests to *Lovegold*, that all she has been saying to him concerning *Mariana* is utterly false, and beseeches him for the Sake of his Peace and Happiness, not to give the least Credit to it.——The Dotard is for some Time divided in his Mind, which of these two he shall believe, but the Passion he has for that young Beauty, makes him at last decide in Favour of the latter; and it being now too late for accomplishing the Nuptials, he signs a Contract, by which he obliges himself to marry her on the Forfeit of ten thousand Pounds; she no sooner has it in Possession, than she contrives to torment him.——She comes to his House the next Day, and orders a prodigious expensive Entertainment to be provided;——sends for all manner of Tradesmen; bespeaks the richest Silks the Mercer can furnish her with;——the finest Jewels the Lapidary has, and acts like a Woman entirely out of her Senses with Pride and Extravagancy. *Lovegold* is ready to hang himself, and vows rather to do that, than make her his Wife; but then the Penalty of the ten thousand Pounds seems worse to him than either, and the Perplexity he is in, makes a very pleasant Scene.——*Lappet*, who is in the Secret of *Mariana*'s Design, here shews her Dexterity,

rity, and by counterfeiting the utmost Concern for her old Master, by Degrees prevails on him to propose getting it off for eight thousand, and seems to urge *Mariana* to abate the other two thousand. — *Mariana* affects the greatest Reluctance, but at last consents, and he gives the Value in Bank Bills.

This young Lady now discovers the Generosity of her Nature, and at the same Time her Love for *Frederick*, which till this Moment she has kept a Secret, both from him, and every one else; she puts the Bill immediately into his Hands, and in giving them to him, tells him all she has done was to carry on a little Plot to punish *Harriot* for the Liberty she had taken with her, make a Trial of his Love and Constancy, and get some Money, which she knew he wanted, out of his Father. — The Transport of *Fredrick* is equal to the Despair he has been lately in; and the old Man finding himself thus circumvented, breaks out into a strange Mixture of Rage and Folly. — To add to his Mortification, *Harriot*, who has privately married *Clerimont*, comes in and declares it. — He talks of Law and Prosecutions, vows to swear a Robbery against them all, and runs off in a Passion; at which the Lovers give themselves no Pain, as confident of their Innocence; and thus ends a Play extremely diverting in its Representation.

There are besides these material ones, several little Incidents which contribute to the main Design, and have a Turn of Humour in them which heighten every Scene; such as *Levegold*'s having hid three thousand Pounds in his Garden, which his over Care to conceal discovers. *Ramilie*'s Contrivance to steal it; — *Mariana*'s pretended Quarrel with *Harriot*, the affected Courtship between the Valet and Chambermaid, all which cannot well be described, but will always be applauded, when seen in their proper Colours on the Stage.

T H E

MOURNING BRIDE,

A TRAGEDY.

 By Mr. CONGREVE.

WHILE the several Kingdoms which now compose the Monarchy of *Spain*, were each of them govern'd by a Prince of their own, they lived in almost a continual Variance. *Valentia* and *Granada* had that implacable Hatred for each other, that it was entailed from Father to Son, for many Generations, and become no less Hereditary than their Crowns. The Subjects of both cried aloud for Peace, but their Sovereigns, instigated by Ambition and Revenge, were deaf to all Complaints, till *Anselmo*, King of *Valentia*, a Prince of a milder Disposition than his Predecessors, was moved with the Calamities of his Country, and proposed to put a Period to the War, by a Marriage between *Alphonso*, his only Son, and *Almeria*, sole Daughter of *Manuel*, King of *Granada*, and Heiress of that Monarchy.

But these Salutary Offers being rejected, the War was renew'd with greater Fury than ever. *Anselmo* gain'd a very great Victory, and brought the Princess of *Granada*, Prisoner to his Palace: The Noble Treatment she received in the *Valentian* Court, and the excellent Qualities of *Alphonso*, made so tender an Impression on the Heart of this young Princess, that it could only be equal'd by the Passion her Beauty had inspired in him. *Anselmo* and his Queen beheld their mutual Affection with Pleasure; and repeated their Offers of Accomodation with *Manuel*, but that haughty Prince, burning with Revenge for his late Defeat, refused to give Audience to the Ambassadors; and having mustered his whole Force, gave a second Battle to *Anselmo*, in which he was so successful as to put the *Valentian* Army entirely to the Rout; and pursuing his Victory, led his Troops even to the Palace Gates, which he caused immediately to be fired seeming not to regard

regard if his own Daughter perished in the Flames, provided he destroyed *Anselmo* and his Race at the same Time.

The good old King had obliged his Queen, Son, and the Princess of *Granada*, to embark on board a Vessel, that whatever should happen to himself, they might escape the Rage of Conquest; then rush'd forth at the Head of his remaining Troops, and combating an unequal Force, was taken Prisoner.

The Manner in which the rest of the Royal Family had quitted *Valentia*, being betrayed to *Manuel*, he sent out Gallies in Pursuit of them. *Alphonso* perceiving the Danger they were in, entreated the Princess would put it out of her Father's Power to separate them, by marrying him that Moment; the Queen seconded his Petition, and *Almeria*, who truly loved him, consented. The Ceremony was scarce performed, when a violent Storm arose, and drove their Vessel on the Coast of *Africk*; where, bulging against a Rock, it was dash'd to Pieces.

This Misfortune of the *Valentian* Ship instructed the Pursuers to avoid the Danger; and one of the Gallies was so fortunate as to come near enough the Wreck, for the Men on board her to save *Almeria* when she was just sinking. *Alphonso* and a Noble *Valentian*, call'd *Antonio*, were thrown on the Shoar by the Force of the Waves; but the Queen and all the others perish'd.

When *Manuel* had perfected the Conquest of *Valentia*, he returned home satiated with Revenge and Glory, and leading Captive his mortal Foe *Anselmo*. His Daughter, thus miraculously preserved, soon followed him, tho' with the most consummate Grief for the supposed Loss of her dear *Alphonso*; and which afterwards received as much Addition as it was capable of, by seeing her Father treat, with the utmost Inhumanity, a King, his equal, and who had behaved to her with so much Tendernefs.

In the mean Time a Fate besel *Alphonso*, far different from the Imagination of either his Friends or Enemies. The Sands on which he was cast, were in the Dominions of *Albucacim*, King of *Morocco*; whose Queen being then walking, attended by her Women and Eunuchs, was Witness of the Misfortune the Vessel had sustain'd, and saw

saw the two Noble Wrecks thrown almost at her Feet, At first she was induced only by the Compassion of her Nature to order Means should be applied for their Recovery, but when the Endeavours of those employed were successful, and the Prince regain'd Breath enough to address himself in Thanks to his generous Protectress, she was in a Moment possess'd of a Passion for him, which neither her Virtue, nor her Duty was strong enough to repel. She made him be carried to the Palace, and pass'd him on the King for *Osmyn*, Prince of *Fex*, her Kinsman His Magnanimity of Deportment soon rendered him no less esteem'd by *Albucacim*, than beloved by *Zara* his Queen; and he let not slip the Advantages the Sentiments of both afforded, to endeavour the Restoration of his Father: He prevail'd with *Albutacim* to invade *Granada*; but tho' they had a great Number of Troops, and he did Things which could be instigated by nothing but the Reasons he had to desire Death or Conquest, they were overcome by *Manuel*: *Albucacim* was slain in Battle, and himself, with *Zara*, and *Antonio*, and a great Number of Moors, made Prisoners, and carried in Triumph to *Granada*, the Day succeeding that, in which the good King of *Valentia*, having lingred many Months in a cruel Captivity, had finish'd his Days and was interr'd.

This distressful Crisis the Poet has chose for the Opening his Tragedy. *Almeria* mourning *Anselmo*, whose fresh Loss reminds her of that more terrible one, she imagines she has sustained in the Dearth of *Alphonso*: *Alphonso*, concealed under the Name of *Osmyn*, lamenting both his Parents, the supposed Death of his dear *Almeria*, his enslaved Country, his own Chains, and the Disappointment of his hoped Revenge: *Zara*, a Princess of great Virtues, tho' too violent in her Passions, reduced from Sovereignty to Bondage; and despairing that all she has done and suffer'd for *Osmyn* will ever be sufficient to warm him into that Tendernefs for which she languishes. The chief Characters being thus disposed give an ample Field for the beautiful Incidents, with which the Play abounds.

To add to the Calamity of *Almeria*, her Father enjoins her to marry *Garcia*, Son of *Gonsalez*, the Prime Minister; but she resolves rather to make Choice of the Grave,

Grave, and takes a solemn Vow never to wed again; after which she goes to *Anselmo's* Tomb, intending there to repeat it.

Manuel having been charm'd with the Beauty of his fair Captive *Zara*, releases her and all her Train from their Bonds; *Osmyr* (that is *Alphonso*) being among the Number, employs the first Moments of his Freedom in Visiting his Father's Remains; being enter'd the Monument he throws himself upon the Leaden Coffin, to pay there those filial Duties his Misfortunes had deprived him of when living. Scarce had he began his pious Rites, when *Almeria*, believing she spoke only to inanimate Stones, repeats his Name with such an Emphasis that he is alarm'd, starts from the Tomb, rushes forth, and gives and receives a mutual Surprise: He sees *Almeria*, she sees him, and each beholding in the other the dear Person so long and with so much seeming Reason believed dead, was too great, and too sudden a Turn of Fate for Sense or Nature to sustain; and they are sinking in each others Arms, when *Antonio*, free'd also under the Name of *Hely*, comes to their Relief, tho' little less amazed than *Alphonso* had been, to find *Almeria* living. *Alphonso* feels an Aggravation of Astonishment to see his Friend, whom he imagined slain in the late Battle. But the first Emotions such surprising Events occasioned being a little over, and the Means of their several Preservations made known, all their late Agonies of Mind are now converted into the most perfect Joy the Circumstances of their Affairs would permit. *Almeria* is obliged to retire on the Approach of *Zara*, who hearing where the supposed *Osmyr* was retired, comes in Search of him. She upbraids him with what she has done for him, and his Want of Gratitude; the Coolness of his Replies incenses her so far as to make her accuse him to the King of having presumed to address her on the Score of Love; on which the impatient *Manuel* commands he shall be confined in the Dungeon where *Anselmo* died.

Zara soon after repenting of her Injustice solicits the King to release him, and having obtained the Royal Signet for that Purpose, comes in Person to the Prison, where *Almeria* has just before enter'd; the Sight of that Princess, and the Confusion she observes in both their
Faces,

Faces, fires her afresh with Jealousy and Rage, she immediately changes the Purpose of her coming, and instead of giving *Osmyn* Liberty, orders he shall be more closely confined, and no Person whatever suffered to have any Communication with him.

While these Things were transacting, *Antonio* had entered into a League with some powerful Malecontents, to whom he declared that *Alphonso* was still living; and every Thing being prepared for their Flight, they left *Granada*, and were now raising an Army in *Valentia*. Intelligence of all this is brought to *Manuel*, and as *Osmyn* is known to be the Friend of *Hely*, he is supposed to have a Hand in the Conspiracy: Which Suggestion is confirmed by *Zara*, who has no other Pretence but that of his being a Traitor, to cover the sudden Change of her Humour; and on this *Manuel* signs an Order for his Death.

But *Zara* now experiences that Love is the strongest of all Passions. All her Revenge for neglected Beauty, subsides as soon as she is inform'd of this Sentence; she thinks no more of any Thing but how to avert it, and by the Assistance of her faithful Eunuch *Selim*, contrives the following Stratagem. She tells the King that she has received Information that his Guards are corrupted, that some among them are resolved to rescue *Osmyn* at the Place of Death, and advises that Execution may be done in Private by her Mutes. The King consents, and Orders are given that none but such as are sent by *Zara* shall have Admittance to the Prisoner. By this Means she hopes, when Night shall favour her Design, to set him free. News arriving that *Alphonso* had been saved on the Coast of *Africk*, she no longer doubts if *Osmyn* and *Alphonso* are the same, therefore resolves to be as speedy as possible in releasing him, well knowing the King, when apprised of this Secret, would not suffer him to live an Hour.

The dreadful News of *Osmyn's* Condemnation being brought *Almeria*, she throws herself at her Father's Feet, conjuring him to spare his Life, calling him *Alphonso*, and her Husband. The King not comprehending her Meaning, thinks her disordered in her Senses, and leaves the Room; but *Gonzalez*, who is present, being reproached by her as the Person who has discovered *Alphonso*, the

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Secret is unwarily betrayed to him. Things being come to this Extremity, the artful Statesman forbears to acquaint the King, fearing he might in Compassion to his Daughter's Despair, be brought to pardon *Alphonso*, and by that Means *Garcia* would lose all Hopes of *Almeria* and the Crown. Prompted by his Ambition he resolves to murder *Alphonso* privately, before it could be divulg'd to the King that he was any other than *Osmyn*: To this End he orders *Alonzo*, a Creature of his to procure him the Habit of one of *Zara's* Mutes, none other being permitted to see him.

Zara sends a Letter to *Alphonso* by a Mute, telling him she is now acquainted with the Secret of his Birth, but that he may depend on her for his Freedom that very Night: The King attended by *Alonzo* meets this Mute, who discovering a Guilt in his Countenance, and an Endeavour to conceal something, *Manuel* commands *Alonzo* to force him to a Discovery of his Errand: *Alonzo* follows him, and soon returns with the Letter which the poor Mute had yielded with his Life. The Letter he gives the King, and having stripp'd the Body carries the Habit to *Gonsalez*.

The whole Mystery, not only of *Osmyn's* Quality, but *Zara's* Inclination and Design being now unravell'd to *Manuel*, raises in his Soul a perfect Tempest of Rage and Indignation; he raves, curses, and strikes *Perez* the Captain of his Guards; but afterwards bids him go that Moment and put an End to the Life of *Alphonso*, and afterwards send his Habit to him. *Perez* promises Obedience, but in Revenge of the Blow, sets free *Alphonso*; and, to favour his Escape, carries the Robe and Turbant he wore as *Osmyn*, to the King, as an Assurance his Desires were fulfilled.

Manuel, now thinking to detect and upbraid *Zara*, when she should come to set *Alphonso* free, disguises himself in the Habit of *Osmyn*, and takes his Place in the Dungeon, waiting the Approach of that Princess; at the same Time, *Gonsalez* attired like a Mute, comes to the Prison, and deceived by the Dress, plunges his Sword into his Royal Master's Breast.

Alphonso, having now joined *Antonio*, and the Army levied in his Name, enters *Granada*, and is proclaimed
King

King of *Valentia* by the Soldiers as he passes. *Garcia*, hearing the Alarm, seeks hastily for the King, but neither his Majesty nor *Gonsalex* being in the Palace *Alonzo* conducts him to the Dungeon where he knew the Latter was gone. On their acquainting him with the Approach of *Alphonso*, and his endeavouring to convince them of the contrary by assuring them that he had that Moment slain him with his own Hand, *Garcia* runs into the inner Part of the Prison, where examining the Body he finds it to be the King's. In this Exigence *Alonzo* cuts off the Head, and hides it, to prevent the Soldiers being disheartned at this horrid Accident, and they all go to oppose the Enemy.

Zara, in the mean Time, perceiving her Mute did not return, imagined she was betrayed; and if so, it would be impossible to save *Alphonso*; she therefore resolves to die with him, and comes to the Dungeon for that End, attended by two Mutes, each bearing a Bowl of Poyson; and finding the Body, mistakes it for *Alphonso*, and drinks the Poison.

Almeria hastens to take a last Farewell of her dear Lord; and deceived, as *Zara* had been, is going to drink off the other Bowl, when *Alphonso*, *Antonio*, and their Party enter victorious with *Garcia* Prisoner:

Gonsalex and *Alonzo* are slain in Battle, confessing with their last Breaths the Motives which drew on this sad Catastrophe. *Valentia* and *Granada* were from this Time united; and thus ends the Play.

O E D I P U S,

A TRAGEDY.

By Mr. DRYDEN and Mr. LEE.

Jocasta, the Wife of *Laius* King of *Thebes*, having brought into the World a Prince, the Oracles were immediately consulted, according to the Custom of those Days,

Days, who all agreed in this dreadful Answer, *That the Royal Infant was fated to kill his Father, and enjoy his Mother.* On which the troubled Parents resolved to put him out of the World before he should be in a Condition to fulfil such a Prediction: *Phorbas*, Master of the rural Sports was appointed for the Executioner, and to that Purpose the Queen delivered to his Hands the ill starr'd Babe.

Phorbas, being a Man of a gentle and compassionate Nature, undertook this Office with Reluctance; but not daring to disobey, he carried the Prince to Mount *Cithæron*, where as often as he attempted to perform the cruel Deed, the innocent Smiles of the sweet Victim stopp'd his Hand: While he was labouring under this Conflict between Pity and Obedience, *Ægeon* a *Corinthian* Lord, with whom he had been long acquainted, happened to pass that Way: *Phorbas* looked on him as sent by Heaven for the Preservation of this Prince, and weeping begg'd he would receive that Child, and breed him up without desiring to be informed any Thing concerning him. *Ægeon* grants his Request; and *Phorbas*, on his Return to the Queen, assures her that, not being able to plunge his Dagger in the Offspring of his Master, he has left him exposed on Mount *Cithæron* in such a Manner as his tender Age could not support many Minutes. *Jocasta* is satisfied with this, and the Affair is no more thought on at *Thebes*.

Polibus at that Time reigned in *Corinth*, and being Childless, and, by Reason of his Age, without the Hopes of Issue, *Ægeon* presented to him this Prince, advising him to adopt and educate him as his own. The King approved of what he said, and giving him the Name of *OEdipus* proclaimed him for his Son and Heir of his Dominions: Few there were that knew any Thing to the contrary, and those who did, mentioning it only in *Whispers*, the young *OEdipus* was far from suspecting he had any other Parents, than the Royal *Polibus* and *Merope*, till at a Wedding-Feast, some Words arising between him and a young Nobleman, he told him he was a Foundling, not the King's Son: This stuck so deeply on the Prince's Mind, that tho' the other was afterwards obliged to retract his Words, and ask Pardon by the King's Command, he

he could not rest without a greater Certainty of his Birth; to obtain which he went to the Oracle at *Delphos*; and was commanded to enquire no farther, for 'twas his Fate to kill his Father, and pollute his Bed. To avert this Doom, he resolved to return no more to *Corinth*, but wander in distant Realms till he should hear that *Polybus* and *Merope*, were both laid in Earth. Some Years he past in various Courts, and no Prince excelling him in Valour, Wisdom, Temperance, Magnanimity, and every Kingly Virtue, wherever he went, a general Love and Admiration followed him. On his Travels, it was his ill Fortune to meet *Laius*, who, with a small Retinue, was taking the Air on the Frontiers of *Thebes*, some Dispute arising about giving Way, it came to Blows, and *OEdipus*, without suspecting him for the King of that Country, slew him, as his Attendants did all his Followers, except one, who was that very *Phorbas*, to whom the Prince owed his Preservation, and who on his Knees beg'd Mercy; *OEdipus*, gave it, and posted on without thinking farther on what had happened. and little supposing how fatally one Part of the Oracle, he so industriously avoided, had been fulfilled.

After the Death of *Laius*, a Monster, call'd the *Sphinx*, appeared in *Thebes*, laying Half the Country Waste; *OEdipus* no sooner heard of it, than prompted by his high Courage and Generosity he hasted thither, destroyed the Monster and redeem'd the Land.

The *Thebans* thought they could never sufficiently recompence their Deliverer, they offered him their Queen and Kingdom; and the Beauty of *Jocasta* made him readily accept the one, that he might enjoy the other. The Nuptials and Coronation were in a short Time solemnized, and he was in Possession of his Father's Throne and Bed.

He now hoped the Oracle was averted, and expected to live quietly, in a Place where he could be in no Danger, either of Parricide or Incest; but Heaven would not suffer this guilty and unguilty Prince to take any true Repose; a fearful Plague fell upon Man and Beast, and that once populous Town became a perfect Desert: *Adrastus*, Prince of *Argos*, with a great Army invaded his Territories

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stories, and home-bred Factions disturbed the Quiet of his Subjects, and every Day alienated their Affections from him. Yet did not all these Troubles prevent him from playing the Part of a most excellent King; he strove, by the best of Laws, to restrain the Violence of the Headstrong, and to win them into Duty, by an easy, affable and obliging Behaviour; and rallying as many Troops as the terrible Disease would permit, went in Person at the Head of them, to oppose the *Argyans*: His Enterprize was successful, he overcame them with little loss on his Side, and brought *Adrastus* Prisoner of War to *Thebes*.

But while he was thus gloriously employed abroad, *Creon*, the Brother of *Jocasta*, was labouring to ruin him at home: This Prince was subtil, bloody, and ambitious: He had been betrothed to *Eurydice*, Daughter of *Laius*, in her Nonage, and there seemed nothing wanting to obtain her, and by that Means the Crown, but the Death or Deposing of *Oedipus*; all Manner of Artifices were therefore practised by him and his Instruments, to persuade the People to revolt; and he was pretty near accomplishing his Desire, when the Return of *Oedipus* with Victory converted all their late Repinings into Acclamations of Joy.

On which *Creon* dissembles his Resentment till a more fit Opportunity, seems to turn with the Tide, and is one of the foremost in Congratulating the Man he hates. With this Incident the Play begins, and the Discourses held thereon, letting us into great Part of the foregoing History, admirably prepare our Attention for what is to come.

Oedipus triumphs as a Conqueror, but as a King feels all the Calamities of his People: He finds himself deprived of his best Friends, and *Thebes* of her most worthy Citizens, and those that remain, in the Anguish of their Souls imploring that Help from him which Heaven alone can give. Willing to do every Thing in his Power, he sends to consult the *Delphick* Oracle; which answers, That the Plague now reigning shall not cease till the Blood of *Laius* is fully expiated. As this cannot be done without discovering the Murderer. *Tiresias* the Prophet, invokes the Deity he adores, to reveal to him the dreadful Secret; which being granted, he declares, The Person

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who took the Life of *Laius*, is the next of his Blood. On hearing this, *Creon* in Malice to *Eurydice*, for her Contempt of him, and Love for *Adrastus*, accuses her as guilty of the Paracide in Conjunction with that Prince, and endeavours to prove it by the Prophet's Words, as she is the next of Blood to *Laius*. The Lovers answer this cruel Assertion, with a Courage becoming of their Innocence; but *Oedipus*, *Jocasta*, and the whole Court, stand amazed, and knew not what to think. The populace cry out for immediate Execution on them, hoping the Plague would then cease; and all is in Tumult and Confusion, till *Tiresias* assures them, that the God within him reproves the Sentence, and promises to raise the Ghost of *Laius* for a further Explanation of this Matter: On this they grew more calm, and *Eurydice* and *Adrastus* are committed to the Prophet's Care, who places them in the Temple, under a Guard of Priests, while he prepares his Sacrifice for the Infernal Powers, in order to oblige them to unfold the Mystery.

'Tis now Midnight, and all the Horrors which Nature, when most disturbed, or Prodigies beyond her Power can inflict, distract the Minds of the unhappy *Thebans*: Gigantick Images appear in the Air; the Sky seems all o'er Blood; Comets of enormous Size scatter whole Sheets of Fire; the Crack of bursting Clouds, accompanied by the Groans of Ghosts, amaze and terrify the waking Senses; while portentous Visions menace the Sleeper with some dire Event.

Yet even this Night, when all the Elements are in Confusion, as if the End of Nature were approaching, does *Creon* enter by a secret Passage the hallowed Dome, where *Eurydice* and *Adrastus* are confined; and resolute to satisfy his Revenge and Love, by murdering the one, and ravishing the other, has just attack'd the Prince, when *Hemon*, Captain of the Guards, comes unexpectedly to his Relief, and obliges *Creon* to quit the Place.

The Infernal Ceremonies ended, and the Ghost of *Laius*, by *Tiresias*'s Power, compelled to appear; he

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unravel's the *Ænigma* of *OEdipus's* Birth, and the fatal Accomplishment of the Oracle, which had pronounc'd him the Murderer of his Father, and Polluter of his Mother ; but none being present but *Eurydice*, *Adraſtus*, and the Brotherhood of Priests, *OEdipus* will not believe himſelf the guilty Perſon ; and infligated by *Creon*, accuses *Tireſias* of being ſuborned by the Priſoners, on which *Adraſtus* is taken from his Cuſtody and confined in a Dungeon.

OEdipus, however, continues ſtrangely diſquieted, he thinks it utterly impoſſible that himſelf was the Murderer of *Laius*, yet cannot he, in his cooler Moments, be brought to believe *Adraſtus* guilty : At laſt remembering to have heard one of the Train that attended *Laius* when he fell, remained alive, he orders that Man, who they told him was called *Phorbas*, to be ſearched out, and brought to Court, hoping he might be able to give ſome Deſcription of the Perſon or Perſons who attack'd the King. *Creon*, in the mean Time taking Advantage of theſe Diſtractions, ſend his Creatures among the People, to inform them, That the Prophet and the Gods had pointed out *OEdipus* as the deſtroyer of their King, and Author of all their Woes ; on which an Inſurrection enſues, and the tumultuous Croud preſſed even to the Palace, crying, down with *OEdipus*. *Adraſtus* hearing the Alarm, found Means to eſcape from Priſon, and putting himſelf by the Side of *OEdipus*, vowed to die with him, or quell the Rebels. But there was little Need of his Aſſiſtance ; *OEdipus* no ſooner ſhewed himſelf than they all fled or yielded ; but the Generoſity of this Action more than ever convincing him of the Innocence of *Adraſtus*, ſerved to render his Perplexities ſtill greater.

Immediately after arrives *Ægeon*, Ambaſſador from *Corinth*, to entreat *OEdipus* to take Poſſeſſion of that Crown, King *Polybus* being dead ; but this Prince reſuſes to accept it, or ever to return while *Merope* is living : On communicating his Reaſons, *Ægeon* acquaints him, that *Polybus* was not his Father, nor *Merope* his Mother, but that he received him from the Hands of *Phorbas*. *Phorbas* being now brought to Court, is confronted with him, and the whole dreadful Truth revealed, not only

that he was the Son of *Laius* and *Jocasta*, but also, that he slew his Father. On the fatal Conviction *OEdipus* offers to fall on his Sword, but is with-held by *Adrastus* and the rest; after which in Extremity of Despair, he plucks out both his Eyes, and being kept from all other Means of Death, threw himself from the Battlements of the Palace. *Jocasta* ran distracted, and having killed the Children she had by *OEdipus*, stab'd herself with many Wounds, of which she expired.

Eurydice and *Adrastus* designing to depart for *Argos*, are met by *Creon* and his Party, who taking the Princess Prisoner, threatens to plunge his Dagger in her Breast if *Adrastus* does not resign his Sword; his Fears for her oblige him to Compliance with the Villain's Demand, and is killed by him, as also *Eurydice* in the Struggle: *Adrastus*, to revenge her, stabs *Creon* with a Dagger he had concealed, and with their Deaths ends the Business of this celebrated Tragedy.

The OLD BATCHELOR: A COMEDY.

By Mr. CONGREVE.

THERE is such a prodigious Variety of Characters in this Play, as indeed in all the Comedies of the same Author, that it is highly necessary for the understanding the Plot, to give the Reader some Idea of each Person of the Drama distinctly, before I proceed to the Business transacted by them.

Heartwell, the Old Batchelor, who gives Title to the Piece, is a surly Fellow, pretends to slight all Women, but is secretly in Love with a young Girl without either Fortune or Reputation.

Fondlewife, the Banker, is ridiculously fond and jealous of his Wife, yet easily imposed upon, and rendered the Dupe of her Intrigues.

Bellmour is a Man of Pleasure, in Love with *Belinda*

for

for a Wife, and with every handsome Woman in Town for a Mistress.

Vainlove is his Friend, and in Love with *Araminta*, but so very capricious in his Temper, that he makes his Addresses to her without even wishing to succeed, and is ready to fly off whenever she seems the least condescending to his Suit.

Sbarper is a Man of Wit, and an intimate with every Character of the Play; but seeming to have no Sort of Business of his own, diverts himself with forwarding that of other Peoples.

Setter, a Servant to *Vainlove*, is a Fellow of a prodigious deal of Cunning and Intrigue, and carries on all the Designs, as well of *Bellmour*, as those of his Master.

—Sir *Joseph Wittol* is a Fool of an Estate, and a very great Coward: He maintains a Bully of the Town, who calls himself Captain *Bluff*, to swagger for him, and defend him from all Insults, though he has in effect no more Courage than himself, and by an impudent Pretension to it frequently gets kick'd.

Belinda and *Araminta* are Cousins, and Women of Fortune and Reputation: The one loves *Bellmour*, but is too affected to own it, either to himself or any one else; and the other has no less an Affection for *Vainlove*, but knowing the Oddness of his Humour, durst not acknowledge the least Kindness for him, through the Fear of diminishing his Passion.

Silvia is a young Creature who has been debauch'd by *Vainlove*, and was afterward the Mistress of *Bellmour*, but being forsaken by them both, sets up for a modest Woman, and wishes nothing more than to repair her past Mistakes by Marriage with any one who has a Fortune to support her.

Letitia, the Banker's Wife, is young, gay, and amorous, despises her old Husband, and readily encourages the Addresses of every handsome Man that offers her his Heart.

It cannot be said that this Play has a great deal of Plot in it: What there is, is conducted by *Sbarper* and *Setter*; *Silvia* is directed by the one how to behave in order to draw *Heartwell* into a Marriage with her, and the other procures the Habit of a fanatick Parson, in order to in-

roduce *Bellmour* to *Letitia* instead of *Vainlove*, whom she has appointed to come to her in that Disguise.

As to the former Design *Silvia* acts the Part of Innocence and Simplicity so much to the Life, and counterfeits such an obstinate and natural Detestation of yielding up her Virtue on any terms, that *Heartwell* is deceived by it, and converts the Intention he had of debauching her into that of making her his Wife. *Bellmour*, *Vainlove*, and *Sharper*, who are all his Friends, finding this out, resolve not to suffer him to render himself so eternally miserable as they knew he must be, on a Discovery of what *Silvia* had been, if he were once really married to her.—Yet willing to terrify him, and have an Opportunity of rallying him, in their pleasant Manner, *Bellmour* dresses himself like a Parson, and is brought in by *Lucy*, Servant to *Silvia*, who was ordered to procure one, while the Old Batchelor himself went to take out a License. After this Ceremony is over, they all tease *Heartwell*, every one in their Turns, betraying somewhat to him of his supposed Bride: He imagining himself lawfully married to her, is ready to run distracted, and it is not till he has been guilty of such Extravagancies, that they apprehend the Loss of his Senses in good Earnest, that they let him know the Service they have done him, by preventing him to fall into a Precipice he was just upon the Brink of.—To make *Silvia* Amends, however, for her Disappointment, *Sharper* gets her married to Sir *Joseph Wittol*, as *Araminta*; whom *Setter* has told him is secretly in love with him.—*Bluff*, the Bully Captain, hearing Sir *Joseph* is about gaining her, bribes *Setter* to let him marry her in his Patron's Stead.—*Setter* embraces the Opportunity of putting a Trick upon both, and contrives it so, that *Silvia* is coupled to the Knight, and *Lucy* her Maid to the mock Officer.—The Pretence that is made to each of them for the supposed *Araminta* being married in a Mask, is that *Vainlove*, who every one knows is that Lady's Lover, would do some desperate Action, if any Accident should discover to him she was about to give herself to any other.

As for the second Intrigue, *Letitia* is very much surprized when she finds *Bellmour* instead of *Vainlove*, and thinks the latter has exposed her, as indeed he has, but *Bellmour* excuses his Friend, by protelling so her, that happening to be at *Vainlove's* Lodging, who was abroad when her Letter came, he had the Boldness to open it, and the Passion he long had for her, made him take the Advantage of this Opportunity, as he knew not how to gain any other, of throwing himself at her Feet. Whether *Letitia* believed this or not, she was pleased with the Person and Address of her new Lover, and would not lose the Satisfaction of being entertained by him who was present, for the sake of him that was absent.

While they were together, *Fondlewife*, unexpectedly came home, on which she hurried *Bellmour* into the Bed-chamber; the Husband having some Business to go in there, she tells him Mr. *Tribulation Spintext*, their Preacher, was taken very ill of the Cholick, and obliged to lie down, which he believes, and bids her get some Cordial to comfort the good Man; but this charitable Disposition in him is soon overcome by a Passion of a different Nature. *Bellmour*, in hastily muffling himself up in his Cloak, has dropt a little Book out of his Pocket, which *Fondlewife* taking up, finds it a Novel, entitled *The innocent Adultery*, instead of a Manual of Devotion, as he might have expected — He now flies into a Rage, has no Room to doubt but that he is imposed upon, and goes into the Chamber, and pulls *Bellmour* off the Bed. On his beginning to reproach him, the other very impudently confesses he came to cuckold him, and had made use of the Fanatick Habit for that Purpose; but clears *Letitia* of all knowledge of his Intent or Person. — She on the other Hand avows her Innocence, — throws her Arms about her Husband's Neck, and puts in practice every wheedling Art, till the old Man is perfectly convinced of her Virtue; nor do we find he is ever undeceived.

At the End of the Play, however, we see Sir *Joseph Wistol* and Captain *Bluff* made sensible of the Imposition put upon them, to the great Diversion of the Gentlemen who were the Contrivers of it. — *Bellmour*

and *Belinda* agree on Marriage, as does also *Vain-love* and *Araminta*, but *Heartwell* resolves to remain a Batchelor to the End of his Life.

The Diction of this Play, and the Wit which is every where sprinkled through it, as well as the Justness of the Characters, render it very deservedly accounted one of our first Rate Plays, and favoured with numerous Audiences several Nights in every season.

O R P H A N;

OR THE

UNHAPPY MARRIAGE.

A TRAGEDY.

By Mr. OTWAY.

ACASTO, a Gentleman of a considerable Family in *Bohemia*, having signalized himself in his Youth by many important Services, both in the Field and Cabinet, received all the Honours due to such exalted Merit, or that a wise and grateful Government could bestow; till growing pretty far advanc'd in Years, and new Persons coming into the Administration of Publick Affairs, he was rejected in a Suit for the Sake of a Person no way worthy to have enter'd into a Competition with him. This Affront making him see the Instability of Courts, he quitted the great World, and retired to a Mansion he had in the Country, taking with him all his little Family, which consisted only (for he was then a Widower) of two Sons, one Daughter, and a young Orphan Maid, whose Father having been the most intimate of his Friends, he dying, had bequeath'd to his Care; whom the good *Acasto* educated with the same Care and Tendernefs as his own. When *Monimia*, for so she

she was call'd, arriv'd at those Years capable of giving and receiving a soft Impression, *Castalio* and *Polydore*, the Sons of *Acasto*, became equally enamour'd with her: They were both Gentlemen of uncommon Accomplishments; but there was a kind of an Audacity in the Behaviour of *Polydore*, which made her Virtue shrink at his Approach, while she listened with Pleasure to the humble and respectful Passion of *Castalio*, till her whole Soul became devoted to him, and she not lived but in his Presence.

In this Situation has our Author disposed his Characters, and the easy and natural Manner in which he makes them discover their Sentiments at the Beginning of the Play, serves very much to Interest an Audience for the Catastrophe.

Never was there a more perfect Friendship than between the two Sons of *Acasto*; *Castalio* exercised no Right of Eldership over *Polydore*, and *Polydore* regretted not being the last born, since it was *Castalio* had the Advantage: From their Infancy they had communicated their Wishes, nay, their very Thoughts to each other; and when unhappily they commenc'd Rivals for *Monimia*'s Love, neither of them attempted to make a Secret of it to his Brother: They lamented that the Parity of their Sentiments should make them desirous of a Blessing, which neither could possess without giving Pain to the other; but resolved, that which ever should be happy enough to obtain her, it should make no Disunion between them. In this Manner did they live, till *Monimia* having confess'd an Affection for *Castalio*, he feared to wound his Brother with Intelligence so unwelcome, and from that Time began to be more reserved in speaking of her. *Polydore* observes this Change in his Behaviour, and presses him to reveal, if his Love for *Monimia* would sway him so far as to marry her: *Castalio* is a little startled at the Question: He has that very Morning obtained her Consent, and his Father's Chaplain is won upon to join their Hands; the Fears that *Polydore* will betray him to his Father, makes him deny this Truth; and to convince his Brother, vows he never had a Thought of becoming her Husband. *Polydore* seems satisfied, but being informed by a Page that waits on *Monimia*, that there

is a more than ordinary Tenderneſs between them, he thinks *Caſſio* has uſed him ill, in concealing the Progreſs of his Affection from him, and that he is now at Liberty to circumvent him if poſſible.

The Marriage Ceremony over, *Polydore* over-hears *Monimia* make an Appointment with *Caſſio*, to come to her Chamber at Midnight, and a Signal being agreed between them, reſolves to ſupply his Place. The Stratagem ſucceeds, he is admitted to *Monimia*'s Bed, and there enjoys thoſe Careſſes from the deceived Maid, which Sacred Rites had made the Due of *Caſſio*. The impatient Bridegroom comes a Moment after, and finding no Acceſs, accuses *Monimia* of the Follies of her Sex; imagines, that having ſecured him for a Huſband, ſhe no longer regards him with that Affection ſhe before pretended; looks on himſelf as made a Property, either of her Vice or Pride, and works himſelf by theſe Reflections up to ſuch a pitch of Rage, that he reſolves to hate and ſhun her Sight for ever. *Polydore* quitting *Monimia*'s Arms by break of Day, to prevent Diſcovery, ſhe riſes earlier than was her Cuſtom, and meeting *Caſſio*, who had not been in Bed, flies to embrace him with all the Eagerneſs of tranſported Love. He puſhes her from him, upbraids her with Arrogance, with Artifice, with Deceit; and when ſhe preſſes him to reveal the Cauſe of this moſt cruel Charge, and hangs upon his Breſt, ſwearing he ſhall not go till he has ſpoke what 'tis diſturbs him, he flings away, and leaves her Breathleſs and half dead with Anguiſh on the Floor.

Gbamount, the Brother of *Monimia*, who had been abſent a long Time in the Service of the Emperor, and was lately returned, and at *Acaſto*'s Houſe, ſolliciting the Love of his Fair Daughter *Serena*, ſurprizes his Siſter in this Agony. He had ſuſpected ſomewhat between her and *Caſſio*, but was eaſed of his Fears by the Chaplain, who after he had enjoined him Secrecy, informed him they were married, and now to ſee her in this Storm of Grief, renew'd his Diſcontents. She ſcruples not to unburthen her Breſt to this dear Brother of its whole ſad Load; and the Impetuſe of his Nature not enduring ſhe ſhould have been thus treated, he ſeeks *Caſſio*, and not finding him, relates all to *Acaſto*, who, tho' too much diſguſted, that an Affair of ſuch Moment,

Moment, as the Marriage of his eldest Son, should be transacted without his Consent, to give any satisfactory Answer to the Upbraidings of the hot *Chamount*, could not excuse the Behaviour of *Castalio*, to a Bride so worthy of his Love: He therefore goes in search of him, to reproach his want of Duty in a double Capacity, first to himself, and after to *Monimia*. He finds him just as *Chamount* and he being met, were about to decide the Justness of their Cause by the Point of the Sword, with some Difficulty he prevents their fighting, but can find no Expedient to reconcile them.

Polydore, in the mean Time, vain of his Conquest over the undone *Monimia*, no sooner sees her than his Behaviour to her unriddles the whole Mystery of *Castalio*'s Indignation, by making her understand he had deceived his Brother, and enjoyed her in his Stead: Let any virtuous Wife, let any Woman who truly loves, and is beloved, imagine what she must feel at such a Discovery; yet inexpressible as is her Despair, it exceeds not that which seized the Soul of the late gay *Polydore*, when she informed him it is the Wife of his Brother, whom he had polluted: Both vow to die, and are punctual in the Performance: *Monimia* swallows Poison; and *Polydore* provokes his Brother to draw his Sword, then runs upon it; and after repeating the shocking Occasion of this Procedure, expires. *Castalio* unable to support Life, stabs himself, bequeathing his Birthright, with *Serend*, to the Brother of his beloved *Monimia*. *Acasto* lives to mourn the sad Catastrophe; and thus ends a Play, which rarely fails to send the Spectators away without Tears.

O R O :

O R O O N O K O.

A TRAGEDY.

By Mr. SOUTHERNE.

OROONOKO, Prince of *Angola*, a Kingdom of *Africk*, being privately married to a young Lady whom he passionately adored, had not long enjoyed the Sweetness that happy Love affords, before the Charms of *Imoinda*, for so she was called, reaching the King's Ears, she was sent for to Court, where having no other Way of avoiding his Embraces, she was obliged to confess herself the Wife of his Son, and then Pregnant by him. The Tyrant started at Incest, but enraged at the Impossibility of ever satisfying his Desires, he resolved at least to be revenged on him who had debarred him, and render his Son's Passion not less unhappy than his own. To this End, he secretly agreed with a Captain who traded to *Angola* for Slaves, and the unfortunate *Imoinda* was put on Board, and carried to *Surinam*, where she was bought for the Use of the Lord Governor, by Mr. *Blandford*, a worthy *English* Gentleman.

Tho' *Oroonoko* was as sensible of this Misfortune as the most passionate Lover, and tender Husband could be; yet as it was irremediable, and inflicted on him by a King and Father, he sustained it with the Fortitude becoming of a great Hero, and the Resignation of a Son and Subject; never neglecting any Part of his Duty; but, as they were continually engaged in war, fought his Battles with the same Ardor as before, and seldom fail'd of Conquest.

Among the other shining Qualities of this Prince, he had a laudable Curiosity of examining into the Customs and Manners of Foreign Nations: Those of *Europe* seem'd extremely pleasing to him, and whenever any Ships from that Quarter of the World put in at *Angola*, he was sure to make Invitations to the Captains or Owners, on purpose

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pose to have Discourse with them. Captain *Driver*, Master of a Vessel from *Surinam*, by frequent Voyages was well known to him, and the affable Reception he was always honoured with by that Prince, made him think it would be easy to accomplish a Stratagem which Avarice had put into his Head. Being desirous to quit the Sea, and to make the most of this last Voyage, he invited the Prince on Board, who having never been in a Ship, readily consented, and brought about twenty of his Attendants with him: The Villain had provided an Entertainment, and having rendered as many of them Defenceless as he could with Liquor, gave Orders to his People to hoist Sail, and was out of Sight of *Angola*, before *Oroonoko* suspected any Thing of the Treachery practiced on him. 'Tis easy to conceive in what Manner a Prince like him must resent such Usage; but it was in vain to oppose a Number so unequal, and being deprived of all Relief was compelled to submit to his Fate, and be carried to *Surinam*, at that Time in possession of the *English*. The Captain's first Design was to bring him to *England*, and expose him for a publick Shew, but finding he wanted only an Opportunity of Revenge, thought it afterwards best to get rid of him, and the Fears which conscious Injustice inspired in him, as soon as he could.

The *English* Colonies abroad have been always looked upon as proper Places for Women of crack'd Fortunes and Reputations to procure Husbands in: With this Design came two Sisters, called *Charlotte* and *Lucy Weldon* to *Surinam*; the eldest having a good Share of Sense passed for a Man, thinking in that Disguise she should have the better Opportunity of passing off her Sister, and by making an Acquaintance with the Men discover who was most proper for a Husband for herself, when the Plot should be ripened enough for her to own her Sex. The Remains of their Fortune permitting them to go over in a handsome Manner, they soon got into the best Company; but the Persons who seem'd most particularly fond of their Conversation, were Mr. *Stanmore*, an eminent Merchant, and Mrs. *Lackitt*, the Widow of a wealthy Planter, who had divided his Estate between her and a foolish Son, who was also under her Direction.

This

This Son is pitch'd upon by *Charlotte* for a Husband for *Lucy* and *Stanhurst* for herself; and their Contrivance to bring these Aims to Perfection, with the Arrival of *Oroonoko*, and his being brought in Chains to the Market for Slaves begins the Play.

The graceful Person, Majestick Port, and Royal Robes of this Prince draw all Eyes upon him with Admiration, and the Captain, on relating the Means by which he surpris'd him, as great a Detestation. He happens as well as *Imoinda* had done, to fall to the Lot of the Lord Governor, and *Blandford*, as the Agent of that Nobleman in his Absence, takes him under his Charge.

This worthy Man endeavoured by all Manner of Ways to soften his Captivity, and assured him that when the Governor should come to *Surinam*, he would exert his utmost Interest with him for restoring him to *Angola*: The Prince thanked him for these obliging Proofs of Friendship, but in his Heart could scarce be brought to depend on any Promises made him by a *Christian*; of so great Prejudice to the Propagation of the true Religion is it for a base Professor to be known among those, whose Ignorance rather than Willfulness makes them of a contrary Faith. *Blandford*, however, to divert his Melancholy, carried him one day to see a beautiful Female Slave whom he had in Trust as well as himself for the Lord Governor; he told him she was Mistress of uncommon Charms; that the Deputy Governor, tho' the proudest Man in *Surinam*, thought it no Shame to languish at her Feet; that all the Slaves adored her, and forgetting the Hardships of the Day, neglected their needful Repose, and passed great part of the Night, in entertaining her with little Sports of their contriving. *Oroonoko* was wholly unmoved at all he said, and accompanied him in this Visit rather in Compliance to him than to himself; all his Admiration of Beauty having ceased with the Loss of his dear *Imoinda*. But how striking is the Scene! How thrilling to the Soul, when we behold him finding in this fair Slave his ever dear, ever ador'd *Imoinda*; for it was she, who under the Name of *Climene*, had attracted such universal Admiration. Happy in each other's Sight, they no longer regret the Loss of Grandeur or of Liberty; and bless the Slavery that restores all that either of them thinks truly dear.

To

To add to the Felicity of *Oroonoko*, *Blanford*, brings *Aboan*, one of those who was betrayed to Slavery with him by Captain *Driver*; but little imagined how fatal a Kindness it would prove. This young Nobleman impatient for his own Fate, but much more for that of his Prince, had spirited up the Slaves to seize on a Ship then in the River, and all together make their Escape. He communicates this Design to *Oroonoko*, and in the End prevails on him to head the Enterprize. The same Night is appointed for the Execution, but being betrayed by one who seemed most Zealous in the Cause, the Deputy Governor came upon them with his Powers, and offering Pardon to all who lay down their Arms; the unhappy Prince sees himself forsaken by all but *Aboan*, on which being obliged to yield they are conducted to separate Prisons, and *Oroonoko* again torn from his Friend, and dear *Imoinda*. The generous *Blandford* is infinitely troubled at an Accident which so much disappoints the good Designs he had formed in Favour of the Royal Slave; but the Deputy Governor is as much overjoyed, because it affords him an Opportunity of renewing his Addresses to *Imoinda*.

While the serious Characters are thus employed, *Charlotte* perceiving she had made, as Mr. *Weldon*, a more than ordinary Impression on the Widow *Lackit*'s Heart, counterfeits an equal Share of Passion for her, but pretends at the same Time that she is under a Vow of seeing her Sister *Lacy* disposed of before she marries; on which the impatient Widow proposes her Son *Daniel*; *Weldon* agrees, and the Wedding is immediately celebrated. That done, *Weldon* consults with *Jack Stanmore*, who is younger Brother to the *Stanmore* before-mentioned, and has a long Time made Court to Mrs. *Lackit*, and it is agreed between them that *Weldon* shall marry her, and contrive it so that *Jack Stanmore* may be put to Bed instead of the Bridegroom. Every Thing succeeds as they would have it, and Mrs. *Lackit* gives to the supposed Mr. *Weldon* a Thousand Pounds the next Morning, *Charlotte* being in Possession of this Money thinks herself now a sufficient Fortune for the elder *Stanmore*, and discovers herself to him in this Manner: She tells him that a Cousin of hers is lately arrived from

from *England*, that she should be proud it were a Match between them, and that if he likes her on her Arrival, she will depofite a thousand Pound in his Hands as her Portion. *Stanmore* is unwilling to take the Money, but *Charlotte* faying she has Business which calls her farther into the Country, and knows not what Accident may happen, he is prevailed with to keep it till the Kinswoman arrives. *Charlotte*, after this, throws off her Man's Apparel, and appears with *Lucy* as a Lady juft arrived: *Stanmore* is charmed with her; acquaints her with what her Cousin *Weldon* left for her in his Charge, and offers his Service to her on the Foot of Courtship. To find he liked her as a Woman was all she wifhed; she gives him her Hand, and feeing no Occafion for farther Diffimulation, confeffes herself to be that Mr. *Weldon* he had fo long converfed with, and relates to him the whole Story, with the Motives of her acting in that Manner. The News of all this is immediately brought to Mrs. *Lackit*, who is ftangely furprifed, but *Charlotte* clearing up the whole Affair alfo to her, she is glad to accept of *Jack Stanmore* for a Husband.

Poor *Imoinda* is all this Time a Prifoner in the Deputy Governor's Houfe, who finding it impoffible to gain her Consent to his Defires, is attempting to enjoy her by Force, when *Blanford* comes in and refcues her: He fights with him, and while they are engaged *Imoinda* takes the Opportunity of efcaping to the Prifon where her Husband is confined. She informs him what has happened to her, on which he concludes that Death alone can fave her from Difhonour, and refolves to put an End to both their Woes, by dying together: *Aboan*, whom they have whipped, appears before them in this Crifis all cut and gafh'd with cruel Rods, he ftrengthens the Prince in his Determination to die, by telling him there is no Hope of any Mercy from Chriftians; then, as to fhew them the Way plunges a dagger in his Breaft: *Oroonoko* and *Imoinda* follow him by the fame Weapon; but the wicked Deputy with his Party rufhing in upon them before *Oroonoko* expires, Rage fupplies him with a Return of Strength fufficient for Revenge on that cruel Author of his Miferies: He flabs him to the Heart, and enjoys in the Agonies of Death a Satisfaction to fee him
breath

breath his Last. A Catastrophe truly mournful in itself, but much more so as it is heightened by the most tender and affecting Language, and set off with all the Embellishments of Poetry which a Dramatick Piece will admit, without going beyond Nature.

O T H E L L O,

T H E

MOOR of VENICE :

A T R A G E D Y.

By Mr. SHAKESPEAR.

OF what Country or Extraction *Othello* was, neither our Author, nor *Giraldi Cinthio*, from whom he took the Story, have thought fit to inform us : All that can be learned of him is, that he was a very valiant Commander : and having done many signal Services to the Republick of *Venice*, arrived at length to be General of the whole Army. The Fame of his great Atchievements, and that honest Openness of Soul which appeared in all his Words and Actions gained him the Affection of the beautiful *Desdemona*, only Daughter of *Brabantio a Magnifico*, and equal in Power and Wealth to the *Dog*ue himself. She quitted her Father House by Night, and was privately married to him, none being trusted in this Affair but *Jago* his Ancient.

Jago was a Villain, revengeful, cruel, and designing, but had the Artifice to vail those Vices under the Appearance of their opposite Virtues : He bore the noble *Moor* most deadly Hate, because he had preferred, in Prejudice, as he imagined, of his superior Merit, *Cassio* to be his Lieutenant, and continued in Commission under him for no other Reason than to have the better Opportunity to ruin him.

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This Marriage with *Desdemona* presents a pleasing Prospect to his mischievous Imagination: He immediately communicates the Secret of it to *Roderigo*, a foolish Gentleman, who has long been doatingly in Love with *Desdemona*; and they go together to alarm *Brabantio* with the News, not doubting but his Interest with the Senate will be sufficient to separate the new wedded Pair, and perhaps bring *Othello* into Disgrace.

This Discovery, which happens immediately after the Marriage, opens the Play, and by the manner in which it is made, lets us into the Characters and Dispositions of the chief Persons concerned in the Drama. *Brabantio* enraged, and distracted for the Preservation of an only Child, goes with Officers to seize *Othello*; but the Moment before their Entrance into his Quarters, Messengers have summoned him to the Senate-House; *Brabantio's* Presence is also required, on which he alters his Purpose, resolving to accuse and confront him before the *Doge*.

But this is not a Time in which any Complaints against *Othello* can be encouraged: Intelligence is arrived that the *Turks* are going to besiege *Cyprus* with a great Fleet: There was a Necessity of sending Forces to repel the Efforts of the Enemy; and *Venice* afforded no Man equal to that Command but the illustrious *Moor*. The Voice of the whole Senate therefore persuaded *Brabantio* to Moderation, and *Desdemona* avowing her Love to her Husband, and entreating Permission to accompany him in his Expedition, cleared him of all foul Practices, and he was honourably acquitted.

The Confusion those of *Cyprus* were in, demanded an immediate Relief, *Othello* was obliged to embark the same Night, leaving *Desdemona* to the Conduct of *Iago*; who, tho' enraged, not daunted at the ill Success of his Designs in *Venice* remained resolute to pursue the same in *Cyprus*, believing *Roderigo* might be a proper Tool to fashion out his pernicious Work: To this End he pretends, that tho' *Desdemona* had some secret Reasons for marrying the *Moor*, she loves him not, and flatters him with the Hopes of receiving from her the utmost Proofs of Favour, on Condition he will accompany them to *Cyprus*. By

these

these Kind of Insinuations *Roderigo* is prevailed upon to sell his Estate, great Part of which he lays out in Jewels, for Presents to *Desdemona*, and entrusts *Jago*, who has promised to be his Solicitor, to deliver them to her.

Being all arrived at *Cyprus*, where they found no Business for their Arms, the *Turkish* Fleet being all dispersed and lost in a Storm; the first Work in which *Roderigo* is employed by *Jago*, is to quarrel with *Cassio* on the Watch, whom, being unhappy in his Liqueur, he has also prepared for that Purpose; The Motives for this Piece of Villany are, First, that if *Cassio* is kill'd he succeeds him in his Post; if *Roderigo* falls, he is certain of never being call'd to Account for the Jewels he has defrauded him of; and if the Adventure prove mortal to neither, the Skirmish will infallibly incense *Othello* against *Cassio*. To bring *Roderigo* to it, he tells him, that he has just discovered *Desdemona* to be passionately in Love with the Lieutenant, and that he can hope for no Return from her, till that formidable Rival is dispatched.

The Event answers to one Part of *Jago's* Expectations; the Antagonists, his Artifices have made so, meet and fight: The Citizens are alarm'd at the Clash of Swords: *Montano*, Governor of *Cyprus* before *Othello*, is wounded in endeavouring to part them; and *Othello*, so much offended at this Behaviour in *Cassio*, that he cashier's him. But this is not sufficient for the Malice of *Jago*, he sees the Man who was preferred before him, unhappy and disgrac'd; but *Othello*, whom he hates much more, is still untouch'd with Care or Grief. From this late Accident therefore, he forms a Plot to bring about the Master-piece of his Designs; he persuades *Cassio* to petition *Desdemona*, to exert her Interest with her Husband for restoring him to his Post; Her gentle Nature, always pleased with doing good, readily undertakes the Office; and takes all Opportunities of performing what she has promised. The perfidious *Jago*, in the mean Time, by Shrugs, Grimaces, and half Sentences, inflames the *Moor* with Jealousy, and renders every Thing she says in Favour of *Cassio*, as the Dictates of a Criminal Passion: When urged by *Othello* to explain the Meaning of his ambiguous Words, he

he tells him with a well counterfeited Reluctance, that to his certain Knowledge, *Cassio* has enjoyed *Desdemona*: To give Credit to this monstrous Assertion, he brings *Othello*, where he overhears *Cassio* boasting of a Mistress's Favour, and then by many Circumstances, makes the Woman mention'd by him, seem no other than *Desdemona*; and afterwards, by the Means of a Handkerchief which *Othello* had given her on their Wedding Day, and which, he obliges *Emilia*, his Wife, to steal from her, he conveys it into *Cassio*'s Pocket; which brings to Perfection the horrid Scheme he had so long been hatching in his Brain.

Othello now resolves that both shall die, and charges *Jago* to get *Cassio* dispatch'd: In the mean Time, Orders arrive from *Venice* to recal *Othello*, and depute *Cassio* in his Room: If any Thing could have added to the Rage of this deceived Moor, it would have been this Turn of Fortune; but doubting not that *Jago* would revenge him on this supposed Rival of his Love and Honour, he seems little to regard the Latter. *Jago* is indeed industrious enough to perform what he has promised; and still making *Rodorigo* his Instrument, he works him up to attempt the Murder of *Cassio*, by telling him, that *Othello* intended to remove to *Mauritania*, unless some Accident impeded; and then proposed the Death of *Cassio*, who was to succeed him, as the only Expedient; *Rodorigo*, on this, watches *Cassio*, and as he comes out of a House late at Night, attacks and wounds him; the other draws in his own Defence, they fight, and both fall: A Cry of Murder; on which, several People gathering about the Body, *Jago*, who is all this Time within hearing, comes forward, and pretending to revenge *Cassio*'s Hurts, stabs *Rodorigo*, whom he finds not quite dead.

While the Streets of *Cyprus* are thus stain'd with Blood, *Othello*, in the Citadel, strangles his innocent Wife as she lies in Bed; *Emilia* coming into the Room the same Moment, and seeing the dreadful Deed, cries out Murder; the Room is immediately fill'd with Company, and the Moor relating the Motives which led him to commit this Murder, *Emilia* confesses that she stole the Handkerchief at her Husband's Request, but ignorant for what Reason
he

he seem'd so desirous to have it in his Possession. *Jago*, on this, is brought in, she persists in her Evidence against him, and he kills her. *Cassio* and *Roderigo* having been put under the Surgeon's Care, the Wounds of the former are found not mortal, and the latter lives long enough to reveal the Villany of *Jago*. Thus is this Monster of Wickedness fully detected, and *Othello* convinced how fatally he has been deceived; which unable to support, he falls on his own Sword, and *Jago* is Sentenced to the most cruel Death the *Cyprian* Laws have Power to inflict, tho' looked upon by all, as too mild for Crimes such as have been committed by him.

Phædra and *Hippolitus* ;

A T R A G E D Y.

By Mr. EDMUND SMITH.

Phædra, the Daughter of *Minos*, succeeded him in the Throne of *Crete*; she was first married to *Arsamnes*, but after his Death, *Theseus* rescuing her Dominions from the Invasion of a barbarous Prince, received for Recompence her Crown and Person. *Hippolitus*, his Son, by a former Marriage, came to do Honour to his Father's Nuptials: The Sight of this Prince inflamed *Phædra* with the most violent Desires; she gave her Hand to the Father, but her Heart was all devoted to the lovely Son: All the Efforts she made for extinguishing this Passion, served but to render it more strong: She loath'd, she flew her Husband's Presence; and even refused him those Rights of Love which Marriage had made his Due. Amazed, and grieved at this sudden Alteration, he press'd, he sued, but press'd and sued in vain; the inexorable Queen was deaf to all his Arguments, to all his Entreaties. Struck to the Soul at this Contempt, and despairing ever to win
he

her into Kindness, he quitted *Crete*, and fought in Foreign Wars, to lose Remembrance of Domestick Woe. *Hippolytus*, for the sake of *Ismena*, an *Athenian* Princess, whom he adored, and was then a Captive in *Crete*, remain'd at Court, and by his Presence augmented the Flames of *Phædra* to such an Excess, that she was well nigh consumed; the Weakness of her Body growing unable to sustain the violent Emotions of her Mind, she falls into a kind of Frenzy; and in her Raving discovers the Cause of all her Anguish to *Lycon*, her first Minister of State, who, hoping to gain some Advantage to himself from the Errors of his Sovereign, encouraged her rather to cherish than depress her Wishes.

At this Time Intelligence is brought of *Theseus's* Death, and *Phædra*, now without Scruple, follows the Advice of *Lycon*, and declares her Passion to *Hippolytus*; The Horror he seems full of, while she is speaking, and his resolute refusing all her Offers after, let her see how vain will be all Attempts to corrupt his Virtue: Yet obstinate in Guilt, she tries all Means, she soothes, entreats, then rages, menaces his Ruin, orders him to be imprisoned, and *Lycon* threatens him with Death. Whatever the Queen's Love might have designed, 'tis certain, this Statesman resolved nothing less, judging the Nature of this young Hero by his own; and therefore fearing his Vanity or Hate might lead him to expose the Queen's Shame, and his own base Artifices.

Ismena, who loved *Hippolytus* no less than she was beloved, and trembling for the Effects of *Phædra's* Fury, persuades him to feign a Compliance with her Desires: He is at last prevail'd upon to follow her Advice, and the easier, because he has just then formed a Design, which no other Way can be accomplish'd: He demands therefore, to be brought to the Queen, dissembles a Repentance of his late Insensibility, and gives her hopes of returning her Affection with an equal Ardor: This regains *Phædra* her Peace of Mind, and him his Liberty; and he employs it in preparing Means for his Escape into *Scythia*, with *Ismena*, whom he has won to accompany him.

The News of their Flight soon reaches the Ears of *Phædra*; she sends, pursues, and overtakes them before they

they gain the Port: Love, Rage, Remorse and Jealousy, now by Turns, possess her Soul: She condemns both to Death, reprieves, then pardons, then condemns again, all in a Breath: In this Tempest of her Soul, before she can resolve on any Thing, *Theseus*, who was believed dead, returns to *Crete*. Her former Phrenzy now returns with double Force: With all the Wildness of Despair, of Shame, of Horror, she flies to her Apartment, there shuts herself up, and will not be persuaded to see, or give any Welcome to her long absent Husband, who little less distracted than herself at this Behaviour, in vain enquires the Cause of all he meets; *Hippolytus* and *Ismena*, who only have the Power, are too generous to reveal the Shocking Secret. *Lycon* at last approaches, and having persuaded the Queen in her Ravings, to second what he should say, boldly accuses *Hippolytus* of an Attempt to Ravish her; and so imputes her present Disorders to that Cause. The enraged King too easily giving Credit, to the Assertions of this Villain, orders his Son to be seized, and on hearing *Phædra* afterwards utter the same Things, tho' in disjointed, and sometimes contradictory Phrases, dooms him to Death; but unwilling he should perish by any common Hand, sends him a Sword, and bids him be his own Executioner. *Hippolytus* accepts the fatal Present, but makes a different Use of it than was intended, for instead of plunging it into his own Breast, he slew the Person who delivered it to him, and once more throws himself at his Father's Feet, begging, if he must die, to suffer in his Presence.

But while his good Genius inspired him with this Thought for the prolonging of his Life, he was believed dead by all that heard the cruel Sentence given. *Phædra* is informed of it, and of all her late tempestuous Passions, only Love, Pity, and a just Consciousness of Guilt remaining, she confesses the whole sad Story of her fatal Passion, the Noble Youth's Refusal of her Offers, and the monstrous Injustice he had received from *Lycon's* Arts, and her Distraction, she then swallowed Poison; but unable to endure Life, even till the Operation, stab'd herself in the Presence of the much injured *Theseus*.

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In all those Agonies of Soul, which in so dreadful a Juncture could be felt by the most tender Father, did *Hippolytus* find him; and it is scarce possible to judge, which experienced the most perfect Joy, the one in seeing his rash Commands so happily reversed, or the other in being cleared of his imputed Crime, and restored to the Affection of a Parent, always loved and revered by him.

To render his Happiness more compleat, *Theseus* gives *Ismena* to his Arms, and with her the Crown of *Athens*. The perfidious *Lycon* ends his wicked Life by as ignominious a Death: And so concludes a Play, which can never fail to excite Applause, while any Taste remains for Purity of Diction, Justness of Sentiment, or Virtue delineated in her most attractive Beauties,

Provok'd Husband,

O R, A,

Journey to L O N D O N :

A C O M E D Y.

By Sir JOHN VANBRUGH and Mr. CIBBER.

AS the Catastrophe of this Play is a Complication of a vast Variety of Events all happening at one Time, it is highly necessary, for rendering a clear and perspicuous Account, to give the Reader some Idea of the Dispositions and Views of the chief Characters, before the Plots or Actions, which such Dispositions and Views naturally excite, are touched upon.

Lord *Townly* is a Man of Sense, Sobriety and good Nature: He has been two Years married to a Lady of celebrated Beauty, whom his tender Affection not permitting him to restrain in any of those Pleasures which had the Shew of Innocence, she arrived at last at such a Way of Thinking,

Thinking, as to look on the most immoderate Use of them as her Privilege: Too late he finds the Error of his over-much Indulgence; and how to put a Stop to her Extravagancies without rendering himself the Object of her Averſion is what now takes up all his Days and Nights.

Sir *Francis Wronghead* is a foolish Country Gentleman, whose Estate being pretty deeply mortgaged, he takes it into his Head to retrieve it, by running two thousand Pounds more in Debt, in order to be choſe Member of Parliament, which having procured, he comes to Town, accompanied by his Lady, *Richard Wronghead* his eldeſt Son, an awkward Country Bumpkin, and Miſs *Jenny* his Daughter, a pert, forward, and conceited Girl.

Count *Baſſet* is a Sharper of the Town, who has taken up that Name and Title in Order to introduce himſelf into good Company, and have the better Opportunity of Cheating. Happening to be in the Country at the Races, he had made a good Progreſs towards an Amour with Lady *Wronghead*; and knowing her Intention of coming to *London*, intends to improve it at her Arrival.

Mr. *Manly* is a Gentleman of great Prudence and Candour: An intimate Friend of Lord *Townly's*, with whoſe Siſter, Lady *Grace*, he is very much charmed, not ſo much on Account of the Beauties of her Perſon, as thoſe of her Mind: He is alſo a near Relation of Sir *Francis Wronghead*, and foreſeeing the Miſfortunes that muſt attend his living any long Time in *London*, reſolves to prevent them, if poſſible, by ſending him ſoon home.

Mrs. *Motherly* is a Milliner, and lets Lodgings to People of Condition, or at leaſt ſuch as appear to be ſo. *Myrtilla* her Niece lives in the Houſe with her, and has been debauched by Count *Baſſet*: Notwithſtanding they both carry fair to him, in hope he will at laſt do ſomething for her, as he has always promiſed

Theſe are all the Perſons who are any way concerned in the Buſineſs of the Play; which opens with Lord *Townly* making ſome Remonſtrances to his Wife on the Vanity and Folly of her Conduct; and receiving from her ſuch Answers as convince him it is not by gentle Means he can ever hope for a Reformation in her.

Sir *Francis Wronghead* and his Family being come to Town, Count *Basset* recommends them to Mrs. *Motherly's* Lodgings, and at the same Time engages her to assist him in the Design he has of marrying Miss *Jenny*, on Condition he will make a Match between *Richard Wronghead*, the young 'Squire, and her Niece *Myrtilla*. To bind the Bargain he puts a Goldsmith's Note of 500 *l.* into her Hands, which he tells her shall be her own in Case of any Failure on his Side. This satisfies all the old Gentlewoman's Scruples, and she omits nothing in her Power that may bring the two Couples together. Count *Basset* all the Time prosecutes his Amour with Lady *Wronghead*, that his Freedom with the Mother may render his Courtship to the Daughter less suspected; and the young *Hoyden* is so well pleased with his Addressee, that she promises to marry him as soon as he can contrive an Opportunity to get her out. 'Squire *Richard* is also very sweet upon *Myrtilla*, and she manages him so well as to get an Assurance from him of making her his Wife. But while the young People are diverting themselves in this Manner, poor Sir *Francis* is in a piteous Taking: He has been to wait on a certain great Person (of whose Name the Author keeps us ignorant) he has given him Hopes of a Place worth a thousand Pounds a Year, to give his Vote in Parliament as he directs; but the Misfortune was, that Sir *Francis* not understanding the Debates, happened, on the Question being put, to say *Aye*, when he should have said *No*. He heard also that a Petition was about being laid before the House in Favour of Sir *John Worthland* the other Candidate, and he was in Danger of losing his Election; and to add to these Troubles his Lady had laid out two hundred and fifty Pounds in one Day, meerly in Baubles, for which neither herself nor her Family had any Occasion. Mr. *Manly*, easily perceiving the Consequence of all this, exaggerated the Misfortunes into which he was plunging himself, and took the Freedom of a Friend and Relation to advise him to return into the Country before it was too late; but Sir *Francis* cannot yet a-while persuade himself to quit all the golden Expectations his own and Wife's Vanity had flattered him with, and with which she still supports him. Nor was

she all this Time idle for the Good of the Family, as she imagined at least. Count *Basset* had dropped a Letter from *Myrtilla*, wherein that poor young Woman had upbraided him for seducing her, and afterwards leaving her without Support: This Lady *Wronghead* finds, and having heard that Mr. *Manly*'s frequent Visits at Lord *Townly*'s were for the Sake of Lady *Grace*, and that a Match between them was as good as concluded, her plotting Head immediately forms a Stratagem from *Myrtilla*'s Letter to break it off. The Reason that induces her to this Piece of Mischief is, that *Manly* being very rich, his Estate would devolve on Sir *Francis*, in Case he died without-Issue. She therefore puts the Letter under another Cover, and pretending she was in a hurry of Business desires *Myrtilla* to Direct it for Mr. *Manly*. *Myrtilla* little suspecting it was her own *Billet-Doux* obeyed her Ladyship's Commands; which done, Lady *Wronghead* enclosed it in another wrote by herself, as from an unknown Friend to Lady *Grace*, with the seeming View of preserving her from Ruin by this Detection of *Manly*'s Baseness.

Lady *Grace* is very much surprized at the Receipt of these Letters, not only to find *Manly* a Person of such different Principles from what he professed, but also that any one should imagine that she had any Concern in his Intrigues, he not having as yet made her any other Declarations of Love than those of his Eyes and respectful Behaviour: She acquaints her Brother with the Adventure, and her Sentiments upon it: He presently imagines it a piece of Forgery, but advises her to shew the Letters to *Manly*, that by observing carefully his Looks, at the Perusal, she may form some Judgment by them of his Innocence or Guilt. She follows his Directions, and *Manly* knowing the Temper of Lady *Wronghead*, sees into the whole Design in a Moment, and having fully cleared himself to Lady *Grace* is emboldened by the Freedom of this Conversation to declare himself somewhat sooner than 'tis probable he otherwise would have done: So certain it is that our Endeavours to prevent, frequently hasten the Event we fear. The Manner, in which Lady *Grace* receives the Discovery of his Passion, is as agreeable to his Wishes as he could hope

for from a Woman of her exemplary Prudence and Modesty, and renders his Mind in a Situation incapable of retaining much Resentment for the Injury attempted to be done him by Lady *Wronghead*. Resolved however to Fathom the bottom of the Mystery, he goes to *Myrtilla*, shews her the Supercription on the Cover of the Letter, which she readily acknowledges to be her Hand, and tells him how she came to write it; but when he presents her with the enclosed, she appears amazed and confused, believes herself betrayed by the Count and Lady *Wronghead*, and confesses, with Blushes, that it is her Letter to the Count. On this Discovery they grow extremely gracious, he promises to be her Friend, and on his Questioning her concerning the Affairs of Sir *Francis's* Family, she acquaints him with the Plot laid for a double Marriage; and that the Ceremonies are to be performed the same Evening when they are all to go in Masquerade Habits to Lord *Townly's*, whose Chaplain is to join their Hands.

Manly on this contrives a Counterplot, which having convinced Mrs. *Motherly* and *Myrtilla* it will be their Interest to assist, he hastens to Sir *Francis*, informs him of the Snares laid for the Ruin of his Children, tho' without letting him know by whom, and assures him of preventing it; and at the same Time convincing him it was design'd, by the Demonstration of his own Eyes, on Condition he will return home the next Day, to avoid the like Dangers hereafter: Sir *Francis* promises to be ruled by him in every Thing, and looks on him as his Guardian Angel.

Mrs. *Motherly*, in the mean Time, to secure as much as she could for her self, sends *Myrtilla* with the Note left in her Hands by Count *Basset*, to enquire into the Validity of it, of the Banker, in whose Name it was given; but it happening to be forged, the poor Girl is seized by a Constable, on Suspicion of being privy to the Cheat: She sends for Mr. *Manly*, who being well known to the Banker, she is set at Liberty, and a Warrant taken out against *Basset*; though *Manly* will have the Execution of it deferr'd for some Hours, for Reasons which will appear hereafter.

Lady

Lady Townly, during these Transactions, is revelling in various and tumultuous Pleasures, and the Patience of her Lord being entirely exhausted, he is now determined to part with her: He has engaged an Aunt of hers to take her to her House whenever the Separation happens, which an Accident hastens sooner than else his continued Tenderneſs would have ſuffered him to decree. Having loſt 500*l.* at Play over Night, and contracted ſome Debts of Honour beſide, ſhe is in the utmoſt Conſternation the next Morning, how to diſcharge them; ſhe has not a ſingle Guinea left, and in the Humour her Lord now is, ſhe knows, to aſk him for a Supply would be ineffectual, and but provoke him more: After ſome Debate, her Woman reminds her of fifty Pounds in the Steward's Hands, left there ſome Days ſince to pay a Mercer, whom ſhe had turned off a Year ago, becauſe he reſuſed to give her Credit any longer: This ſeemed a lucky Thought, and the Steward is called to deliver the Money; the very Perſon to whom it was to be paid, unluckily happens to be in the Houſe at the ſame Time, and being told his Bill ſhould be diſcharged, is juſt then writing a Receipt. *Lady Townly* obliges the Steward to leave the Money on her Table, bidding him tell the Man there was a Miſtake in the Account, which ſhe had not Time now to rectify. The Steward obeys her Commands, but the Mercer will not be ſo put off, and grows clamorous; Lord *Townly* hears his Complaint, pays him, and reſolves that Moment to part from his Lady: He ſends for *Manly*, and orders his Siſter to be called, as Witneſſes of his Behaviour, and the Agony he viſibly feels in doing himſelf this Juſtice, with the firm Conſtancy he teſtifies not to be moved from it, makes *Lady Townly* ſeriously reflect on the tender and affectionate Indulgence ſhe has hitherto found in him, and her own Imprudence, in forfeiting the Eſteem of ſo excellent a Huſband: She wiſhes to recal Time, or that ſtill ſhe retain'd Influence enough over him, to make him think ſhe would redeem the Errors of her paſt, by her future Conduct; till now, of all the Paſſions, Love had been a Stranger to her Soul; but in this Moment, ſhe finds ſo much in the Perſon and Qualities of her Lord, worthy of her ſoſteſt Regards, that ſhe is ama-

zed at herself for not discovering it before: The Fears of not being believed, however, restrain her Tongue from uttering any Part of what passes in her Breast; expressive Looks and Tears alone, declare how Self condemn'd she is; and without either offering at any Argument, or imploring for a Mitigation of the Sentence he has past upon her, submits to her Fate with the most humble Grief; but the Manner in which she does so, appears so touching, that not only Lady *Grace*, but Mr. *Manly*, who had always advised this Separation, testify their Concern at it; how much more then, must it affect a Heart that never had a Wish beyond that of her Conversion; which her Behaviour now evincing, the transported Husband, when least she expected the Condescension, flies to her Arms, forgives all that's past, and vows an everlasting Love. She in her turn, proves herself not unworthy this Excess of Goodness, by truly hating every Thing which had estranged her from her only Happiness, resigning herself wholly to her Husband's Will, and making her whole Pleasure consist in pleasing him.

This happy Turn puts them all into such good Humour, that Lady *Grace*, in Compliance to her Brother's Desires, and a little to gratify her own Inclinations, gives her Hand to *Manly*; but the Celebration of their Nuptials is deferr'd till the Completion of that Gentleman's Design, for the Preservation of the *Wronghead* Family, which immediately after ensues.

Lady *Wronghead*, 'Squire *Richard*, Miss *Jenny*, and Count *Basset*, come all to Lord *Townly*'s in Masquerade Habits, as was agreed upon; the two latter go into a private Room, expecting the Chaplain; 'Squire *Richard* follows them, expecting to find *Myrilla*, who soon enters, with a Constable to seize *Basset*, on Account of the forg'd Note; as he is in the utmost Confusion, Sir *Francis* and Mr. *Manly*, who have been sometime behind a Screen, and overheard all, come up to them: Sir *Francis*, not able to command his Passion, vents it in heartily drubbing the young 'Squire, and threatening the forward Minx his Daughter; their Outcries draw Lady *Wronghead* into the Room, who being presently inform'd of the whole Affair, trembles to think how far she has proceeded with

a com-

a common Sharper, and one, who also had a Design upon her Daughter : The Count is going to be carried before a Justice, but begs for Mercy ; which Mr. *Manly* grants, on Condition he marries *Myrtilla* ; he consents, tho' with some Reluctance, and *Manly*, to reward the Share she has had in his Designs, gives her a real Note of five hundred Pounds, which makes the Matter somewhat more easy to the Count. Lady *Wronghead*, notwithstanding the narrow Escape her Children have had from Ruin, will not be persuaded by her Husband to leave *London* ; but *Manly* soon obliges her to Compliance, by shewing her a very tender *Billet Doux*, wrote by her to the Count, and by him intercepted ; to save her Reputation therefore abroad, and preserve her Husband's good Opinion of her at home, she requires no more than his Promise, never to divulge the Secret of her Folly, and contentedly resolves to pack up her Luggage and be gone. Which is all we are presented with in this truly natural, witty, and diverting Comedy.

PROVOK'D WIFE,

A COMEDY.

By Sir JOHN VANBRUGH.

THE chief Character in this Play is Sir *John Brute* ; he has for two Years been the Husband of a Lady, whom, tho' he married merely for Love, he could not treat even with common Civility after the first Month : That Passion, which had a little softned the roughness of his Manners, being satiated by Possession, Decency vanish'd with it, and all the Savage return'd in his Behaviour. But tho' notwithstanding his ill Usage, she fail'd in no part of the Duty of a good Wife, conceal'd his Vices as much as possible, from the World, and endeavour'd not to think on them her self ; their manner of living together was too well known, not to encourage Hopes among

the gay Part of Mankind to the Prejudice of her Honour. *Constant*, a Gentleman intimate with Sir *John*, and who was at his Wedding, had conceived a Passion for her from that Day : She did not dislike his Person and Conversation, and the favourable Inclinations she found towards him, as she knew he loved her, made her shun his Company as much as she could do without being taken Notice of, whenever he came to their House. This Conduct made him so far from being able to guess at her real Sentiments, that some Scenes inform us he was then ready to give himself up to Despair.

But this Self-denying Virtue is all over before the Play begins ; the first Time of her Appearance, we discover that she is almost weary of using her Lover ill, for the Sake of a Husband who knew not how to use her well. *Belinda*, her Niece, who lives with her, seems to encourage a Resolution in her to accept of the Consolation offered ; and we find little, beside the Shame of revealing an Affection she has hitherto taken so much Pains to hide, that hinders her from running immediately into *Constant's* Arms. She determines however to be less Scrupulous than she has been accusom'd ; and hearing Sir *John* say, one Day at Dinner, that he expected him to come that Afternoon with a Friend of his, call'd *Heartfree*, instead of quitting the Room, she ordered her Maid to bring her Work, and seated herself with *Belinda*, expecting their Approach : In the mean Time, to divert themselves and vex Sir *John*, who was then smoking, they rail'd against Tobacco till they provok'd him to throw his Pipe at them, and start up in a Rage to drive them out of the Room ; in running from him they meet the two Gentlemen, who appear concerned to see this Quarrel, and Sir *John* being soon after sent for abroad, they stay and entertain the Ladies.

Belinda talks to *Heartfree*, to give *Constant* the better Opportunity of addressing her Aunt ; her Wit and Gayety make an Impression on his Heart, which, till he became acquainted with her, he thought himself secure from ever feeling ; and *Belinda* finds something in him that renders her yet more willing than before, to forward Lady *Brute's* Intrigue with *Constant* ; because it promises her the Opportunity of Converseing with his agreeable Friend.

Friend. Both of them avowing their Inclinations to each other, and expressing an equal Impatience to see the two Gallants again; Lady *Brute* writes to *Constant*, desiring him, with his Friend *Heartfree*, to come to *Spring Garden*, at Eight the same Evening, where they will find two Women to entertain them.

As this Letter is without a Name, the Gentlemen have some Dispute whether they shall accept the Invitation or not; but, as much in Love as they are, the Passion has not so entirely extinguished all others in their Breasts, as to leave Curiosity no Part. They fail not the Assignment at the appointed Hour, and Lady *Brute* and *Belinda*, Mask'd and dress'd in mean tawdry Habits, soon accost them. After a little Chat, Sir *John*, who being half drunk, happens to stroll that Way, joins Company, and offers *Constant* and *Heartfree* to treat them and their Women, whom he takes for common Strumpets, if they will go with him to a Tavern; but the two Friends having the same Opinion of the Ladies he has, excuse themselves from accompanying him, but are content to leave them to his Disposal; on which, he lays Hands on his Wife and Niece, and begins to hawl them in a rude Manner; they break from him, and shewing their Faces to *Constant* and *Heartfree*, those surprized Lovers tell Sir *John*, that they are really Women of Distinction, whom they only intended to fright a little, and then obliged him to leave the Place.

This narrow Escape is not sufficient to daunt our adventurous Ladies; they continue in the Garden, and *Heartfree* and *Belinda*, in good Nature to their Friends, as well as to gratify their own private Inclinations, withdraw to another Walk. *Constant* takes this Opportunity to renew his amorous Suit to Lady *Brute*: He presses, she resists, till his Desires growing more violent, he perceives her Virtue becomes less strong in Proportion, and is embolden'd to draw her half yielding, half refusing into a close Arbour; where, as they are just entering, two Women burst out upon them, and with a Laugh, which demonstrates all that passed between them has been overheard, a little damps the Lovers Ardor, and preserves the Lady's Honour for this Time.

The Persons who had given this seasonable Interruption,

on, were such, whose Dispositions rendered them the most dangerous of any to have a Secret of this Nature in Possession. The one was a near Neighbour of Lady *Brute*, call'd Lady *Fanciful*; a Woman of such consummate Vanity, that she imagined her Wit and Beauty had a Right to universal Adoration; and when she found herself deprived of it by the Charms of any other, was sure to blast the Reputation of her envied Rival: The other was a *French Mademoiselle* that waited on her; a Creature, whose Soul seem'd divided wholly between Mischief and Intrigue. *Heartfree* had given this fine Lady some little Reason to believe him one of her Devotees; that is, he had praised her Beauty, Shape, Wit, and, indeed as the greatest Proof of good Will, had endeavoured to make her sensible of the Follies of her Affectation; but growing more negligent of late, she presently imagined it must be occasioned by some new Face; and resolving to find out the Woman if possible, had watched him the whole Day in a Disguise, till she saw all the abovementioned Passages, not only between him and *Belinda*, but also those of *Con-stant* and Lady *Brute*. She immediately knew them, notwithstanding their Disguise; and, hating the Aunt for the Niece's Sake, meditated nothing but Revenge on both. To favour her Designs, *Rasor*, *Valet de Chambre* to Sir *John Brute*, was passionately in Love with *Mademoiselle* her Woman, she makes her the Vehicle to convey all that happened in *Spring-garden* to this Fellow, who receives a strict Injunction from his *French* Mistress, to relate it to his Master; neither of them disobey Orders, and Sir *John* is inform'd of every Particular.

While Lady *Fanciful* and her Emissary are thus employed, Lady *Brute* and *Belinda* are passing their Time very agreeably in the Company of their Lovers, who confident that Sir *John* would not come home till late, they have permitted to attend them home. Sir *John* is engaged indeed for some Time, in scow'ring the Streets, breaking Windows, robbing a poor Taylor of his Wife's Gown, which he was carrying home, putting it on, and playing many extravagant Pranks in that Habit, in so much that he is carried before a Justice, but soon discharged falls into other Company, where growing troublesome, is kicked out, and reels home. Lady *Brute's* Maid

Maid gives Notice of his Approach ; and *Constant* and *Heartfree*, having no Opportunity of getting out of the House unseen by him, run into the Closet. Sir *John* calls for cold Tea, and will not be persuaded but that his Wife has some in her Closet, she tells him she has lost the Key, on which he bursts open the Door with his Foot, and discovers the two Gentlemen : He was not quite so stupid as to believe they came to that Place only to say their Prayers ; but the Necessity of Fighting seeming worse to him than that of Cuckoldom, he spoke little of his Mind while they were in Presence ; and Lady *Brute* afterward assuring him that the whole Business was an intended Marriage between *Heartfree* and *Belinda*, give a Sort of an Excuse to his pacifick Behaviour. The Truth is, that young Lady resolves to bestow herself and Fortune, which is no less than ten thousand Pounds, on *Heartfree*, tho' a younger Brother ; and Lady *Brute* writes an Account of her Condescension to *Constant*, who is desired to come the next Day with his Friend, and back the Truth of what she has said, in Order to remove all Jealousy in Sir *John*.

The News of this Marriage reaching Lady *Fanciful*, she presently sets about the breaking it off, and having contrived a Stratagem which she thinks Plausible enough to succeed, she no sooner hears that *Constant* and *Heartfree* are at Sir *John*'s, than she sends a Letter to the Latter, importing that *Belinda* has been debauched, has one Child at Nurse, and is pregnant with another. At the same Moment she goes herself in a Disguise to *Belinda*, tells her that *Heartfree* is already married : That she herself is his Wife, but fears he will murder her, if convinced that she has revealed the Secret. Both Parties suffer themselves to be imposed upon by this Deceit, gross as it is, and are entered into a downright Quarrel one with the other, when *Rasor*, all on a sudden struck with Remorse for the Part he has acted, puts on Sackcloth, and in that penitential Habit confesses his Fault, and drags in Lady *Fanciful* and *Mademoiselle* unmask'd, to confirm the Truth of his Confession. Sir *John* now again begins to flatter himself that his Wife is honest, and is entirely reconciled to *Constant* ; which with the Marriage of *Heartfree* and *Belinda*, concludes the whole Business of this Representation.

The

The Recruiting Officer :

A COMEDY.

By Mr. FARQUHAR.

THE Scene of this celebrated Play lies in *Shrewsbury*, where two Recruiting Officers are come down. The one is called Captain *Plume*, the other Captain *Braxen*, Gentlemen of very different Characters and Behaviour.—The one is a Man of Vivacity and Spirit, but knows how to restrain it at proper Times;---- the other has a consummate Impudence, and is a most conceited, bragging, lying, cowardly Coxcomb.—*Plume* has been in this Place some Time before, and commenced a Courtship with *Silvia*, a young Lady of a great deal of Wit, and Daughter to a Justice of the Peace, and a Man of good Estate, called *Ballance*; she loves him, but not with a whining Passion, and though she does not seem to have grieved much for his Absence, is heartily rejoiced at his Return.—*Worthy*, a Gentleman of that Country, is very passionately in Love with *Melinda*, a Relation of *Silvia*'s: At the Time he was first acquainted with her, she had too small a Fortune for him to think of making her his Wife, therefore had endeavoured to gain her upon other Terms; but on the Death of a Relation, she becoming Mistress of twenty thousand Pounds, he of late had converted his Addresses into an honourable Suit; but she appears no more in Haste to be a *Wife*, than a *Mistress*, and keeps him at a very great Distance: Captain *Braxen* on his coming into that Part of the Country, also makes Love to her, which she encourages, not out of any Liking of his Person or Parts, both of which she has a just Contempt for, but merely to give *Worthy* Pain.

Soon after the Arrival of Captain *Plume*, the two Ladies have a Quarrel with each other, and *Melinda* is so much piqued at something *Silvia* has said to her, that she

she resolves to be revenged, and to that End writes a Letter to Justice *Ballance*, informing him that *Plume* has a dishonourable Design on his Daughter, and advising him to send her into the Country till he has left *Sbrewsbury*: *Ballance* gives Credit to this, and obliges her to go immediately, obliging her first to make a solemn Promise never to give herself to any Man without his Consent.—As he never approved of her marrying a Gentleman of the Army, though he has a great Kindness for *Plume*, he is now more averse to it, having received an Account of the Death of his only Son, by which Accident she is sole Heiress of twelve hundred Pounds a Year; besides, he is a little incensed against the Captain, for having had, as he is made to believe, a dishonourable Design upon his Daughter. — Being, however, a Gentleman of good Sense, he is ready to make a reasonable Allowance for the ungovernable Warmth of Youth, and thinking *Silvia* safe enough, behaves to *Plume* with the same Candour and good Humour he had ever done.

Silvia, in the mean Time, who had Love enough to hazard every Thing, and Wit enough to contrive any Stratagem to accomplish her Designs, went down indeed, to the Country Seat, but was no sooner there, than dressing herself in a Suit of Cloaths that had been her Brother's, she quitted the Country, and returned to *Sbrewsbury*, where counterfeiting the Rake, she play'd a thousand mad Pranks, till she got herself taken up by a Constable, by a Warrant from her Father; so many Complaints being made of her Behaviour, the Justice commits her, with other Recruits, to the Care of Captain *Plume*, and being thus disposed on, fulfils her own Desire, and at the same Time the Promise she made her Father, never to dispose of herself without his Consent.

The Captain, however, is ignorant of all this, and is far from suspecting he has his Mistress in his Power, under the Appearance of a young Soldier; but soon after she is so, Justice *Ballance* receives an Account of her being gone from his House, and taken with her a Habit had been made for her Brother a little before his Death. The Description of the Suit convinces him that it was herself

herself whom he had thus disposed on; and the Thought he had been thus imposed upon, is yet more mortifying to him, than the Choice he has made of an Officer for a Husband.—He imagines the Contrivance of this Plot was the Captain's, but willing to be assured he sends for him, asks him some Questions concerning the young Fellow, which the other answers readily to; he then tells him, that he has discovered him to be the only Son of a Gentleman of a good Estate, and demands of *Plume* what he will take for his Discharge? on which he tells him he will not part with him under a hundred Pounds. *Ballance* readily agrees to give it, but the Captain finding he is interested in the Affair, will accept no Money, but makes a Present of his Discharge to the Justice, who by this Behaviour, being assured he had no Hand in the Stratagem, is at the same Time perfectly charmed with the Generosity of it, in so much, that after having discovered to him, who she is, gives her freely to him. As this Play has a double Plot, I have begun with that which appears to me to be the Principal, and shall now proceed to the other.

Melinda, as it has been before observed, encouraging the Addresses of Captain *Brazen*, Captain *Plume*, in order to serve his Friend Mr. *Worthy*, accosts her in the Presence of that Coxcomb in a gailant Manner; *Brazen*, to shew his Courage before the Lady, challenges him to fight, on which, being frightened, she runs off, seeing *Worthy* at a Distance.—*Brazen* has then no longer any Valour when she is not Witness of it, and reconciles himself to *Plume*; *Lucy*, *Melinda*'s Maid, however, having a Design to get *Brazen* for herself, pretends her Lady is in Love with him, and writes a Letter to him in her Name, appointing him to meet her at a Place therein mentioned. *Melinda* being sorry for the Injury she had done her Cousin *Silvia*, by writing to her Father, resolves to visit her in the Country, and ask her Pardon; she permits *Worthy* to accompany her on Horseback. *Lucy* takes this Opportunity of her Lady's intended Absence, to appoint *Brazen* to come to a Place she mentions, where she assures him *Melinda* will be with a Clergyman and marry him. His Vanity will
not

not permit him to keep his imaginary good Fortune a Secret, he discovers it to *Plume*, and *Plume* immediately acquaints his Friend *Worthy* of it ; but he believes not a Word of it ; and tells him the Impossibility of what he says to be Matter of Fact, because he is going that very Moment to attend *Melinda* to her Cousin *Silvia* ; but while the two Friends are debating on the Matter, a Servant from *Melinda* comes to acquaint him, that his Lady's Mind was changed, and she did not go as she-designed. — This Message makes him indeed imagine, that the flattering Hopes she had given him, was no more than a Feint that she might meet and marry *Brazen* with the greater Secrecy, on which he is fired with the utmost Rage and Indignation and flies where *Plume* had said they were to meet. — There he indeed finds *Brazen* and a Woman mask'd, whom taking for *Melinda*, he offers *Brazen* a Pistol, holding another in his Hand, and swearing that he must not hope to carry off that Lady, without having first destroyed a Rival, who would relinquish his Pretensions to her no other way. On this *Lucy* plucks off her Mask, and confesses the Deception she had made use on to get a Husband.

Melinda presently after comes in, and informs *Worthy*, that the Reason she had put off her Journey to *Silvia*, was because she had just then heard that Lady had left the Country, and was gone no body could tell whither ; on this they both go to Mr. *Ballance's*, where they find *Plume* and *Silvia*, and are made acquainted with the whole Affair. *Melinda* weary of coquetting, now confesses the Regard she has always had for *Worthy*, and consents their Marriage shall be solemnized on the same Day with that of *Silvia* and *Plume*.

There are besides these two grand Designs some lesser ones tending to gain Recruits ; yet at the same Time are also conducive some Way or other to the better carrying on the main Business : — Such as Serjeant *Kite* pretending to tell Fortunes ; *Silvia* in Men's Cloaths making Love to *Rose*, a pretty Country Girl ; — Captain *Plume*, cajoling *Bullock*, *Costar Pearmain*, and *Thomas Appletree*, with several other little Incidents which are extremely diverting in the Representation, and all together

together serve to render this Comedy as entertaining as any one I know of, that the Stage for many Years has had to boast of, and I believe will always continue to be so ; at least while there are any Military Gentlemen in the Kingdom, Ladies who delight in the Sight of a Red Coat and Feather ; or, in fine, while there remain any Lovers of true Nature in a Dramatick Performance.

The REHEARSAL:

A COMEDY.

By the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

THIS Dramatick Representation, though, in Reality, no more than a Satire on the Absurdities and Solecism in the Plots, and Bombast in the Diction of many of our most celebrated Plays of the last Age, yet as it was the first Invention of this Kind, could not fail of meeting its deserved Applause, and has ever since supported its Character, as much by the many feeble Attempts have been made to imitate it, as by the great Justice in the Choice of those particular Pieces, or Parts of Pieces, which stood in need of so masterly a Hand to correct them.

It must be acknowledged, that Criticism conveyed this Way, must have a greater Effect than those which are communicated to us only by Perusal ; because, as I imagine, what passes through the Eye reaches the Heart more forcibly, and makes a more lasting Impression on it, than any Thing which has the Ear for its Canal.—How strongly, therefore, must that affect, which takes in both these Senses at the same Time.—When we are not only told such and such Things ought to be condemned, but we see and hear the Faults, stript of the Arts with which they have been disguised, and presented to us just as they are in themselves.

Those

Those unnatural Rants, whining Declarations, and tedious Soliloquies, which in the Love-sick Heroes of some Plays, were doubtless received by an unthinking Audience with Applause, shew how little they merited it, when put into the Mouths of Prince *Volscius* and Prince *Prettyman*. — Those sudden, and in Reality, impracticable Turns, to which the Poets give the Name of fine and surprizing Incidents, are admirably delineated in the deposing the two Kings of *Brentford*, the disguised Army at *Knightbridge*, and the Battle of the *Chelsea* and *Putney* Recruits; and indeed all those Events which moved our Wonder, and excited our Applause, are discovered by this Picture of them, to be worthy only of being laughed at and ridiculed.

Bays, the supposed Author of the ensuing Farce which is to be rehearsed, brings two Gentlemen his Friends to see the last Practice of it, and in his Character is finely described the Vanity and Tenaciousness which an ignorant Poet has of his own Works, and the little Regard some, even of the best and most learned, have testified for any Thing beyond Sound and Shew.

Mr. *Johnson* and Mr. *Smith* are represented as Men of Sense, and as they are such, cannot but be very much tired with the Entertainment to which *Bays* has invited them; in spite of their good Manners, they sometimes ask Questions, which the Poet, not knowing how to answer, thinks impertinent, and make frequent Observations that a little ruffle him, but he soon sinks into a Calm, and contents himself with pitying. — 'Tis well if this Character does not hit many an Author since those the Duke had in his Eye at writing the Rehearsal.

The supposed Poet begins his Play with a Whisper between the Gentleman Usher, and the Physician to the two Kings of *Brentford*, — after which they accost each other in a solemn Form, — then whisper to each other alternately, uttering between while some *articulate*, tho' not *intelligible* Sounds, and then go off whispering. — After this the two Kings come in Hand in Hand, are surprized at the Whispers of the others, fear they are plotting against them, but promise to stand by each other,

other, and then *Exeunt*. — Then enters Prince *Prettyman*, who is in Love with one *Cloris*; on seeing her come in, he lies down, and falls fast asleep, on which she makes a Soliloquy in Rhime, and leaves the Place.

—— Prince *Prettyman* having resolved on something in his Sleep, wakes, starts up, and runs away to put it into Execution. — Then comes in the Gentleman Usher and Physician, they suspect their late Whispers were overheard by the two Kings, so seize on their Thrones at once, to prevent being disappointed hereafter. — A Courier comes in, who is so much surprized at seeing them there, that he scampers away, and the Usurpers brandish their Swords, and march off in Triumph. — After this eight Soldiers enter, they fight four against four, and are all killed, then rise and dance off the Stage. Poor *Bays* in teaching them some Steps, falls down, breaks his Nose, and runs off for wet brown Paper.

What is called the third Act, begins with *Bays* having plaistered his Nose. — They sit down, and Prince *Prettyman*, and *Tom Thimble* his Taylor, who not having been paid for making his Coronation Suit, is a little smart upon him: They go off, however, very good Friends, and give Place to the two Usurpers, who seem under a Concern for the Absence of Prince *Volscius*. A Messenger informs them that the Prince has sent them News, that a fair Lady sensible of some Fault she has been guilty of, has attempted to lay violent Hands on her own Life, and that himself is gone to *Piccadilly*, on which the Usurpers go out in deep Melancholy. — Then comes in *Amaryllis*; a Soldier acquaints her the Assassin is taken, on which a Fisherman is brought in, she interrogates him, then sends him to be tortured till he confess who set him on to murder Prince *Volscius*, or Prince *Prettyman*, for Mr. *Bays* does not acquaint his Friends which of these two was the destined Victim. Prince *Prettyman* enters immediately, however, and is in a great Rage that the Fisherman, who he believes to be his Father, is thus used; but *Tom Thimble* comes to him and tells him, that he is not the Son of the Fisherman; on which he is still

still more grieved, as fearing he should be found by and by to be the Son of nobody. On his leaving the Stage, we find Prince *Volscius* on it in a great Hurry, who Mr. *Bays* says is going to head an Army that waits for him at *Knightbridge*.—*Amaryllis*, *Cloris*, and other Ladies, with whom it seems he is a Favourite, persuade him not to leave them, but all in vain, till *Parthenope* enters, who tells him her Mother sells Ale by the Town Walls; he falls desperately in Love with her, and is so divided between his Honour and his Passion, that he can in Effect yield thoroughly to neither, but goes out hopping, with one Boot on and the other off.

The fourth Act presents us with the Funeral of *Lardella*, who was the Lady Prince *Volscius* had sent an Account of to the Usurpers.—They mourn over her, and are going to kill themselves upon her Coffin; but *Pallas* comes in, and prevents them, tells them that *Lardella* is not dead, and opens the Coffin, which instead of her Body, discovers a Banquet.—As they are eating and drinking, *Dræwcanfir* enters, who drinks up all the Wine, because he is a Hero, and the two Usurpers sneak off, with all their Guards, for Fear of him.—As soon as he has filled his Belly he swaggers off. The next who appear are Prince *Volscius* and Prince *Prettyman*, who quarrel about the Beauty of their Mistresses in Verse, and were likely to have fought, if the Poet had not parted them somewhat abruptly.

The fifth Act discovers the usurping Kings, with a full Court of Lords and Ladies, but the two lawful Kings descend in a Cloud, and fright them away.—They go into their Thrones, then arise and dance with the Ladies, after which they send Money to the Army in Disguise, with which they getting drunk, fall to quarrelling among themselves for want of Enemies, and the Kings retire for Fear of Mischief.—The Moon, Earth and Sun come in and dance the Hays, which occasions an Eclipse, and puts a Stop to the Battle.

The Players being in Haste to go to Dinner, do not go quite through this last Act, but one of them reads the Argument; which is, that Prince *Prettyman* being going
to

to Church to marry his Mistress, meets old *Joan* the Chandler Woman in his Way, and remembering that it was by her Means he became acquainted with his Charmer, in pure Gratitude marries her ; on which the Lady kills herself. *Bays* is enraged at the Players for sitting so slightly by his Work, and takes it away, swearing he never more will write for any Stage.

The R E L A P S E :

O R,

V I R T U E in D A N G E R.

A C O M E D Y.

By Sir JOHN VANBRUGH.

THIS Play is called the Sequel of *Love's last Shift*, or, *the Fool in Fashion*, but I cannot help saying that it is very deficient, in the Moral, from the former, since in the other we see Vice reclaimed, as we have Cause to hope, entirely. In this we see the reformed Libertine relapse ; and to add to the Vices of his Constitution, Baseness and Ingratitude to the best of Wives annexed :— We see even *Virtue* in such a Danger of falling, as I think it was not the Business of a Poet to reduce it. — We see also the very worst Actions that the most profligate of Woman-kind can be guilty of, adorned and illustrated with all that would otherwise render the Character amiable, and which is too apt to appear so to an ill-judging, or unthinking Audience. — But it is not my Business to criticise on what the Drama presents, but to relate it as it is, and give the Reader Leave to make his own Reflections on it.

The first Scene discovers *Lovelace* and *Amanda* in that happy Situation which it were to be wished all married People

People were, perfectly fond of each other, and each endeavouring only to outvie the dear Partner in Demonstrations of Love and Tenderneſs. — A Buſineſs of ſome Moment demanding the Preſence of *Loveleſs* in Town, *Amanda* is fearful leſt that Scene of diſſolute Pleaſures ſhould tempt him to be once more a Partaker of them; he gently chides her Apprehenſions, and aſſures her, that it is not poſſible for any Thing to render him guilty either of Word or Action to the Prejudice of her Peace, or his own Vows. On this ſhe ſeems more eaſy, and promiſes never to entertain any jealous Thoughts, but to accompany him to *London*, and while they continue there, to live as People of their Faſhion are expected to do. With this Reſolution they go off.

The ſhifting of the Scene brings us to *Whitehall* Stairs, where we ſee young *Faſhion* (Brother to Sir *Novelty Faſhion* in *Love's laſt Shift*, but juſt created Lord *Fopington* in this Play) juſt landed, with his Man *Lory*, but not ſo much Money in either of their Pockets, as will pay the Waterman his Fare, and the Portmanteau is left with him by way of Pledge. — This Gentleman has much better Senſe than his elder Brother, is a Man of Pleaſure, but no Fop. — He is juſt arrived from his Travels, where having lived in a more genteel Manner, than a poor Annuity of two hundred Pounds a Year, which was all he had, would admit of, he had been obliged to mortgage it, and that Money being all ſpent, he returned home, in the Hope his Brother would give him five hundred Pound to redeem it.

With this Expectation he goes to wait upon him, tells him his Neceſſities, and makes his Requeſt; but his Lordſhip is ſo taken up with his Taylor, Perriwig-maker, Sempſtreſs, and others who attend his Levee on the important Affair of Dreſs, that he has ſcarce Time to bid his Brother Welcome after a three Years Abſence: and when the other with much ado makes him liſten to the Favour he has to aſk of him, he gives a flat Refuſal at once, and leaves him as ſoon as he has got himſelf dreſt. — This Treatment is reſented by young *Faſhion* as it deſerves, and he meditates on nothing but Revenge.

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As he is in this Disposition, *Coupler*, a Match-maker, with whom he is a great Favourite, comes in, and hearing how his Brother has behaved, offers him his Assistance to return it in Kind, by this Means. He has lately been employed in negotiating a Marriage between Lord *Foppington*, and Miss *Hoyden*, the only Daughter and Heiress of Sir *Tunbelly Clumfy*, a Country Baronet: They have never seen each other, but every Thing is agreed upon by Letters, which all pass through *Coupler's* Hands, and the Lord is to go down in a Fortnight to Sir *Tunbelly's* Seat, in order to be married there. *Coupler* proposes to young *Fashion* to assume his Brother's Name and Title, and go and marry the Heiress in his Stead.—The young Gentleman joyfully accepts the Offer, and sets out immediately, in order to put this Stratagem into Execution.

Loveless and *Amanda* are by this Time in Town.—She is not without her Fears of his Relapse, which are greatly encreased by his speaking with too much Warmth of the Beauty of a young Lady he had sat near the Night before at the Playhouse; she is alarmed, and asks him, with some Emotion, who this fine Creature was; he tells her he is intirely ignorant, and protests he made not the least Enquiry concerning her. While they are in this little Dispute, *Berinthia*, a Kinswoman of *Amanda's*, whom she has not seen of a long Time, comes in to visit her.—*Loveless* is very much disordered, this being the very Lady who had so much charmed him at the Play; but his Wife does not perceive the Changes in his Countenance, being taken up with receiving her fair Cousin, whom she is so fond on, that she will needs persuade to stay with her all the Time she continues in Town; and thus unwarily is herself accessory to the Misfortune she so much dreaded should come upon her.

Berinthia is a very young Widow, Town-bred, amorous, vain, and regards nothing but the Gratification of her own Humour and Inclinations; she has had an Intrigue with *Worthy*, a Gentleman of Fortune, but weary of his Wife, and inconstant in his Nature to all Woman-kind.—*Berinthia* much of the same Temper in that particular,

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particular, they grew also tired of each other much at the same Time, she soon discovers the Passion *Lovels* has for her, and resolves to return it.—*Worthy* falls passionately in Love with *Amanda*, and *Berinthia*, the better to conceal her own Amour with the Husband, assists *Worthy* in his Designs on the Wife. To this End she is always praising him to her Cousin, and magnifying the Esteem he has for her, till her Words and his own Behaviour have so much Effect as to inspire her with all the Friendship a Woman of Virtue can have for a Man who is not her Husband. Lord *Foppington*, tho' more out of the Ambition of being thought in the good Graces of all the fine Women in the Town, than any real Passion, makes his Addresses to *Amanda*, tells her he dies for her, and squeezes her Hand before her Husband, on which she being surprized and incensed, gives him a Box on the Ear.—*Lovels* certain by this Action that he has affronted his Wife, draws his Sword, Lord *Foppington* does the same, they fight, and the Peer is disarmed and slightly wounded.

Young *Fashion* with his Man *Lory* are now arrived at Sir *Tunbelly's*—The Excuse he makes to the old Man for coming so much before the Time, in which he was expected, and also for being so thinly attended, was a Whim, he said, that came into his Head to surprize him, and at the same to prove the violent Passion he had for his fair Daughter, by the Description his Friend *Coupler* had given of her. The old Knight, who we must suppose none of the wisest, swallows this for Truth, receives him as Lord *Foppington*, and introduces him to Miss *Hoyden*, whose Character exactly answers to her Name ; so nothing more need be said of it.

Our younger Brother fearful of the Elder's Arrival before he had accomplished his Business, presses Sir *Tunbelly* for the Ceremony of Marriage to be immediately performed ; but the Knight will by no Means consent that his *Hoyden* shall be disposed of in so private a Manner ; he intends to have the whole Country at the Wedding, and will hear nothing on what the wou'd-be Bridegroom says to him on that Head. The Time
which

which such mighty Preparations must take up, will necessarily ruin the Designs of young *Fashion*; he very well knows his Brother will be there before the Time prefixed by Sir *Tunbely*, and consequently all must infallibly be discovered. To prevent which there is no other Way than to prevail on Miss *Hoyden* to marry him without her Father's Knowledge; to this she readily enough consents, being in no less Hurry for a Husband, than he is to make sure of an Estate; but the Nurse and the Chaplain must be wrought upon, which seems a little difficult at first, but they are at length persuaded, the one by a Purse of Gold, and the other by the Promise of a fat Benefice.

Immediately after they are married comes Lord *Foppington* in good Earnest, with a prodigious Retinue.—Young *Fashion* persuades Sir *Tunbely* that he is some Impostor, who not knowing he was there incognito, had taken his Name upon him, in order to run away with his Daughter. — This Plot has the desired Effect, they admit Lord *Foppington* with a Design to punish him, but shut all his People out of Doors. — The two Brothers face each other, but young *Fashion* maintains his Credit, and the noble Peer is confined in the Dog-Kennel, till Sir *John Friendly*, a Gentleman who lives in the Country, but knows Lord *Foppington* well, is sent for to unriddle this Matter, and end the Dispute.

Young *Fashion* is sensible all will be over when this Knight comes, therefore makes his man saddle the Horses privately, and both go out a Back-way, and make the best Speed they can to *London*.

Sir *John Friendly* being arrived, the real Lord *Foppington* is released, whom the other assures Sir *Tunbely* is the Person, on which the pretended Lord is called for, but he is now out of Reach.—Pardon is beg'd of the Peer, a Reconciliation ensues, and Sir *Tunbely* magnifies his own Discretion, in not letting *Hoyden* be married in such Haste as the former Pretender to her desired. Miss, the Chaplain, and Nurse, are now in the utmost Consternation, but they all agree, that the old Knight shall be told nothing of what had past, and every

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Thing shall go on as if no former Marriage had been; they not thinking it probable the Impostor will ever dare to claim her, for his own Sake. — Lord *Foppington*, however, takes it into his Head to have the Wedding solemnized in *London*, which being agreed to by the Lady and her Father, they set out attended by all his Lordship's Retinue, and several of Sir *Tunbelly's* Servants, among whom are the Chaplain and Nurse.

Berinthia and *Worthy* are all this while no less busy in prosecuting their amorous Designs, than young *Fashion* has been in those of his Interest. — That Lady having made an Assignment with *Loveless*, tells his Wife that she has found out that he has an Intrigue, and also the Place where he meets his Mistress. — *Amanda* is all Confusion and Grief. — The other offers to place her where she shall see them together, and enter the very House, provided she will keep her Temper, and swear not to follow them. — *Amanda* agrees to it, and *Berinthia* having conducted her to the Place, leaves her there, on the Pretence of making further Enquiry for her Information, and then goes to *Loveless*, and having changed her Cloaths, and put on a Mask, suffers the disconsolate Wife to behold indeed her Husband's Mistress, tho' little suspected by her, to be no other than her Friend and Relation.

Amanda having received this Proof of the Infidelity of *Loveless*, returns home in the most violent Agitations. — The Generosity of her Behaviour to her Husband; — his ungrateful Return of it; — the sincere Affection she is made to believe *Worthy* has for her; all come at once into her Mind, and she almost thinks she should be excusable, if not wholly blameless, if she receded from that strict Virtue she had hitherto preserved, and that she was in a Manner released from the Ties of conjugal Fidelity, since her Partner in them had with so little Scruple broke thorough them.

While these dangerous Sentiments had Dominion over her, *Worthy*, according to *Berinthia's* Appointment, steps in, renews his Suit, — prays — presses — urges the little Reason she has to persist in her Affection to a Husband so little deserving of it; illustrates the Violence of his own Passion — vows everlasting Constancy, and inviolable Secrecy; — in fine, leaves no Artifice unpractised

to accomplish his Desires.——Resentment fires, a growing Inclination prompts,——yet her Virtue bears down all Temptations, and she bravely resists.

It must be confess'd this is a fine Scene, and indeed the only moral one in the whole Play;——it were to be wish'd the ingenious Author had contriv'd it so as to render the Entertainment more of a Piece; but to proceed in the History of it.

Lord *Foppington's* intended Bride, with her Father and Dependants, being arriv'd at *London*, the Wedding is now to be solemnized;——a great Company are invited, among whom are *Lovels*, *Amanda*, *Berinthia*, and *Worthy*: Soon after they are assembled, young *Fashion* comes in with *Coupler*, challenges Miss *Hoyden* as his Wife, and for his Vouchers appeals to the Chaplain and Nurse.——Every one is surpriz'd, but on hearing the whole Affair, give it on the Side of the younger Brother.——Sir *Tumble* is in a prodigious Rage, but seeing no Remedy, leaves the Stage in a Pet.——Young *Fashion* ends the Play with a Kind of Prognostick of what is very likely to be the Consequence of marrying a Girl of *Hoyden's* Disposition. But we are left entirely in the Dark, whether *Lovels*, who I take to be the principal Character of the Men, at least, thinks fit to return to his Turtle, or continues his criminal Conversation with her Cousin.

However this Comedy may continue to please, I cannot help saying, that this Relapse to his former Vices in a Husband, who had seem'd so sensible and so ashamed of them, has in it somewhat shocking; and though it may shew the Depravity of human Nature, and thus far be esteem'd just, yet I think in a moral Representation, such as the Stage ought to be, he should have been shewn also either as penitent for it, or else expos'd to the whole World, as well as to his Wife.——*Berinthia* too, should, methinks, not have carried on an Amour of this Kind, without suffering some little Shame before the Close of the Scene, according to poetical Justice.——In a Word, there is a bad Tendency, in my Opinion, through the Conduct of this so much admir'd Piece, which all the Wit and Elegance of it cannot atone for.

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THE
 R E V E N G E :
 A T R A G E D Y.

By the Rev. Dr. YOUNG.

THE Incidents of which this excellent Piece is composed, happened at the Time when *Spain* was pursuing her Conquests over the *Moors*; *Alonzo*, a very gallant Man, was General of the Forces, and was always very successful, he slew *Abdallah*, their King, with his own Hand, and took his Son *Zanga* Prisoner, though without knowing him for the Prince, nor would the other's Pride suffer him to reveal his Birth, as he had seen all their Forces routed, their Kingdom laid desolate, and himself in Captivity; but continued with *Alonzo* as his Slave, hoping, some Time or other, to be able to find Means of Revenge, his Desire of which was greatly heightened by a Blow the General had happened to give him in his Passion.—For six whole Years before the Commencement of the Scene had he languished in this uneasy Situation, during which Time he wound extremely into his Favour, and was intrusted with all his Secrets.

In another Incurfion made by the *Moors*, *Alonzo* was again victorious, but his dearest Friend *Don Carlos* was made Prisoner, nor could any Efforts for a long Time release him; Letters, however, constantly passed between them, and the former being passionately in Love with *Leonora*, Daughter of *Alvarez*, conjured *Alonzo* to see her often, and remind her of him: This Request proved fatal to them all, and gave the cruel *Zanga* an Opportunity of satiating his Revenge at full.

Alonzo in solliciting the Cause of his Friend, loses his own Heart, and *Leonora*, who had never any Affection

for *Carlos*, becomes enamour'd of *Alonzo*; but the General is too sincere and generous to make any Declaration of his Love; but what his Eyes, in spite of himself, reveal; and the *Moors* having again rallied into a Body, he goes against them, hoping to lose the Thought of *Leonora* in the Battle: He is attended with his accustomed Success, and sets his Friend and Rival at Liberty; though *Zanga*, in hope to ruin him that Way, had privately given the Enemy Intelligence of all his Motions.

Don *Carlos*, on his Return, is received by *Leonora* with the greatest Coldness, but her Father knowing him immensely rich, insists on her marrying him.—Most terrible Conflicts between Love and Obedience rend her Breast, but at length the latter gets the better.—She consents, but in such a Manner, as *Carlos* plainly sees her Inclination has no Share in the Promise she makes.

Every Thing being settled in the Army, *Alonzo* comes home, and, in spite of all his Endeavours, as amorous as ever.—He visits *Leonora*, she confesses a Passion for him; he no longer attempts to conceal what he feels for her, yet remains stedfast in his Friendship, resolved to be miserable, and what is more, to see the Idol of his Wishes so too, rather than betray the Confidence *Carlos* has reposed in him.—It is not certainly in Nature, nor in Words, to work up a Scene more masterly, more touching to the Passions than this.—All, and much more than many Imaginations are delicate enough even to conceive of Love, Honour, Friendship and Distress, strike here upon the Heart, and melt it into Tenderness.—The sublimest Virtue shines out in the Characters of both; alike amiable—alike unhappy—alike determined to be wretched, sooner than unjust; and thus part to see each other no more.

But now behold a wonderful Revolution in their Fate.—The whole Wealth and Effects of *Carlos* coming by Sea are lost in a Storm, and with his Treasures, his flatter'd Hopes of *Leonora* also; the avaritious *Alvarez*, who was so much determined to marry her to the rich Don *Carlos*, could not think of bestowing her on him in Poverty, and having heard of the Love *Alonzo* has for her, is for hurrying up a Match between them on the very Day the News of *Carlos*'s Misfortune has arrived.—*Alonzo* is transported

transported with Joy, yet at the same Time overwhelmed with Anguish for his Friend, and the Distraction of his Mind on this Occasion, again shews the perfect Knowledge the Author has of all the nobler Passions.——*Zanga* now begins his Work of Mischief, seeing his Master irresolute, he urges the Charms of *Leonora*, the Obligations *Carlos* has to him, and the Impossibility of his being posselt of the beauteous Prize; then reminds him, that if he refuses her, she will be bestowed on some other: All these Reasons artfully insinuated, joined with the Impulse of his own Desires, and the Knowledge of *Leonora*'s Love, at last determine him to accept a Blessing which his Friend cannot enjoy; but yet not without that Friend's Consent; which how to ask occasions still a farther Debate within himself.——Spur'd on by *Zanga* he forces himself to it, after various Reflections on the Oddness of his Fate.——*Carlos*, who loves with the most violent Passion a Heart can be capable of, is lamenting his hard Fate, and the sordid Temper of *Alvarez*, when *Alonzo* comes to add new Weight to his Affliction.——The Agonies with which he discloses the Purport of his Visit, shews the Friendship he retains for the unhappy *Carlos*, is no less strong in him than his Affection for *Leonora*, and the Force which the other puts on himself to resign that beautiful Maid, equally proves the Generosity and Gratitude of his Soul.——The cruel Contest over, *Alonzo* goes to accept the Offer *Alvarez* has made him, and *Carlos* to the Army, in order to seek an honourable Period to that Life, which his Disappointments have rendered hateful to him.

The Marriage of *Alonzo* with *Leonora* is immediately solemnized, on which *Zanga* forges a Letter as from Don *Carlos* to her, containing a passionate Acknowledgment of past Transports, and makes *Isabella*, his Mistress, and an Attendant on *Leonora*, drop it in the Bride's Chamber, so that *Alonzo* may take it up.

This Design succeeds according to the Wish of the cruel Contriver; the Bridegroom finds it, is inflamed with jealous Rage on reading the first Line, in so much as not to be able to proceed; *Zanga*, who observes him from behind, comes forward, and with a well dissembled Concern tears the Letter, as if to prevent his being farther disor-

dered, but in Effect to raise his Fury to a greater Pitch, and also to hinder the Characters from being too nearly examined: When he finds *Alonzo* in a Disposition to believe any Thing, he tells him in broken Sentences, and as if he were loth to reveal so dreadful a Secret, that *Carlos* had been admitted to *Leonora* at Dead of Night in the Garden;—that he himself had watched them; that they had passed some Hours together; that the Discourse he heard between them was such, as left him no room to doubt but that he had enjoyed her. The Manner in which he relates all this, is very masterly, and such as might have deceived a Man less fiery by Nature than *Alonzo* is described.

The Consequence of this supposed Discovery, is the prevailing on *Alonzo* to give *Zanga* Commission to get Don *Carlos* murdered, as he is on the Road to where the Army lay encamped, which he accordingly does, by sending six Ruffians, who overtake and kill him, after he had laid four of them dead in the unequal Combat.

Rage and Distraction having now the sole Dominion over the Mind of the beguiled *Alonzo*, he is worked up to destroy *Leonora* also, and to render his Revenge more poignant, he resolves to kill her in that very Bower where he is made to believe she had resigned her Honour; accordingly he appoints her to meet him there after Dinner, when he tells her he will unfold the Meaning of those Starts of Passion she had observed in him, and thought very strange, especially on the very Day of their Marriage.

She is there before him, and overcome with the Heat of the Day, falls asleep.—He enters with a Dagger in his Hand, and a Heart resolved on her Destruction; but on looking on her relents.—She awakes, is surprized at his Behaviour, which favours very much of Distraction, as she is far from being able to guess the Meaning of it.—He talks wildly for some Time, then drops the Dagger, and runs off.

Zanga, who has observed all, comes to her, and acquaints her with *Alonzo's* Jealousy, and prevails on her to reproach him for it.—She unhappily follows his Advice, which to the blinded Husband seems a Confirmation of her Guilt: To add to it, he has just found a Picture of Don *Carlos* under her Pillow, where it had been laid by

Isabella,

Ifabella, on the Commands of *Zanga*.—This Picture *Alonzo* shews to her, accuses her in the most cruel Terms, the Pride of conscious Virtue rises in her Soul at this Injustice, and makes her Reply with some Disdain.—He menaces her with Death, but Love still holds his Hand, till she, unable to brook his injurious Treatment, stabs herself, as the only Way she can condescend to clear her Innocence to him, or Fame to the World.

At this Sight all his Fury is disarmed,——and though he still thinks her guilty, would give ten thousand Worlds to save her; he calls for Help, and she is led off,——*Zanga* that Moment enters, and to compleat the dire Revenge he had projected, and inflict a yet severer Torture than any the deceived *Alonzo* had yet endured, tells him his Wife is innocent, that all the Appearances against her were the Invention of his own Brain, for Retaliation of the Ruin of his Country, and the Blow himself had received; then discovers himself to be the Son of that *Moorish* Monarch he had slain in Battle, and triumphs in having sacrificed *Don Carlos* and *Leonora* to his Manes. It is utterly impossible for any Words, but those of the excellent Author, to give any Idea of what such a Man as *Alonzo* must feel, on the unravelling this horrid Mystery, so must refer all Description to the Play itself.——*Ifabella* touched with Remorse to see her Mistress's dying Pangs, relates also the whole Story to *Alvarez*, who comes in with Attendants.——They seize *Zanga* in order to carry him to the Rack, but he retains his Intrepidity of Mind, and exulting in what he has done, defies all the Tortures they can prepare; but when *Alonzo* stabs himself, and falls, his cruel Heart satiated with Revenge, feels some Concern; he allows the Virtues of that Hero, and here, as indeed through all his Character, discovers a certain Greatness of Sentiment, which must convince every one, that had he not been *unfortunate*, he would not have been *wicked*. And when we consider that he was a *Pagan*, and that it belongs to *Christianity* alone to forgive Injuries, and bear Afflictions with Fortitude and Resignation, the Crimes which neither his Religion, Principles, nor Education, forbad him to be guilty of, will lose very much of that detestable Dye they must of Necessity have worn under different Circumstances.

RICHARD III.

A TRAGEDY.

Altered from SHAKESPEAR, by Mr. CIBBER.

THIS excellent Dramatic Piece is not to be examined by the Rules of the Criticks, being the History of some Years and many remarkable Events, crowded together into an Evening's Entertainment; but the whole is executed in so masterly a Manner, the colouring so fine, and the Choice of Incidents so judicious, that the Spectator's Mind willingly embraces the Deception, and critical Niceties are forgot or overlooked in the Abundance of its Beauties.

The first Act opens with an Account brought to King *Henry VI.* (then a Prisoner in the Tower) of a Battle lost to his Rival *Edward IV.* at *Tewkesbury*, by his Son and Queen, who were there made Prisoners, and the former murdered by *Edward's* Brothers, for some Expressions that were the Effect of his high Spirit and unconquered Indignation. The pious King is painted full of that Meekness and Resignation, as well as paternal Grief and Fondness, which distinguished his Character. This sad News is followed by the Presence of *Richard* himself, the crook-back'd D. of *Gloucester*, who after insulting the unfortunate *Henry*, and provoking him to cast some Invectives on his Visiter, plunges his Sword in his Bosom, triumphs over his Death, and already resolves to stop at no Obstacle in the Design he has on the Crown: accordingly he departs with a Resolution to sacrifice his Brother *Clarence* to his Ambition, which we find in the following Act he has succeeded in.

Lady *Anne*, Widow to the late Prince of *Wales*, is conducting the Body of *Henry* to be interred at *Chertsey*, when she meets *Richard*, who with wonderful Assurance makes Loves to her, even while the bleeding Victim is in her Sight, professes the utmost Penitence, and

(to

(to the Shame of the Sex) at last wins her to his Wishes. While he exults in this Master-stroke, News is brought of the Death of his Brother *Edward*—this fills his Hands with Business; he dissembles the greatest Sorrow, promises every Thing to the Queen and his Nephews in his Office of Protector; but is laying Schemes with the D. of *Buckingham* to assume shortly a much higher Title.

The third Act presents us with the Arrival of the young King *Edward*, and his Brother, who give pregnant Instances of the most promising Qualifications—they by *Richard's* Directions are lodged in the Tower—his new Dutches comes now on the Stage, and meets from her Lord the most tyrannical and brutish Treatment; all this Time he and the D. of *Buckingham* are tampering with the Citizens of *London*, who are made to believe that *Richard* abhors nothing more than a Throne, and that he is the most pious Prince alive, at last he is (seemingly) forced to accept their Homage, and thus attains the Summit of his Desires.

The fourth begins with a most affecting Scene of Tenderness between the Queen and her Children, whom she is forced to leave at the Tower, in the Grasp of their Tyrant Uncle; and immediately after we see him sounding the D. of *Buckingham*, in order to get the two Princes out of the Way—the Duke, bad as he is, is shocked and demurs at the Proposal, but *Richard* finds Means to have it executed another Way; and shews by his Behaviour to *Buckingham*, that this last Denial has blotted all Remembrance of past Services. News soon after arrives that the E. of *Richmond* is in Arms for an Invasion, that several discontented Noblemen have joined him, and that *Buckingham* is in actual Rebellion. The King prepares for an Expedition, and on his Way is met by his Mother, Sister and other Ladies (his Queen *Anne* being dead with Grief at his ill usage) and to drown their Reproaches, he orders the Drums and Trumpets to oppose them; but concludes the Scene by asking in Marriage his Niece *Elizabeth* from her Mother, who is obliged to dissemble a Consent the better to avoid his Purposes. The rest of the Act is filled with the Arrival of different Couriers, by which we learn that *Richmond* is landed at *Milford*, *Buckingham's* Army ruined by Strefs of Weather, and himself taken: The King pre-

pares with the most active Spirit to combat all Difficulties, and in the last Act we see him encamped ; as well as *Richmond* and his Followers, at *Bosworth-Fields*. The next Day is appointed for a decisive Battle, but in the intervening Night *Richard* is in the most horrid Manner accosted (while he sleeps) by the Ghosts of those he has murdered—he starts and awakens in dreadful Agonies, but soon shakes off his Fears, and in the ensuing Battle appears all Hero. He meets *Richmond*, fights and is slain by him—in his Death the uncontrollable Spirit that directed his Actions, breaks out in horrid Imprecations on all he leaves behind ; and the Play concludes with *Richmond*'s assuming the Crown, under the Name of *Henry VII.* and his Alliance with *Elizabeth*, Daughter of *K. Edward*, whereby the white and red Roses of *York* and *Lancaster*, were for ever united.

T H E
ROMAN FATHER.
A T R A G E D Y.

By Mr. W. WHITEHEAD.

ROME, in the Reign of *Tullus Hostilius*, was engaged in a War with the *Albans*, who were nearly allied to them by the Ties of Blood. The contending Parties were drawn out in order of Battle, and the Signal given for an Engagement, when the Warriors on both Sides, touched with their former Friendship and near Relation, instead of fighting, rushed into each other's Arms. So affecting a Scene could not fail to move so mild and worthy a Prince as *Tullus*, who proposed that the Dispute should be finally determined by three Champions chosen from each Army. To this, the Chiefs on both Sides agreed, and

and the Tragedy before us, opens with an Account of this Event brought by *Valerius*, a young *Roman*, to the Family of *Horatius*, a brave old Citizen: His Daughter *Horatia*, has been in extreme Distress, before this Account came, as she is betrothed to a young Gentleman of *Alba*, of great Merit, one of the three *Curiatii*, who were Brothers, and equally accomplished, as well as the *Horatii*, the three Sons of the old *Roman* who gives the Title to the Play. The Lady's Fears, divided for the Safety of her Brothers, her Lover and her Country, are something abated by this promising Omen of Peace; but they are revived on another Score, when enquiring from *Valerius* about her dear *Caius*, he (who loves her himself, and chuses to disguise the Truth) informs her that he scarce mentioned her, or at least in a slighting Way. His Sister, *Valeria*, Friend to *Horatia*, is left with him, and makes him confess the Truth, but not without a Promise of using all her Interest with her Friend in his Favour. The next Act presents us with the Patriot Joy of old *Horatius*, on account of his Sons being elected the Champions for *Rome*, and, the dreadful Conflicts of his Daughter's Mind, when she hears that the three *Curiatii* are to oppose them, —both these Passions are very finely and naturally painted.

The third, begins with a Request to *Valerius* from *Horatia*, to be her Messenger to *Curiatius*, with a Scarf as a Pledge of her Love, and the Yondest Entreaties that he may decline the Fight—this *Valerius* generously undertakes on the Persuasion of his Sister. He departs, and soon after old *Horatius*, overcome with the Joy he feels on the Honour done his Children, is led in fainting; as he is recovering, a Message comes from *Curiatius*, by which he declines the Request of *Horatia*, and which throws her into the utmost Despair. Then *Valeria* appears, and informs them that two of the *Horatii* are slain, and *Publius*, the third, flies before the victorious *Curiatii*, who are all unhurt. Old *Horatius* hears it with Extremity of Grief and Indignation, and determines to punish the supposed Coward with Death, as by the *Roman* Law every Father had such a Power over his Children. In the fourth Act, the old Patrician is gloriously undeceived by *Valerius*, who tells him that *Publius*, on the Death of his two Brothers, fled indeed, but fled in order to take Advantage of the

Number

Number of his Assailants, who pursuing him, and not being able to keep altogether, were severally attacked and killed by the valiant *Roman*. *Horatius* on this News feels such Transports as can by nothing be equalled but his Daughter's Despair, which is now no longer vented in Tears and Complaints, but settles in a dreadful Resolution not to outlive her dear *Caius*. With this Thought she meets her Brother, who is returning, amidst the Acclamations of the People, in Triumph from his Conquest,—she sees on him the very Scarf she sent to *Caius*—upbraids him with trampling on the Ties of Nature and Affection, and provokes him to draw his Sword, but is hurried from the Effect of his Rage. But tho' in this Scene he is prevented, the last Act opens with *Valeria* giving to her Brother a melancholy Relation of *Horatia's* having a second Time tempted her Fate—that she cursed the Name of *Rome*, and blasphemed the Gods—in short, said, and did enough to force *Publius* to do a horrid Piece of Justice, by plunging his Sword in her Breast. *Valerius*, full of Revenge, spirits up the Citizens to demand Justice on their Deliverer for murdering his Sister—she in the Interim is reconciled to her Father and Brother, and dies in their Embraces.—The Tragedy concludes with a fine Scene, where *Publius* is acquitted by the Voices of his King, Father and Countrymen, after expressing the true Sentiments of a noble and virtuous *Roman*.

ROMEO and JULIET,

A TRAGEDY.

By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.

AS there have been some material Alterations made in the reviving of this excellent Tragedy, I shall present the Reader with a View of it, as it is now performed at the *Theatre-Royal in Smock-Alley* with the greatest Applause.

TWO antient and noble Families of *Verona*, the *Montagues* and the *Capulets*, had been long Rivals in Honour and Dignity ; their Hatred and Emulation had been the Cause of various Broils and Disturbances, which seldom ended without Bloodshed among the Partizans of either Side. In vain did the Magistrates interpose their Authority ; the City was perpetually alarmed with some new Violence by their Means. The Tragedy opens with a Dispute of this Nature, which is with great Difficulty composed by the Presence of their Prince. After this, Lady *Montague*, Mother to *Romeo*, enquires for her Son from *Benvolio*, one of his Companions, and is informed that he is eaten up with Melancholy, and shuns the Society of Mankind. *Romeo* appears immediately after, and is questioned and rallied on the Subject of his Grief, by his Friends, but answers with Reserve. After some Scenes of little Consequence, where we are presented with a fantastic Character in *Juliet's* Nurse, we find *Romeo* passionately in Love with *Juliet*, the Daughter of his Father's inveterate Enemy, *Capulet*, whom he has seen at an Entertainment, where he had introduced himself *incognito*. The young Lady has received as favourable an Impression of him, tho' the Lovers have as yet had no Opportunity of declaring their Sentiments for each other. He contrives to get into the Garden of *Capulet's* Palace, where he discovers her reposing in an Arbour, she, thinking herself alone, in the most tender Manner calls on *Romeo*, and bewails her Misfortune in loving a Man whom she supposes her mortal Enemy : On hearing this, he breaks with Transport from his Concealment, throws himself at her Feet, and wins her entirely to his Heart. This is perhaps the most natural and beautiful Scene of Love that ever was wrote : Her Virgin Bashfulness on being thus all at once surprized into a Confession of such Importance, her Diffidence, her unaffected Tenderness, and her Reluctance at last to part, are wrought up with inimitable Delicacy. She tells him she will send to him next Day, to concert the Means of their Happiness, and he departs from a Place where it would be certain Death to him to be discovered. The next Scene presents us with a comic Character of *Mercutio*, a Kinsman of *Romeo's*, and a Gentleman

man of great Humour and Spirit; while he and the enamour'd Youth are rallying each other, *Juliet's* Nurse enters and brings a Message to *Romeo*, which he answers by an Appointment to meet and marry her that very Evening at the Cell of Friar *Laurence*, a benevolent and friendly Priest, whom he makes his Confident. Mean Time *Juliet* expresses great Impatience at her Nurses long Delay; she returns at last, and brings the welcome News; they meet accordingly, and are joined in Marriage by the Friar. The third Act begins with another Fray, between the *Montagues* and *Capulets*: *Tibalt*, a Nephew of old *Capulet*, and choleric to Excess, is enquiring for *Romeo*, from *Mercutio*, who is as fond of fighting as himself: as they are beginning a Quarrel, *Romeo* enters, and *Tibalt* treats him with great Insolence, which he (on account of his dear Bride) bears with as great Patience. This provokes *Mercutio*, who draws, attacks *Tibalt*, and while *Romeo* interposes, receives a mortal Wound. *Tibalt* goes off, and *Romeo* is just afterwards informed that *Mercutio*, who was born away wounded, has expired. This enrages him so far, that on *Tibalt's* Return, he assaults and lays him dead on the Ground. *Romeo* flies, and the City is alarmed; the Prince enters, and sentences him to Banishment. In the next Scene we find *Juliet* with great Impatience wishing for the Night, when she expects to meet her *Romeo*: the Nurse comes in and informs her of what has pass'd, which almost drives her to Despair, till she is told he is hid at the Friars, and will come as he promised. He is discovered in the greatest Agony of Mind at his Sentence, till the Nurse brings him a Ring from *Juliet*, and invites him to take Possession of his Love. While this is transacting, a young Nobleman, *Paris* by Name, falls in Love with *Juliet*, and obtains from her Parents an absolute Promise of their Daughter's Hand. Then follows a most affecting Scene of parting between the two Lovers, when *Romeo* sets out for *Mantua*. Old *Capulet* and his Wife now propose the Match they had resolv'd to *Juliet*, who refuses, and is threaten'd in Return with their eternal Displeasure. They leave her, she dissembles with her Nurse (who advises her to marry *Paris* and forget *Romeo*) and betakes herself for Comfort and Advice to the good Friar, On her Application to him, he gives her a stupefying Draught,

Draught, which will make her appear as dead for some Time, and by that Means evade those hated Nuptials. She agrees, and we find her in the ensuing Scene promising Compliance to her Parents, who resolve to have the Rites performed the next Day. When they are retired, she drinks the Draught in great Terror, and is soon after discovered in all Appearance dead. Her Friends are in the utmost Distress, and the Friar prepares a Place to lay her in, and in the mean time dispatches an Express to *Mantua*, to bring *Romeo* back, and thus restore his *Juliet* to him. He, full of Impatience at their Separation, before this sets out for *Verona*, and unfortunately misses the Messengers: On his Arrival he is informed of *Juliet's* Death, which strikes him with the most dreadful Effects of Despair, resolves not to outlive her, and for the Means applies to a poor Apothecary, who sells him a deadly Poison. This he is resolved to drink at *Juliet's* Tomb, where he appears just as the Friar is about to see if his Charge be yet come to herself: They, not knowing each other in the dark, quarrel, and *Romeo* in Excess of Fury kills him; by which Event he is robbed of the Secret that his whole Fate turns on. He swallows the Draught, but before it operates, *Juliet* in extreme Horror awakes; he thinks them both dead, and talks distractedly. When she thinks herself happy in the Arms of her dear *Romeo*, the Poison begins to rack him, and he dies in the most exquisite Torture. The Distress of these Circumstances is as deep as any Thing can be conceived, and the Innocence of her Character, with the amiable Tenderneſs of his, never fail to excite the strongest Compassion in every feeling Heart. She snatches his Sword, and thus puts a Period to her Misery, when her Father, and the other Characters enter, being alarmed by *Romeo's* Servant, and behold the dismal Effects of Paternal Tyranny and civil Dissensions.

RULE

RULE a WIFE,

AND

HAVE a WIFE.

A COMEDY.

By Mr. FRANCIS BEAUMONT,

AND

Mr. JOHN FLETCHER.

THE Story of this Play is taken from a *Spanish* Novel, and preserves a great deal of the Spirit and Humour of that Nation. Donna *Margarita* is a great Heiress, young and extremely beautiful, but vain and haughty, imagines herself above Censure, and gives a loose to every inordinate Inclination.—*Altea*, one of her Women, perceiving her Lady's Disposition, insinuates to her, that it would be highly proper, that her Ladyship should take a Husband as a Cover for her Gallantries, but then it should be such a one as should be perfectly subservient to her Will, and never offer to pry into, much less to contradict her Pleasures.—*Margarita* approves of her Advice, and *Altea* introduces *Leon*, who is her own Brother, though she does not let her Lady know he is so.

Leon is a handsome well made Man, and takes the Eye of *Margarita* as soon as she sees him, but his Behaviour before her is so timid and bashful, that she doubts not but he is extremely suited to the Purpose for which she intends him, and she orders *Altea* to get Cloaths prepared for him, and to see that every thing be done according to her State and Grandeur.

Esifania, another of *Margarita's* Attendants, is a designing, artful Woman: She contrives to get acquainted with

with *Michael Perez*, a Captain in the Army, and her Lady being out of Town, receives him in her stately House, which she pretends to him is her own, and passing for a very great Fortune, he thinks himself the happiest Man in the World to be in the Favour of a Lady of her Condition ; and emboldened by the Treatment he receives from her, proposes Marriage. — She yields, though with a great deal of seeming Modesty. — When he relates the Story to his Companions, Officers in the Army, they all envy his good Luck, and he exults upon it extremely, talks of making no more Campaigns, and of parting with his Commission, and puts on all the Airs of a Man of Quality.

But *Margarita* coming to Town, and taking Possession of her House, *Esifania* is obliged to have Recourse to all her Artifice how to proceed, for continuing the Deception she has put on her Husband — She tells him that a Relation of hers, being about to marry a Man infinitely above her in Point of Fortune, has pretended herself his Equal, and that she has promised to lend her the House and Furniture till her Design is compleated, so that they must retire to Lodgings for a little Time. — Captain *Perez* is not altogether pleased with quitting his fine Mansion, though, as he imagines, for a very short while ; but his Wife has the Address to make him easy, and they remove with all their Trumpery, as it afterwards proves.

But to return to *Margarita* ; she was perfectly convinced, as she thinks, of the Meanness of *Leon's* Spirit, not only by his Behaviour to herself, but also by the Character which the Officers of the Army give of him, to whom he had been recommended as a Person capable of serving his Majesty, but was rejected by them on Account of his Cowardice and Stupidity ; and this was sufficient to make her compleat the Marriage with him.

The Duke *de Medina*, and a great Number of Gentlemen and Officers, to whom *Leon* was well known, come now to dine with her : She proposes a Life of uncontrollable Revelling and Pleasure. — The Husband seeing all this, talks with her apart, and begins to reason with her on the Folly as well as Indecency of this Kind of Conduct. — She is alarmed to find he dare to argue with her, but thinking to humble him once more into the Wretch

she at first took him for, commands him to keep out of Sight, and threatens to throw him entirely off, if he presumes to disobey, or speak to her in that Manner any more.—He affects to be intimidated, and retires; but when he finds they are in the Height of their Jollity, returns, throws off his former sheepish Airs, asserts the Husband, and tells all there, that none are welcome unless he make them so.—Every one is infinitely surprized to find the pretended Coward and Idiot behave with this Bravery and good Sense: The Duke *de Medina*, who was passionately in Love with *Margarita*, and came thither in Expectation of gratifying his Passion, is above all others alarmed; but imagining his Quality will bear him out in every thing, insults *Leon*, and joins with *Margarita*, in threatening to get him divorced from her, till finding that he is armed against all they can either say or do on that Score, both of them have Recourse to Dissimulation, which though he easily sees through, he seems satisfied with, and entertains the Duke, and all he has brought with him in the most kind and hospitable Manner.

This noble Behaviour does not, however, win the amorous Duke, he is still bent on the Enjoyment of *Margarita*, and flatters himself with being able to accomplish it by this Means.

He pretends, that out of great good Will to *Leon*, he has procured him a Troop of Horse; but the quick-sighted Husband is aware of the Artifice, and no sooner receives the Commission, than he orders all the Furniture of the House to be taken down, and *Margarita* to prepare to accompany him to the Camp.—She begs to stay, says she has not Strength to bear the Fatigue of so long a Journey,—that she is sick, and then that she is with Child, but all to no Effect; he continues resolute to have her with him. On which the Duke enraged at finding his Plot defeated, comes to their House, reproaches him with his Unkindness to a Wife who has made his Fortune, and endeavours first by mild Arguments to prevail on him to leave her behind him, and afterwards tells him plainly, that he only mocked him with a sham Commission; that he is in Reality no Officer, and that he will find Means to separate them.—*Leon* is so far from being moved at
this

this ungenerous Treatment, that he only smiles at it, and sets all that can be done against him at Defiance.

Captain *Perez*, in the mean Time, is very uneasy at the bad Lodging his Wife has provided for him, and is continually teasing her to return, and take Possession of her own.—She puts him off with one Excuse or other for some Days, but at least perceiving that he is resolved to go himself and make his Claim, she privately opens all his Trunks, takes away every Thing she thought of any Value, and leaves him.—When he finds that she has played him this Trick, he enquires her Character of the Woman of the House, who tells him the whole Truth.—To be more convinced, he goes to *Margarita*, who confirms all he has heard from the other. The Officers of the Army ridicule him in his Disappointment; he is almost distracted to find himself thus gulled, and runs about the Town in Search of *Estifania*, with a Resolution to kill her.—But all his Endeavours to this End prove vain, till Chance throws her in his Way, at a Time when she has an Opportunity to reproach him in her Turn.—She has been to sell some Jewels which he pretended to her were right, but prove no better than Glass set in Copper, as is all the Lace upon his Cloaths, which gives him the Name throughout the Play, of the *Copper Captain*. He cannot deny the Charge she brings against him, but accuses her with being a Cheat, and having cozened him under the Pretence of Riches. She lets him rail himself out of Breath, and at last has the Artifice to deceive him once more into a Belief of her former Story, and gets away from him, on a Promise of meeting him in two Hours at their own House, when she tells him all shall be restored to him.

She then goes to *Cacafogo*, the Son of a rich Usurer, who she knows is very much in Love with *Margarita*, tells him her Lady has a present Call for a large Sum of Money, and desires him to lend a thousand Pounds upon those Jewels, which are the false ones she had purloined from *Perez*, but which this Fellow doubts not the Value of, as he supposes them to belong to *Margarita*, and are sent to him by her own Woman, so lends the Money, and is glad of this Opportunity of obliging her. *Estifania* also makes him believe her Lady has spoke well of his Person,

Person, and gives him Hope of introducing him unknown to *Leon*. Having thus accomplished her Point, she writes to *Leon* the whole Account of the Usurer's Passion for his Wife, on which he gives her Leave to bring him, with a Design to make such Sport with him as shall mortify his wanton Wishes.

Captain *Perez* comes to the House of *Margarita*, at the Time appointed by *Estifania*, and once more demands Possession of, and all that it contains; the Lady, to try her Husband farther, acknowledges it is his, that she has given it to his Wife, and tells him he may enter when he pleases. — That Constancy of Soul which *Leon* has shewn in all the Attacks upon his Honour and his Patience, enables him also to stand this with the same Bravery. — He appears altogether unmoved, tells *Margarita*, that since she has made so rich a Present, he shall not dispute it, nor even if she had bestowed all the rest of her Effects in *Spain*, as she knows she has Plantations in the *East Indies*, where he will carry her, and live the Remainder of their Days. — This Fortitude has a great Effect upon her, she cannot help secretly avowing an Admiration; but her Love of Pleasure hinders her from being quite reclaimed by it; she however undeceives *Perez*, assures him that she has made no such Gift, and that *Estifania* has a second Time imposed on his Credulity. — On which he goes off, vowing the severest Revenge on the fair Jilt.

The Duke de *Medina* has not yet given over his dishonourable Designs on *Margarita*, and has now Recourse to another Stratagem. — He pretends a Quarrel with Don *Juan de Castro*; — they fight near her House, and the Duke is brought in as desperately wounded. — *Leon* suspects a Trick in this, and is confirm'd that his Conjectures are not without Foundation by Don *Juan de Castro*, who charmed with the Nobleness of his Behaviour, and brave Spirit, reveals to him the Secret of their feigned Rencounter, and the true Intention of it. — *Leon* then makes such affecting Remonstrances to his Wife, that she, before half a Convert to Love and Virtue, becomes now wholly so. — She falls on her Knees, conjures him to believe her Penitence sincere, to forgive what's past, and to depend on her future Conduct. — An entire Reconciliation is the Consequence of her Humility; she has now a true Affection for

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for him, and they join together in taking Measures to bring the Duke, if possible, into a more generous Way of thinking.

Leon seems to give Credit to the Duke's Hurt, and tells him he may command his House till his Recovery; all which Time *Margarita* shall attend him. The Duke now thinks himself secure of compleating his Wishes, and no sooner finds himself alone with that beautiful Person, than he makes a Merit of the Deception he has put upon her Husband, and presses for a Recompence of all the Pains he has taken on her Account; but she soon convinces him she has now different Sentiments, than those which formerly had influenced her to encourage his Addresses, and was ashamed to look on the Misconduct of her past Life. This Change in her is no less surprising than mortifying to him; but both these Emotions are greatly encreased by the following Adventure.

Cacafogo being allured thither by his own Vanity, and the Promises of *Estifania*, is made by *Leon's* Order to hope a private Interview with *Margarita*, for which expected Favour he makes *Altea*, who conducts him, very rich Presents.——He is bestowed in a Cellar, till the happy Minute shall arrive, where he gets most prodigiously drunk, and roars out in a strange Manner.——The Cellar being just under the Chamber where the Duke is placed, he takes the Noise he hears as proceeding from a Spirit, which Apprehension, *Margarita* by her Discourse strengthens, and that, with the Reproaches she makes him for his Attempts on her Chastity, at length work the desired Effect.——He admires the Virtue he would some Hours before have given half his Dukedom to betray, and loves that Bravery in *Leon*, which he so lately insulted and endeavoured to trample over.——He now gives him a real Commission, and not only Don *Juan de Castro*, but all the other Officers and great Men of the Army, rejoice in having so worthy a Man for their Companion.——*Leon* then acknowledges *Altea* for his Sister, and *Margarita*, now grown the best of Wives, is far from resenting the Method she took to raise her Brother's Fortune.

All now, but the *Copper Captain*, are as happy as they either can or ought to desire, nor is his Fate in the Catastrophe so wretched as he at present thinks it.——*Munting* for

for his Wife, in order to perpetrate the Vengeance on her he had resolved, he again meets her, draws his Sword upon her, but is obliged to put up again, on her presenting a Pistol to his Breast: Thus armed for Defence, she confesses the Imposition she has put upon him, but shews him the thousand Ducats she has got from *Cacafogo* as some Amends; with this he is a little mollified, and consents to forgive all and live with her. — They go together to *Leon*, who being a distant Relation of *Perez*, tells him both his Wife and himself shall be welcome to an Apartment in that House he had imagined his own, which kind Invitation, *Margarita*, in Compliance with her Husband's Request, confirming, he finds himself not altogether wretched in his Marriage.

Cacafogo being let out of the Cellar is sent off to sleep, after which they intend to let him see the Mischiefs to which a Man may be subjected by any Pursuits which have a dishonourable Aim; but there is too much Folly and Vanity in his Temper to give any substantial Hope of a Reformation. — A Man of Sense may be won from vicious Courses by Argument, or deter'd from following them by Dangers; but a Fool, such as *Cacafogo* is represented, will always be incorrigible by either.

The SCORNFUL LADY:

A COMEDY.

By Mr. FRANCIS BEAUMONT,
AND
Mr. JOHN FLETCHER.

THE Lady who gives the Title to this Play, and is the principal Character of it, has long been courted by Mr. *Loveless*, a Man of Parts and Fortune, and who is in Effect very much beloved by her; the Wedding was in a Manner agreed on between them, but

he in the Extasy of his Heart happening to snatch a Kiss from her before Company, she condemned him to a Year's Banishment, and resolved to see him no more in Quality of a Lover till he had past that Time in *France*, and on his Return, to renew his Addresses as a fresh Lover, and wait her Pleasure for his Recompence.

As his Passion is great, he promises to obey this Caprice, cruel as it is.—He has a younger Brother, who is the greatest of Prodigals, and has mortgaged what Share of Land came to him by the Death of their Father, to an Usurer called *Morecraft*, and now has no Habitation, nor even the Means wherewith to eat. The elder *Loveless* therefore, to try his Temper, commits to him the Care of his House, and three hundred Pounds a Year for the Table, but all is to be under the Direction of *Saville* the Steward.—Having settled his Affairs in this Manner, he takes Leave of the Lady, and pretends to go to *France*, but instead of taking that Voyage, he lyes concealed in Town, in order to execute a Design he has formed in his Head.

Young *Loveless* no sooner thinks he is gone, than he brings all his wild Companions to the House,—obliges all the Servants to wait upon them, and forces *Saville* to deliver the Keys of the Liquor.—The old Man at first is refractory, but in a little Time is reconciled to this new way of Life, and even goes, when commanded, to bring in common Prostitutes for the Diversion of those abandoned Fellows who are now the Guests.

In the Midst of these Riots, the elder Brother comes in the Habit of a Sailor, and so disguised that none knew him.—He tells young *Loveless* that his elder Brother was drowned at Sea, and that he is now the Heir of the Estate; and has the Mortification to find this young Spendthrift rejoices in his Death, as it supplies him with the Means of pursuing his Extravagancies;—from him he goes to the House of the Scornful Lady, where he finds a new Suitor, one Mr. *Welford*. On his asking to speak with the Lady, he is denied Access both by him and *Abigail* the Waiting-Woman.—He quarrels with *Welford*, and the Lady hearing a Disturbance, comes into the Room where they are.—Mr. *Loveless* tells her the same Story concerning himself, that he had done his

his Brother, but she receives it in a quite different Manner.—She both seems, and is in Reality grieved to an Excess, and curses her own Folly for depriving her of so valuable a Lover, and one, whom in Spite of her Usage of him, she could alone be happy with, till considering the Person who brought her this Information more attentively, she discovers the Trick, and resolves to be even with him.—She desires Mr. *Welford* to come in, who had withdrawn, on her seeming to resent his quarrelling with the Stranger in her House, and told him, that since her old Servant Mr. *Loveless* had the Misfortune to be drowned, she knew no Gentleman could so well atone for the Loss of that faithful Lover as himself.—*Welford* is transported at this sudden Change in his Favour, and *Loveless* almost mad.—To prevent her giving herself away in good Earnest, he discovers himself, on which she laughs at him, and insisting on her former Injunction, leaves him to consider upon it. But what a Disappointment did this Caprice inflict on poor *Welford*, who thought himself so sure of obtaining her?—*Loveless* had no sooner left her House, than she bids the other be gone also, and lets him know on what Occasion she had thus fool'd him.—To aggravate this Vexation, he is persecuted with the fulsome Advances of *Abigail*, who wants extremely to be married, but would fain have a young Man, though she is old enough for a Grandmother herself, and this ridiculous Inclination in her, renders her Character one of the most diverting in the whole Play.

Welford full of Spleen against the Scornful Lady, and Resentment against *Loveless*, for the Words they had together at her House, goes to that Rival, and challenges him.—The other, no less discontented than himself, tells him he will not fight for a Woman of such a Humour, as to prefer the Gratification of her own whimsical Vanities, to rewarding the Services of a long and faithful Passion.—On discoursing farther on the Matter, they become very good Friends, and join in a Plot, which in the End proves equally successful to them both.

Elder *Loveless* now goes home, and shews himself to his Brother, and all his Family; but the Prodigal has sold the House, and all the Estate belonging to it, to

Morecraft

Morecraft the Usurer, who is just then coming to take Possession of it, with a rich young Widow whom he is courting.—Every one is startled to find the elder Brother living, *Morecraft* especially, who has paid a large Sum of Money for Land he has now no Pretence to claim.—He threatnens Law, but both the Brothers let him know it is in their Power to prove he has cheated the younger in a former Purchase, of as much as he has now paid for this.—The Widow hearing all this, discards him, and young *Loveless* having had the Address to wind himself into her good Graces, she consents to marry him.—The elder *Loveless* gently chides him for his Extravagancies, and the little Concern he shewed at his supposed Death; but all is soon made up, and *Saville* the Steward is also forgiven for his servile Compliance with the Debaucheries of the imaginary Heir.

Elder *Loveless* once more visits the Scornful Lady, who will not be prevailed upon to recede from her former Resolution, on which he reproaches her in the most bitter Terms, and at last plainly tells her, that he will neither comply with her Commands as to travelling, nor ever see her more.—Omitting nothing that may make her be assured she has entirely lost his Affection by her ill Treatment; and then flings from her with all the Airs of a Man who sincerely despises her.

He has no sooner left her House, than she sends *Abigail* to call him back, but he refuses to come, and bids the Waiting woman tell her Lady he shall endeavour to find a more gentle Mistress.

The Scornful Lady, who loves him tenderly, though she had taken Delight in giving him Pain, is now sensible of the Error she has been guilty of, would do any thing to recover his Affection, and to that End writes to him, conjures him to see her once more, and acknowledges she was to blame.—This she sends by *Abigail*, who joins her Entreaties with her Lady's.—He receives both Letter and Messenger very coolly, says he is sorry Things are so far gone, since the Scornful Lady can relent, but it is now too late, for he has already bethrothed himself to another Woman.—*Abigail*, however, continues to press him for one more Visit, if it be only to take an everlasting Leave. This he does not promise po-

L

sitively,

sitively, but says he will endeavour to oblige her so far, but must first obtain his new Mistress's Permission.

Abigail is obliged to return with this disagreeable Message, which throws her Lady into the deepest Melancholy; but her Vexation is greatly increased, when she is told *Loveless* is come to wait upon her, and has a Woman with him.—She doubts not but it is the Person who has supplanted her, but resolves to leave nothing untried that may win him back to his first Vows.

The Stratagem that *Loveless* and *Welford* had contrived, was to dress up the latter in Woman's Cloaths, and make him pass for a Lady to whom the other was going to be married.—The Scornful Lady is ready to swoon at Sight of this supposed Rival, and the Tenderness with which *Loveless* seems to treat her.—She, however, submits to ask his Forgiveness for the Slights she put upon him,—assures him that she loves him with a Passion equal to that he once pretended for her, and urges the many Protestations he has made to her, before he ever saw this Woman, of marrying no other than herself.

Loveless replies that, the Fault is wholly her own, but says that he still loves her best, and if she will consent to be his Wife that Instant, he will quit the other, else when he leaves her House, he resolves to go directly to Church, and give his Hand to her Rival.

The Lady consents, and her Chaplain *Roger* being called, they go into another Room to perform the Ceremony.—*Welford* bursts into Tears and Lamentations at being forsaken in this Manner, and *Martha*, Sister to the Scornful Lady, is so much moved at this seeming Distress in a Person of her own Sex, that she does all she can to comfort her, won't suffer her to leave the House in the Distraction she appears to be, and invites her to stay all Night, and partake of her Bed. He readily accepts of the kind Offer: but before next Morning lets her know to whom she has made it.—Elder *Loveless* being now secure of his late scornful Mistress, reveals the whole Matter to her; she forgives all, and the compassionate *Martha* is made the Bride of *Welford*—*Abigail*, who has long been courted by *Roger* the Chaplain, and had used him very ill, partly through a Desire of having a younger Man, and partly after the Example of her
Lady

Lady (as Servants are too apt to imitate the Faults of their Superiors) consents to marry him, since she can get no other, and with these Matches the Piece concludes.

She Wou'd, and she Wou'd not :

OR,

THE KIND IMPOSTOR.

A COMEDY.

By Mr. CIBBER.

THIS Play is taken from a *Spanish* Novel, and the Scene lies in *Madrid*, but the Characters are rendered entirely *English*, which makes it infinitely more agreeable to an Audience here than it could possibly have been, had the Manners of a foreign Nation been preserved.

Don *Philip de las Torres*, the Son of a Grandee of *Seville*, has long been passionately in Love with a fine young Lady named *Hippolita*, and Sister to *Octavio*, his intimate Friend and Companion; but tho' that Lady really loves him, and he is somewhat her Superior in Birth and Fortune, yet she cannot persuade herself to confess it to him, but has always treated him with Indifference, which making him despair of gaining her, he at last takes a Resolution of breaking off his Courtship. His Father is desirous of matching him with *Rosara*, the Daughter of Don *Manuel*, a Gentleman whom he formerly knew, but the Distance of Place had of late slackened their Acquaintance, the one living at *Seville*, and the other at *Madrid*. Don *Philip* now complies with his Father's Commands, and resolves to marry *Rosara*, though his Heart is still devoted to *Hippolita*. — All Things relating to the Affair is concluded on by Letters between the two old Dons; and Don *Philip* sets out for *Madrid*, in order to compleat it.

Hippolita could not be informed of this without the greatest Trouble. She could not support the Thoughts of losing the Man she loved, yet had too much Pride to let

him see she was in the least disconcerted at it, though she very well knew the Power she had over him, and that one kind Word, or even Look, would have detained him. But when she found he was really gone, she had no longer any Patience, and resolved to break the intended Match between him and *Rosara*, if by any Means she could do it. — Her fertile Wit presented her with a Stratagem which she immediately put in Execution : She dresses herself in Man's Apparel, and attended by her Woman *Flora* in the same Habit, takes Horse, and follows Don *Philip* : She overtook him at an Inn on the Road, and watches an Opportunity to steal his Portmanteau, in which were his Jewels, Cloaths, and Letters from his Father, with the Marriage Settlement signed by him : She had no Business with the two former Articles, but as she could not have the one without the other, was obliged to rob him of all : — His Servant being a drunken idle Fellow never mis'd the Portmanteau, till Don *Philip* being arrived at *Madrid*, called for it, in order to take out the Papers, without which he did not think it proper to wait on Don *Manuel* or his Daughter, as neither of them had ever seen him, and might not without those Credentials be satisfied he was not an Impostor. The Vexation he is in at this Loss, and his tarrying at an Inn, while he sent his Servant back in Search of it, gives *Hippolita* Time to prosecute her Design.

She meets with *Trappanti*, a cast Servingman of Don *Philip*'s, takes him into her Service, and attended by him and her trusty *Flora*, goes to Don *Manuel*'s House, pretends to him that she is Don *Philip de las Torres*, and for Proof of it, presents him with the Letters and the Covenant ; the old Man has not the least Suspicion, but receives and welcomes her as the Son of his old Friend, and commands *Rosara* to look upon this young Spark as her Husband.

This young Lady has also her own Troubles : She loves *Ossavio*. He had courted her and gain'd her Father's Consent so far as to obtain a Promise of being married to her ; but on the Offer of Don *Philip*, the old Gentleman thinking it a more advantageous Alliance, broke his Word, and forbid *Rosara* ever to see him more. — *Ossavio*, on this, had retired to *Seville*, but on receiving a Letter from her, importing she would never be the Wife of any other than

than himself, he returns to *Madrid* at the same Time that Don *Philip* arrived there.—They happen to meet, and talk of their various Fortunes in Love; but *Ottavio* knows not that it is *Rosara* whom his Friend is about to marry, and Don *Philip* is equally ignorant that *Rosara* is the Mistress of his Friend.

Rosara to preserve herself for *Ottavio*, affects to be a vain fantastick Creature, imagining that the supposed Don *Philip* would dislike her enough to break off; but finding that Contrivance ineffectual, confesses she loves another, though without naming the Object of her Affections, and entreats he will not make her eternally miserable, by accepting a Hand her Father's Power alone can force her to bestow on any but the first dear Object of her Vows.—*Hippolita*, who knows the Story of her Brother's Love, discovers herself to be a Woman, and Sister to *Ottavio*, on which *Rosara* is transported, and they agree together how to circumvent Don *Philip*, who they doubt not but will speedily come.—To prevent all ill Accidents that may happen on his Arrival, *Rosara* consents to marry the pretended Don *Philip*, and the Father resolves it shall be very speedy.

To hasten it, however, and render every Thing Don *Philip* shall say on his Arrival appear a Piece of Deceit, *Hippolita* and *Flora* pretend they overheard *Ottavio* and another Person discoursing, and gathered by what they said, that some one was to represent Don *Philip*, in order to puzzle the Affair, and delay the Marriage with the real one, that *Ottavio* might have an Opportunity of running away with *Rosara* while the Matter was in Dispute.

This Story easily gains Credit with Don *Manuel*, and the rather as he knows *Ottavio* is in Town, and has caught him with his Daughter, disguised in the Habit of a Friar; *Violetta* also, *Rosara*'s Duenna, a Creature who will do any Thing for Money, has betrayed to him some Letters that have passed between them both before and since the Arrival of the pretended Don *Philip*.

Don *Philip*, in the mean Time, finding there was no Likelihood of retrieving his Portmanteau, and thinking Don *Manuel* would think himself affronted by his Neglect, if he waited till he could have other Letters from *Seville*, went to wait upon him, and tell him the Misfortune that had happened

to him.—Don *Manuel* prepossessed by the above recited Story, laughs at all he says, and at last tells him in plain Terms, that he is an Impostor, on which the other grows enraged, and desires they will send for *Octavio*, who is his Friend and Neighbour at *Seville*, and will testify that he is the real Don *Philip de las Torres*.—His mentioning *Octavio* more convinces the old Gentleman that all he says is false, and having talked to him in a Manner Don *Philip* is not well able to bear, obliges him to leave the House. As he is going out he meets *Trappanti*, and turns back, not doubting but he will own him before Don *Manuel*; but instead of doing so, he calls him Don *Guzman*, tells the old Gentleman that he is the Son of a Lawyer at *Seville*, who drew up the Marriage Writings for his Master Don *Philip*.—Don *Philip* is now past all Patience to be outfaced in this impudent Manner, by a Fellow that had been his Servant, and is going to run him through; but Don *Manuel* prevents that Effect of his Fury, and bids *Trappanti* call his Master, on which *Hippolita* and *Flora* enter, and join with Don *Manuel* in bantering him.—He says little to them, but goes away in order to apply to a Magistrate.

These Plots upon his Daughter (as the old Gentleman supposes them to be) convinces him that the Marriage Knot cannot be tied too soon, as he thinks it the only Means to prevent any future Disturbances, by putting an End to *Octavio*'s Hopes, whom he looks upon as the sole Contriver of all that has been done.

In fine, the two Ladies are married to each other, and the old Don is so much transported in finding his Daughter obedient beyond his Expectations, that I question whether there was ever wrote a Scene of more true Humour.

Don *Philip*, in the mean Time, is not idle; he goes to a Corrigidore, makes Oath of the Imposition about to be put on Don *Manuel*, and his own Robbery of his Portmanteau.—He obtains a Warrant for the counterfeit Don *Philip*, and as he is going for an *Alguazile* or Constable to serve it, meets *Trappanti*, whom he obliges to confess the whole Plot, by holding a Sword at his Breast.—On this he returns again, bringing *Trappanti* with him, who has promised to lay open the Villainy to Don *Manuel*; but he no sooner comes before him, than he

denies

denies all, and says Don *Philip* gave him five Pistoles to bribe him to tell this Lie, which, though he took his Money, his Conscience would not let him do.—*Hippolita*, *Flora*, and Don *Manuel* again laugh at the disappointed Don *Philip*, but they going out of the Room, and leaving *Hippolita* behind, he draws upon her.—She will not fight, but throws herself at his Feet, wins him with a moving Tale to spare her Life.—But on hearing the Company, draws, and pretends to have bullied him, on which he is again obliged to quit the House, which he does to go to the *Alguazile*. *Ostasio* also now knowing that Don *Philip* is the Person intended for *Rosara*, and that some other has assumed his Name, writes to her, and begs she will not at least bestow herself on an Impostor. Don *Manuel* intercepts this Letter, and being convinced by the Manner of it, that it was not designed to fall into his Hands, begins to be a little alarmed.—To heighten his Confusion, *Hippolita* having now accomplished her Intent, and willing to make a little Diversion, by moderating the Don's excessive Joy, pretends to have a Quarrel with *Flora* on the Dividend of *Rosara*'s Fortune.—This frights him to Death almost; he fears he has been imposed upon, and trembles for the Consequence.—To confirm him in his Apprehensions, *Hippolita* cries out for Post-Horses, and seems in great Disorder, then enters Don *Lewis*, a Nephew of Don *Manuel*'s, whom in the Extasy of his Joy he had sent to invite to the Bridal Feast.—He assures his Uncle, that the Person who has married his Cousin is not Don *Philip*, and also that he saw the real Don *Philip* just before with the *Corrigidore* and *Alguazile* preparing to force the Impostor from the House.

Don *Manuel*'s Grief is now equal to his late Joy,—he upbraids *Hippolita*, but she seems wholly unconcerned, and when Don *Philip*, *Ostasio*, and the Officers of Justice come in, she tells them she has somewhat to propose will make all easy yet; but first exacts a Promise from Don *Manuel*, that if she relinquishes her Pretensions, and finds a Way to disannul the Marriage between them, he shall give that young Lady with her whole Fortune to *Ostasio*; he gladly consents, provided Don *Philip* will forego the Contract he has made with him, which he does with all Readiness: But though all this formal Declaration

is made, none imagine it is in the young Bridegroom's Power to perform what he has promised.—*Hippolita*, however, soon puts them out of their Uncertainty, by discovering and giving herself to Don *Philip*, who receives her with all the Transports of the most ardent Love: Don *Manuel* is so much pleased with her Wit and Contrivance, and ashamed of the Injustice he has been guilty of to *Octavio*, who he now finds is her Brother, that he bestows his Daughter on that Gentleman, with no other Regret than that of giving him so much Trouble in the gaining her.—*Flora* has also her Share of Praise, and an Assurance from Don *Philip* of being handsomely provided for, in Consideration of the Service she has done her Mistress in carrying on a Stratagem so conducive to his Happiness. *Trappanti* and *Villetta* beg Leave of their Principals to join Persons, which all present think a proper Union, as they seem to have a perfect Sympathy of Humours, though none of the most commendable, and thus ends a Play full of the most pleasing Intricacies, and is deficient in nothing that can render a Dramatick Piece entertaining to a polite Audience.

Sir Courtly Nice :

OR,

IT CANNOT BE.

A COMEDY.

By Mr. CROWN.

LORD *Belgarde* and Mr. *Farewel*, two Gentlemen of Birth and Fortune, *Leonora* Sister to the former, *Violante* a fine young Lady of a large Estate in her own Hands; and *Sir Courtly Nice*, are the principal Characters exhibited in this Piece. *Farewel* and *Sir Courtly* are Rivals in the Love of *Leonora*: the one she extremely loves, and

and despises the other; but an old Family Quarrel prevents her Brother from listening to any Overtures from that Quarter, and resolves to marry her to Sir *Courtly*. To hinder her from holding a Correspondence either with him or any other Man, whom he does not approve, he puts her under the Power of an old Maid, her Aunt, a most formal affected Creature, very desirous of being married herself, and a great Enemy to Courtship made to any other.—My Lord also takes into his Family a poor Relation called *Hothead*, a zealous High Church-Man, and a Hater of Fanaticks; and *Testimony*, a canting Presbyterian; these two being of such different Principles, he is certain will never agree in any Thing else; so he is safe from any Confederacy between them to impose upon him:—Their Business is to suffer no Man whatever to come into the House, without first examining who and what he is, and not even then to suffer him to see *Leonora* without her Aunt is with her.

The young Lady is almost distracted at this Confinement, but her Person and Fortune, by their Father's Will, being wholly in her Brother's Power, she is obliged to submit to it.—*Violante*, who is extremely her Friend, is allowed to visit her frequently, Lord *Belgarde* himself being in Love with her, and finds his Addresses favourably received, though she rallies him concerning his unaccountable Jealousy of his Sister's Honour, and protests she will never marry him, 'till he has banished that whimsical Disposition from his Head and Heart.

Farewel, who is impatient at being deprived the Sight of *Leonora*, has Recourse to *Violante* to assist him in his Plots, which she is ready to do, not only in Friendship to *Leonora*, but also in Hopes of making some Alteration in the Temper of Lord *Belgarde*, whom she truly loves. *Crack*, a very arch young Fellow, who has been expelled the University on Account of his Debaucheries, undertakes to carry *Farewel's* Picture, and a Letter from him to *Leonora*, which he accomplishes under the Disguise of a Taylor, who comes to take Measure of her for a Suit of Cloaths.

Violante has another Lover beside Lord *Belgarde*, called *Surly*, and has so absolute a Power over him, in spite of his dogged Disposition, that she obliges him to teize Sir

Courtly Nice, and the Contrast between the over delicate Fop, and the most contuminate and brutish Sloven that Imagination can figure out, makes several diverting Scenes, and that, I think, is all the Business *Surly* has in this Play.

Crack afterwards gets himself introduced to Lord *Belgarde's* House, in the Character of Sir *Thomas Calicoe*, a Gentleman of a great Fortune in the *Indies*, but somewhat disordered in his Senses, and pretended to be sent over by an Uncle the Lord has in those Parts, and committed to his Care, to prevent his being imposed upon, or beg'd for a Fool — He brings several Persons with him in the Habit of *Bantamites* his supposed Retinue. — Lord *Belgarde* is not much pleased with the Guardianship of this seeming Madman, but complies in Obedience to his Uncle's Request.

On his coming into the House, he finds great Disorder in the Family : Lord *Belgarde* has found *Farewell's* Picture in his Sister's Chamber : He swears he will have the Life of that Gentleman, or lose his own, and the Aunt reproaches *Leonora* with Wantonness and Disobedience : She is all in Tears, but pretends that her Woman found the Picture in *Westminster Abbey*. — She knows *Crack* as soon as she sees him, to be the same Person who brought both Picture and Letter to her, and finds an Opportunity to tell him the Misfortune she has had, and the Excuse she made upon it. This Information is enough for him ; he seems in the utmost Confusion for the Loss of a Picture, *Belgarde* asks whose Picture it was, and he relates a long Story of a Sister he has in the *Indies*, who is soon to come over and be married to one Mr. *Farewel* ; that he had got his Picture from her one Day, and forgetting to give it her again before he came away, had brought it in his Pocket, and now unfortunately lost. — Affecting to recollect where he could drop it, he at last says, that Misfortune must have happened to him in *Westminster Abbey*, having been there as he came along to see the Tombs.

This gains Credit with Lord *Belgarde*, who, by the Way, is extremely easy of Belief for a Man of his jealous and suspicious Character — *Leonora* now takes her Turn to upbraid him for his ill Opinion of her, and *Violante* rallies him upon it, so that he is a good deal mortified among

among them, but cannot yet be persuaded to change his Manner of Behaviour.

An Outcry of Murder, and the Clash of Swords near Lord *Belgarde's* Coach-house alarming the Family, he, *Crack*, *Hothead*, *Testimony*, and all the Servants, run out to prevent what Mischief is apprehended.—In the Confusion, *Farewel*, who, by *Crack's* Contrivance had brought People to make this Disturbance, slips in at the Garden Gate, and conceals himself in *Crack's* Chamber.—When the Hurry is over, *Leonora* and *Farewel* meet, and sup together, Lord *Belgarde* being gone abroad, and the Dishes ordered into the supposed Sir *Thomas Calicoe's* Chamber, where they are waited on by his pretended *Bantamites*.

Farewel continues the whole Night with *Crack*, and the Aunt and Brother being both out of the Way, in the Morning *Leonora* comes in to visit them; but here an unlucky Accident happened, which required all the Dexterity of our Love Engineer to play against; Lord *Belgarde* returns before he was expected, and comes up Stairs to pay a Compliment to Sir *Thomas Calicoe*.—*Leonora* has no Time to get out of the Room, *Crack* therefore throws himself down, and having before told Lord *Belgarde* that he had been bewitched by a Woman, and could never endure the Sight of any of that Sex afterwards; he now pretends the coming in of *Leonora* has made him in the Agonies in which he finds him. Lord *Belgarde* chides his Sister for her Curiosity, and leads off the other, as fearing he is hurt. *Farewel*, who had hid himself in an inner Room, runs out again to *Leonora*, and they both laugh at, and admire the Ingenuity, and great Presence of Mind which *Crack* had shewed on this Occasion. But their Merriment was very near being turned into a contrary Emotion:—The Aunt having heard a Noise, comes hastily into the Room to enquire the Occasion, and sees a Man with her Niece, on which she calls out for her Nephew, and cries their Family is dishonoured, *Leonora* ruin'd, and a great deal of such Stuff.—*Farewel* retires to his former Concealment, and Lord *Belgarde*, with *Hothead*, *Testimony*, and several Servants enter armed.—*Crack*, who guesses what has happened, comes in immediately, pretends to fall into one of his mad Fits on the Sight of their Weapons, on which they

they lay them down to humour him, and he seems to come to himself.—Lord *Belgarde* then desires Leave to search his Lodgings for a Thief he says is hid there, but *Crack* tells him he can't grant any such Thing, for he has a Friend there whom his Lordship must not see, and then tells him, that being in the Hall he saw Mr. *Farewel*, who is to marry his *Indian* Sister, pass by the Door;—that he had desired him to come in, but the other refused, on Account of an invincible Hatred there was between his and the Lord *Belgarde's* Family, till he, in a Manner forced him to enter. Having told this Story, he called *Farewel* to come out.—Lord *Belgarde* would not be uncivil to him in his own House, especially as he came there on the Account of Sir *Thomas Calicoe*, and the Lover goes off with flying Colours.

As soon as the Coast was clear again, and Lord *Belgarde* gone out, *Crack* finds Means to speak to *Leonora*, bids her put on a Mask, and something to hide her Cloaths from being known, and come into his Chamber, which Advice she follows exactly, and he roars out for Help.—*Hothead* and *Testimony* run to see what has happened, and he bids them look on that Woman who was come in spite of his Request to see none of the Sex, to assault him in his Chamber.—They take her for some idle Creature that has slipt into the House, and turn her out of Doors, each laying the Blame of her Entrance on the other; but *Testimony*, who was privately a leud wicked Fellow, whispers to her as she is going out, and bids her stay for him in the Street, and he will follow and carry her somewhere, and give her a Treat.

Sir *Courtly Nice*, before this, has had several Scenes of Courtship with *Leonora*, in all which she has humoured his Vanity, to make Diversion for herself. The old Aunt, who thinks him a mighty fine Gentleman, and too good for her Niece, is very much offended that Lord *Belgarde* won't suffer her to stay in the Room with them, because she imagines he would be more taken with that Decorum of Manners, and fine Behaviour, as she is vain enough to think she is Mistress of, than with the Youth and Beauty of *Leonora*: In one of his Visits, however, as he is making the most passioante Addresses to his Mistress, or rather to his own Person, for he is all the Time looking on himself

himself in a great Glas, she runs off and leaves him to say all his fine Things to his own Shadow, and the Aunt comes in.—He continuing the Declaration he was making of her Beauty, and his violent Adoration of it, the antiquated Piece of Mortality takes all he says as intended to herself, and answers in a very whimsical Manner, yet so as Sir *Courtly*, when he turns about and perceives to whom he is talking, interprets that she will do him all the good Offices in her Power with *Leonora*. The Aunt believing her Nephew has played her false, and was endeavouring to get Sir *Courtly* for his Sister, when in Reality his Designs were on her, tells him my Lord is not for the Match, but she will meet him masked at a Place she appoints, and be married in private: He mistaking her entirely, and not in the least suspecting but it is her Niece who is to meet him, goes to the Rendezvous, and instead of the fair *Leonora* gives his Hand to her decayed Aunt.

Leonora, after having been turned out of Doors by *Crack's* Contrivance, as has been already related, goes to *Violante's* House, to which *Testimony* follows: She then plucks off her Vizard, and the old Letcher is most terribly frightened at having thus exposed his Frailties.—*Crack* immediately brings in *Farewel*, and *Violante's* Chaplain marries him to his dear *Leonora*. When the Ceremony is over, *Violante* sends for Lord *Belgarde*, who comes with Sir *Courtly* Niece and his Bride, still vizarded.—His Lordship is at first very much vexed to find himself thus over-reached by *Farewel*, but the Passion he has for *Violante* keeps him within Bounds, and on her consenting to marry him, forgives all has been done; but Sir *Courtly* is not to be reconciled to the Bargain he has got, and goes off abruptly.—*Testimony* is left to the Correction of *Hothead* for his carnal Inclinations, and both of them are discharged by Lord *Belgarde*, as having no longer any Occasion for Spies, fully now convinced, that the only effectual Guard upon a Woman is her own Virtue; without which all the Precautions of her Friends will be in vain, and only serve to prove, according to the Title of the Play, that *It cannot be*.

SPANISH

SPANISH FRIAR:

O R,

The Double Discovery :

A TRAGI-COMEDY.

By MR. DRYDEN.

THE Crown of *Arragon* being usurped, and the lawful King confined in Prison without Hope of ever being able to recover his Dominion, he committed the Care of his only surviving Son, then an Infant, to an honest Lord, called *Raymond*, who gave him the Name of *Torrismond*, and bred him as his own, concealing even from him his real Birth, till happier Times should furnish him with Means of declaring it to his Advantage. The Usurper dying, bequeath'd his only Daughter, with the Kingdom, to Prince *Bertran*, by whose Assistance he had deposed the lawful Monarch; but the young Queen, having not the least Affection for him, still found some Pretence or other to defer the Marriage. The *Moors* soon after made an Invasion, and *Bertran* going General against them, proved no more successful in War than in Love: He was thrice beat back, and compell'd to take Refuge in the City, and *Torrismond* was afterward deputed in his Place. This young Hero in one Battle delivered his Country, entirely repulsed the *Moors*, and slew their King with his own Hand. *Lorenzo* also Son to *Alphonso*, the Brother of *Raymond*, performed many gallant Actions under his supposed Kinsman; and the News of this great Victory with some Reflections on past Dangers begins the Play.

Torrismond, being about to return, sends *Lorenzo* with Notice of his Approach; and that young Officer being loaden with Spoils of the Enemy, wants nothing but some kind Fair to take Part of them off his Hands; to that End he saunters about the high Streets, 'till a vail'd *Madonna*,

donna, who has seen him from a distant Window, accosts him in a very familiar Manner; and at length to engage him more, discovers to him a very beautiful Face. He is greatly charm'd with her, begins to address her seriously; but she informs him she is married to a rich, covetous, jealous old Hunk, and would perhaps not have conceal'd his Name, had not her *Duenna* come that Moment to warn her to come home, her Husband being in Sight. On which she is obliged to leave him abruptly. She is no sooner gone than *Gomez*, a Banker, whom *Lorenzo* has formerly known, salutes and bids him welcome. The Colonel, full of the Thoughts of his pretty Mistress, relates the Adventure to him, shews him the House into which she went, and desires him to acquaint him with the Name of the Owner, if known to him. The Transport he was in all the Time he was making this Confidence prevented him from observing the Emotions of *Gomez*, whose Looks would otherwise have discovered to him that he was talking to no other than the Husband of that Lady. However he was soon convinced of the Blunder he had made, but resolved to leave no Means untried to get once more into the Company of *Elvira*, for so she was called, in Spite of the Precautions of *Gomez*.

Torrismond has now entered the City, and having made some Declarations of a most violent Passion for the Queen, before the Officers of the Army, *Bertran* is apprised of it, and takes upon him to reprimand the Presumption in Terms which *Torrismond* was little accustomed to bear; and for which nothing but the Queen's Commands could have withheld him from taking an immediate Revenge.

Leonora, for so this charming Queen was call'd, found no less in the Person and Qualifications of *Torrismond* to admire and love, than he had done in her: She soon confesses her Affection and resolves to be married to him in a few Days; but not doubting but some Dangers would arise from *Bertran*'s Disappointment, she complies with the Advice he has frequently given her of causing the deposed King to be murdered; well knowing that such a Deed would render him odious to the People, and thereby prevent him from raising any considerable Party to oppose her Measures. *Bertran*, who is privately informed of the Encouragement she gives to his Rival, penetrates into the
Bottom

Bottom of her Design ; but counterfeiting an implicit Belief in all she says, takes his Leave of her to order the Execution of the bloody Deed. As she has consented to it only for the Sake of *Torrismond*, she immediately communicates the Secret to him, on which he appears so shock'd, and sets before her Eyes the monstrous Cruelty and Injustice, with which it abounds, in Colours so strong and moving, that she repents, and is going to send to *Bertran* not to proceed, when a Messenger arrives from him to inform her that her Commands are obeyed, and the old King is no more. *Torrismond* laments her Crime, and the Fate of fallen Majesty ; but she hushes all his Sorrows with an Assurance of giving herself wholly to him that Night ; which Promise she punctually performs.

Lorenzo is all this Time employed in prosecuting his Amour with *Elvira* : By means of a Present of fifty Pieces, he prevails on Father *Dominic*, her Confessor, to deliver a Letter to her, which she answers, with Instructions how to gain Admittance to her House. And the next Day disguised in the Habit of a Friar, and accompanied by *Dominic*, according to her Orders, makes her a Visit without being suspected by any of the Family : The Confessor leaves them together, and the impatient Colonel is immediately for receiving the Reward of his Labours ; but *Elvira*, who having been compell'd to marry *Gomez*, could not think of being happy while she continued under his Roof, therefore proposes to *Lorenzo* to run away with him : He agrees to it, and the Time is prefixed. As they are in this Conversation *Gomez* comes in, and discovers the Counterfeit Friar, whom with *Dominic* he thrust out of Doors, and loads his Wife with Reproaches.

The appointed Hour for her Elopement being arrived, *Lorenzo*, with two Soldiers, waits near the Door to receive her ; but *Gomez* being at home there was no Possibility of her getting out ; on which *Lorenzo* bethinks him of a Stratagem : He sends his Soldiers forcibly into the House, who arrest *Gomez* as a Traitor to the State, and are carrying him to be confined in their Quarters till his Wife has made her Escape ; but as they are hurrying him away, *Alphonso* meets them, and obliges them to set him at Liberty. At his Return he finds *Lorenzo* and the Friar at his Door, and *Elvira* just coming out with a Casket of Jewels under her Arm, which

which *Gomez* takes from her, forces her again into the House, and threatens the Colonel and Confessor with the Civil Law.

Raymond the supposed Father of *Torrismond*, being returned from a Foreign Embassy, receives, with equal Horror, the News of the King's Death, and *Torrismond*'s Marriage with the Author of that Deed: The Queen however having thrown the Odium of it wholly on *Bertran*, and given him up to the People's Rage, he resolves to take this Opportunity of being reveng'd on both at once; and persuading the Queen that it will be necessary to raise the Train-bands of the City, in Case of any Disturbance from the Friends of *Bertran*, obtains her Commission to put himself at their Head; which done, he acquaints them, that he can produce the Son of their murdered King; on which, they all declare they will fight for their lawful Prince. He then leads them to the Palace Gates, where the Queen's Guards are little able to withstand their Fury.

Raymond, before he undertook this Enterprize, had inform'd *Torrismond* of his Birth, and dear as *Leonora* was, he felt a Shock at being united to the Murderer of his Father, which made him the most wretched of Mankind; Notwithstanding, when he found her Life in Danger, he flew to her Relief, and easily repulsed *Raymond* and his Followers. He knew how to subdue her Enemies, but could not his own Honour and Duty, which forbid him to hold any farther Conversation with her. They are just on the Point of separating for ever, when *Bertran* discovers that the old King still lives; that suspecting the Queen's Sincerity, he had but pretended to obey her cruel Orders, to try in what Manner she would afterward proceed, which happening as he imagined it would, he now hopes a Pardon for having deceived her in so good a Cause. The Joy of *Torrismond* and *Leonora*, at this happy Reverse, is beyond all Bounds; and the late inexorable *Raymond* sees them now embrace with Pleasure.

But while the Court is full of Transport, poor *Gomez* has no Share in the general Satisfaction; he is wholly taken up with meditating *present* Revenge, and the *future* Security of his Wife and Jewels: He causes the Friar to be apprehended, and brings him with *Elvira* before *Alphonso*, whose Daughter she is; but knowing *Lorenzo* by no other Name than Colonel *Hernando*, he prefers a Complaint against him

him under that Denomination. As he his telling his Story, *Lorenzo* happens to come that Way, and stands behind his Father, whom *Gomez* pointing out for the Man he accuses, *Alphonso* thinks him mad to be jealous of his Wife upon the Account of her own Brother. *Elvira* and *Lorenzo* are both amazed to find themselves so near of Kin; but the Discovery is a great Consolation to *Gomez*. Father *Dominic*, however, for his good Intentions, has his Friar's Habit stript off, and is delivered to the Mob to be punish'd at their Discretion, which could scarce be more severe, than what all Men merit, who, like him, make the Sacred Name of Religion a Cloak for Avarice, the worst of Vices, because it leads the Way to almost all others,

T H E
'SQUIRE of *Alsatia*:
A C O M E D Y.

By Mr. THOMAS SHADWELL.

SIR *William Belfond*, and Sir *Edward Belfond* are Brothers, the one a Baronet by Birth, and Master of a large paternal Estate, the other being bred a Merchant, acquired great Riches, and was knighted.—Sir *William* the elder has been married, and is the Father of two Sons.—Sir *Edward* is a Batchelor, and determining never to alter his Condition, adopts his younger Nephew, and breeds him as his own.—Sir *William* educates the eldest at a Country School, keeps him always at home with him and will never let him see *London*, for fear of falling into ill Company, nor go to any University lest he should learn Extravagance.—All he desires him to understand is the Management of his Lands, and Arithmetick enough to keep his own Accounts without a Steward.

Steward.—Sir *Edward*, who has a more extensive Way of thinking, sends his Charge first to *Westminster* School, then to *Oxford*, and having compleated his Studies, to make the Tour of *Europe*, under the Care of a learned and experienced Governor; so that wanting no Accomplishments that an affluent Fortune can procure, nor a good Genius be capable of attaining, he comes home an exceeding fine Gentleman.

Sir *Edward* having been a Man of Gaiety in his Youth, and not so old as to forget those Pleasures he once pursued himself, indulges his Nephew in every Thing he can desire, as he finds nothing in him tending to mean or dishonourable Actions. He finds he keeps a great deal of Company, indeed, but then they are such as it is no Disgrace for him to be seen with, Men of Sense and Fortune.—His chief Frailty is the Love of Women, and that, as Sir *Edward* imagines will wear off by Degrees, he readily passes over.

The Author does not seem to aim at giving any Examples of a shining Virtue in this Play.—He contents himself with presenting Men and Women, as they are to be commonly found, and thinks it sufficient to paint Nature as she is, without adding Beauties not her own. Perhaps intimidated from treading in that Path, by the Maxim of one of the greatest Poets of that Age.

“ ——— Never attempt to draw,

“ A faultless Monster which the World ne'er saw.

He therefore makes young *Belfond*, an *aimable* and *worthy*, but not a *perfect* Character.—He gives him all the Virtues can be expected in a Man of his Years, but does not adorn him with such as Time and Experience only can bestow.

As Sir *William* is the Contrast of Sir *Edward*, so are the two young Gentlemen the Contrast of each other, both, however, think themselves in the Right, but which of them is so, the Catastrophe informs us.

Sir *William* hearing of the Death of a near Relation in *Holland*, who had made him his Executor, and left him all he had, which was very considerable, he is obliged to go over.—He leaves his beloved Son, bred up after his

his own Heart, in Trust of every Thing till his Return, and is not in the least anxious for his good Behaviour, But the old Gentleman is no sooner gone, than this Example, as he is looked upon, of Sobriety, takes it into his Head to come to *London*, with his Man *Lolpoop*, and see the Fashions of a Place he has been taught to believe has nothing in it but Debauchery.—On his first Arrival he meets *Shamwel*, a decayed Kinsman of the Family, but who has no other Support at present than sharpening at Gaming-Tables, and being otherwise an Assistant to a notorious Gang of Cheats that have taken shelter from the Law in the Sanctuary of *White-Friars*.—*Belfond* is overjoyed at seeing any one he knows, and the other is no less glad of the Opportunity of getting so rich a young Heir into his Power.—He persuades him not see his Uncle, or his Brother till he appears as fine as they are, and to get a Coach, more Servants and fine Liveries: This pleases *Belfond* much; he agrees to all this Kinsman proposes, who takes him to a Tavern in *White-Friars*, and introduces him to all the Gang.—Poor *Lolpoop* does not like these Men, nor their Behaviour, and is always teasing his Master to leave them, but without Effect, his Country Education has not been such as enables him to see into Men, and these being better dressed than any he has been accustomed to converse with, he takes them all for fine Gentlemen, and the canting Gibberish they make use of in that Place, for high Learning and good Breeding.—They bring a Usurer to him, who lends him two hundred and fifty Pounds, for which he gives a Judgment of sixteen hundred, they pretending the rest is laid out in Cloaths, Equipage, and Tavern Bills.—To silence *Lolpoop*, they make him drunk, and bring a Whore to him, and by these Arts intoxicate him as well as his Master; and they are both in a fair Way of becoming downright *Alsatians*.

In the midst of all this, Sir *William* having dispatched his Business in *Holland*, much sooner than he expected, returns; some Bills of Exchange, and other Affairs requiring his Presence in *London*, he comes here before he goes home. Going to make a Visit to his Brother Sir *Eward*, they fall into Discourse concerning the young *Belfond*: Sir *William* praises the Son, whom he thinks is in the Country, up to the Skies,

Skies, and sails against the Debaucheries of the other, whom Sir *Edward* has taken into his Charge.—They both go together to the younger *Belfond's* Lodgings, who happened at this Time to be but ill prepared to receive such Guests.—He had a young Girl called *Lucia*, the Daughter of an Attorney, with him all Night. As she was going away, Mrs. *Termagant*, a *Virago*, who had a Child by him three Years before, and still follows him, comes up Stairs: He knowing the Violence of her Temper, conceals *Lucia* in a Closet, but on hearing the Father and Uncle are below, he is obliged to put Mrs. *Termagant* in also, with a strict Charge, that whatever she sees or hears, not to make any Disturbance.—But this Injunction she is little able to comply with: She doubts not but this Girl is the Rival, for whose Sake she has been forsaken by *Belfond*, and flies upon her ready to tear her in Pieces.—The other cries out Murder.—The Gentlemen are obliged to part them.—Mrs. *Termagant* is turned out by the Footmen, and *Lucia* is sent away in a Chair.

Here is now sufficient Matter for Sir *William* to renew his railing at the Vices of the Age, the Misfortune of a Town Education, and the Ruin attending giving too much Indulgence to Youth. But all he says cannot convince Sir *Edward* that he has been wrong in his Treatment of his Nephew, nor that he will not see his Errors, and become a sober Man in a short Time.

All Sir *William's* Care, however, is for his Country Son.—He is resolved to see him well settled before he dies, and to that End has fixed on a Wife for him.—Old *Scrapeall* the Usurer, and a Puritan, has a very beautiful Orphan Niece, called *Isabella*, who has twenty thousand Pounds to her Portion—She is under his Guardianship, and lives with him, and Sir *William* agrees to give him five thousand Pounds out of her Fortune for obliging her to marry his Son—But the young Lady has already disposed of her Heart to the younger Brother, as has her Cousin *Theresa*, Daughter to *Scrapeall*, given hers to *Trueman*, a Friend and Companion of his.—They had seen these Gentlemen at Church several Times, and had Reason to imagine they came their only for their Sakes;—nor were they mistaken: *Belfond* is so much in Love with *Isabella*, that for her Sake he can be content to

part

part from all the looser Pleasures of his Life, nor is *Trueman* less devoted to the fair *Theresa*;—but how to get at them was the Difficulty; for the old Man kept them as much immured, or even more, than they could have been in a Monastery, suffered them neither to give or receive any Visits, nor to stir even to Church, without being accompanied by an old Governess called *Ruth*, who pretended to be a zealous Puritan, but was in Reality a canting Hypocrite, and secretly lewd in her Nature. With this Wretch does *Trueman* get acquainted, makes Love to her, lies with her, and in the End prevails with her for a Sum of Money, to introduce him and his Friend to her young Ladies.

She keeps her Promise, and this Conversation between the four Lovers confirms each of them in their respective Passions. But soon after they are gone, an unlucky Accident is like to disappoint all their Hopes, Mrs. *Termagant* having been told somewhat of 'Squire *Belfond* being to marry one of these Ladies, presently imagines it is the younger *Belfond*, not knowing any thing of the other, and is the more assured of it, as she happens to see him go into the House, on which full of jealous Rage and Malice, she resolves to break the Match if possible, and to that End makes her Brother, who is a Bully of *Alsatia*, pursue her with a drawn Sword just before *Scrapeall's* Door, as if he intended to murder her; on which she runs in, begs Protection, pretends to fall into Fits, and affects the utmost Terror and Distress.—The Ladies seem to pity her, and she relates to them a moving Story, that having been solemnly contracted to young *Belfond*, and had a Child by him, she was now abandoned by him for an Attorney's Daughter, and that her Brother, a Captain in the Army, being now returned from the Wars, hearing what had befallen her, was determined to have her Life, as an Expiation for the Disgrace she had brought upon their Family. This sorrowful Tale gains Credit with *Isabella*, and she vows to see *Belfond* no more—Mrs. *Termagant* having accomplished this Point, goes to the Attorney, tells him the same Thing, and withal, that it is his Daughter *Lucia*, who has been the Occasion of her Misfortune in losing *Belfond*, and that she found her in Bed with him one Morning. *Lucia* on this is locked up, and her Father

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ther full of Grief for the Ruin of his Child, and Malice to her Undoer.—So that *Belfond* has enough to make him weary of Intrigue, which he heartily is, and now sees the Pleasures of a regular Life are infinitely exceeding all those that its contrary can afford.

In the mean Time, Sir *William* happens to be walking in the Temple Gardens, where he overhears *Hackum*, *Cheatly*, and his Cousin *Shamwel*, brag to each other of their Success with 'Squire *Belfond*, and contrive together how they may cheat him yet farther, on which he goes up to them, and upbraids them with their Baseness: They only banter him and go off.—He observes which Way, and follows, resolved to find his Son among them, that he may have somewhat to tell Sir *Edward* that will convince him of the Wickedness of the young Spark he has been so ready to excuse; for little does he imagine it is his Country Son who is playing the mad Pranks he heard these Bullies report of him.

He goes into the *George Tavern* in *White-Friars*, where he sees a great Dinner preparing, which they tell him is for 'Squire *Belfond*; he desires to speak with him, but the Country Rake hearing he is there, hides himself, and the Bullies first banter, and then swagger at Sir *William*. He grows outrageous, and swears he won't leave the House till he has seen his Son, on which they cry out an Arrest.—The Mob of the Place rises, and the old *Baronet* is obliged to make use of his Legs for his Preservation.

He goes, however, to Sir *Edward*, and relates to him what had past.—Young *Belfond* assures him, with a great deal of Truth, that he never was at the Place he mentions, nor ever kept any such vile Company.—Both himself and his Uncle imagine some Villain has taken his Name upon him, but his Father won't believe a Word that either of them alledge in this Point, and continues firm in his Opinion, that his Son is one of the most abandoned Profligates that ever was. Young *Belfond* is extremely uneasy, but resolves to go to the Place his Father had been at, and find out the Bottom of this Mystery.

Accordingly he takes two Footmen with him, and *Roger*, a Servant of Sir *William's*;—He gets into the Room where his Brother and all his Companions are carousing—

carousing.—The Amazement he is in is not to be expressed; but he sets forth the Villainy of those Wretches in the strongest Terms, and to convince the 'Squire, as they call him, what they are, beats and kicks every one of them before his Face: Tells him his Ruin, or his Safety depends on his staying with them, or quitting the Place that Instant, and entreats him to go home with him undertaking at the same Time to reconcile him to their Father. But all this is talking to the Wind,—the poor deluded Cully is not to be prevailed upon to leave a Society in which he takes so much Delight, and all the laudable Intentions of this kind Brother are frustrated.—He has, however, the good Nature to conceal what he has discovered from his Father, intending to make one more Effort for reclaiming the Prodigal.

But Sir *William* is soon after informed of all. He receives a Letter from the Country, acquainting him that Mr. *Belfond* left the House soon after his Departure for *Holland*, and had not been heard of since.—This makes him fear his favourite sober Son (as he believes him to be) is privately murdered, and he is beginning to lament the Loss of so dutiful and virtuous a Son, when he meets *Loolpoop*, in the Street with a Whore leaning on his Arm.—This Sight is more amazing to him than the Account he has just received.—He beats *Loolpoop*, and makes him relate the whole Proceedings of his Son, then goes with him to the *George*, where he finds his Son, and his usual Companions, Whores, Bawds, and Bullies.—He flies in the most violent Passion, and offers to strike the 'Squire, but *Shamwel*, *Hackum*, and the rest prevent him, and the old Gentleman is treated with the utmost Rudeness, not only by these Wretches, but also by his own Son, and he goes away intending to get a Lord Chief Justice's Warrant, and Officers to apprehend the whole Gang.

Accordingly he goes directly, and procures a Tipstaff and Constables, but on their crying an Arrest, the Rabble rises as before, and are too hard for the Officers, who are all beat off, and Sir *William* is taken Prisoner, and very near being carried to the Pump by his own Son, and his vile Associates. Young *Belfond*, *Trueman*, with their Servants and some Gentlemen of the Temple, come in very opportunely for his Rescue.—They fight again,
and

and take *Shamwel*, *Cheatly*, and *Hackum*; who are given to the Pleasure of the Mob, but the 'Squire runs away.

The Cheats having been pumped, and almost torn to Pieces, at length get home to their old Quarters, where they find 'Squire *Belfond*; but having Reason to believe by the Bustle his Relations make about him, that they shall not long be able to keep him in the Way he is, they contrive to get him married to Mrs. *Termagant*, whom they pass upon him for a Lady of Quality and Fortune, and she is to give them her Bond for two thousand Pounds, which on his offering to refuse, they will sue him for.—The Parson, and every Thing being provided, the Ceremony is just going to begin, when young *Belfond*, who seems born for his Deliverance, comes in with his Friend *Trueman*, a Constable, Serjeant, and File of Musqueteers, They seize on them all, and Mrs. *Termagant*, wild with Rage at the Disappointment, goes to stab young *Belfond*, but is prevented and disarmed by *Trueman*.—The Posse of Debtors rise again in Defence of their Privilege, but on the Soldiers offering to fire, run off.—The 'Squire goes now willingly with his Brother, and the Rogues are hauled away to Goal.

But while this young Gentleman has been labouring to save his Brother, he had also another Difficulty upon his Hands, which was to be reconciled to *Isabella*.—The Story she had been told by Mrs. *Termagant* had sunk so deeply into her Mind, that it was very hard for him to prevail on her to think well of him again.—The Persuasions of her Cousin *Theresia*, *Trueman*, and *Ruth*, however, at last work upon her, and they all go to Sir *Edward's* House. The whole Story of their Love being related to that worthy Gentleman he gives his consent to the Marriage, settles a Jointure of fifteen hundred Pounds *per Annum* on *Isabella*, besides the whole of her own Fortune, and to make *Lucia* some Atonement for the Loss of her Honour, gives her fifteen hundred Pounds.—The 'Squire is also forgiven by his Father, and every one is now happy; but their Joy had liked to have changed into a most terrible Reverse.—Mrs. *Termagant* having put on Man's Apparel, enters with two Affidavit Men, who swear to a Contract between her and *Isabella*.—The Lady is frightened at this Forgery, all the Company are surprized; but young *Belfond*

fond knows this Fiend of a woman through her Disguise, plucks off her Periwig, and that puts an End to the Deception.—Quite desperate now, and mad with Rage, she plucks out a Pistol, and offers to shoot *Belfond*, but missing her Aim, is disarmed again.—Sir *Edward*, however, in Consideration of what has past between her and his Nephew, offers her an hundred Pounds a Year while she continues quiet, and to provide handsomely for her Child.—She agrees to this, and promises never to give any future Disturbance. And now Sir *William*, convinced of the good Management of his Brother toward the younger *Belfond*, determines to be less severe to the Elder, and endeavour to reclaim him by the same gentle Means.—*Scrapeall* is enraged to find his Niece and Daughter have disposed of themselves without him, and more so, that he loses the five thousand Pounds he expected to have for the Disposal of *Isabella*; but his Behaviour has been such, and his Character so well known, that the Threats he gives are little to be regarded, especially as those he has to deal with, are Persons of too much Honour and Fortune to be any way affected by his feeble Malice.—This Play sets forth many excellent Lessons for avoiding those Snares, which Youth of both Sexes are liable to fall into, and also teaches Age that it ought not to depend too much on itself.—For these Reasons it truly merits the Applause it has received, and doubtless will always do so while Morality is practised among us.

The SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND:

A COMEDY.

By Dr. HOADLY.

THE Character which gives the Title to this entertaining Comedy, is a Gentleman of Sense and Fortune, but of a most unhappy Disposition of Mind, which is tormented by groundless Doubts of his Wife's Conduct, tho' nothing can be more blameless than the Lady's Behaviour.

haviour. In a Journey to *Bath* she made an Acquaintance with *Clarinda*, a young Lady of a large Fortune, and happy in the Possession of the most engaging Accomplishments: and on their return to *London* she invited this amiable Creature to spend her Time at Mr. *Strickland's* (her Husband's) House, as an Acknowledgment for great Civilities she received from her in the Country. Mr. *Strickland* has a Ward, by Name *Jacintha*, a Fortune of 30,000*l.* who is loved by and equally loves Mr. *Bellamy*, a young Gentleman, to whose Character the Guardian can have no Objection, but that his Estate is scarce worth 300*l.* a Year. The young Lovers seem to have been encouraged by the Lady's deceas'd Father, but this has no Weight with *Strickland*, who is obstinately bent against the Match.

Things are in this Situation when the Play opens with *Ranger* (a sprightly Templar and Cousin to *Clarinda*) returning from a Debauch, and making such Reflections on the loss of Time, as a thinking Man will naturally feel when his Spirits are worn out by Fatigue and Satiety. He sits down to his Studies, which appear to be *Congreve's* Poems, and while he is thus employed, a Servant enters with a Card from *Clarinda*, who desires to see him: before he has Time to enquire where She lodges, a pretty Millener comes in with some Linnen: he dispatches the Servant, and begins to play with the Girl, but is interrupted by Mr. *Bellamy*, who is recommending Society to him, when they are joined by *Frankly*, a Gentleman of Worth and Fortune, who takes *Bellamy* to the Park upon Business he has to communicate. In the next Scene appear Mrs. *Strickland* and *Jacintha*, and after some Conversation, Mr. *Strickland* comes in and informs the latter he has received a Letter from *Bellamy*, who still continues to make Proposals which he treats with Contempt: it is prevailed on however to give him a hearing at seven in the Evening, and sends *Jacintha* to the Servant with an Answer to that Purpose. When she is gone he insists that his Wife shall dismiss her Friend *Clarinda*, whose Sprightliness and innocent Gaiety has warmed his suspicious Temper; and this in so harsh a manner that he frights her into Tears, and she promises obedience to every Command of his.

We are after this presented with *Frankly's* Confession to *Bellamy* of a Passion he feels for a young Lady he danced with at *Bath*, and whom he pursues to *London*, without knowing any thing of her Name, Quality or Fortune. While they are talking comes in *Jacky Meggot*, who is a travelled Virtuoso, and a Character that is of so little consequence in the Plot, and so trifling in itself, that most of his Readers wish the Author had not introduced him at all,—but introduced he is, and talks Nonsense about his Monkey &c. to the End of the Act.

The beginning of the second is a gay Conversation of *Clarinda's* with the two other Ladies in the Park, where she acknowledges she likes a Gentleman she saw at *Bath*, and seems to wish for a second meeting. She leaves them, but returns in an Instant, tells them she has seen her Man, and immediately is followed by *Frankly*, who is as well pleased with finding her out, as she at seeing him. He pursues her to *Striðland's*, and gets Admittance — pleads his Passion for her, and is not discouraged—he asks her if that be not her House, which she Answers evasively by telling him she may be heard of there. As soon as he is gone she confesses herself conquered. *Striðland* next appears, full of Suspicion upon seeing a fine Gentleman in his House, and resolves to watch his Wife narrowly, and if possible to find out the Truth from his Servants; with this View, he calls his Wife's Maid, begins to open the Matter to her, but is afraid to trust her, and orders her to send *Tester*, a simple Foot-boy, to him. When he comes, he is still irresolute and is as much afraid of the Boy's Stupidity as the Girl's pertness. — sends him away and calls her again; shuts the Door, but fancies the Wench mocks him, turns her out, and goes off himself in all the Torments of Suspence and Jealousy. This Incident is well managed, but is plainly copied from a Scene in one of *Ben. Johnson's* Plays, where the Character is drawn with much more masterly Strokes. The next Scene we find *Bellamy* making *Meggot* (a man he thinks a Coxcomb, and with whom he has had an Acquaintance only of a few Hours!) a Confident to his Design of carrying off *Jacintha*, and borrows the use of his House to bring her to. — Then enters *Frankly* in the highest Spirits; to him *Bellamy* owns his

Flame

Flame, which it seems he had never told him before, tho' he was his most intimate Friend.—They embrace as a pair of Lovers, and in the Instant *Ranger* appears, and brings a Letter (which he has got from the Servant) to *Bellamy* from *Jacintha*, wherein she appoints twelve that Night for the Hour of her Elopement; and just after *Buckle* (his Man) brings in a Ladder of Ropes, and a Suit of Boy's Cloaths for the Lady's Use which he is conveying to her Maid. The third Act begins with a Scene before *Strickland's* House, where *Bellamy* is waiting impatiently for the happy Minute that his Mistress has appointed to carry her to his Arms: *Frankly*, who takes this to be *Clarinda's* House, like a true Lover comes out of his Way to view it by Moon-light; the former upon his Entrance retires for Fear of a Discovery, and now the Maid comes out of the House and calls to *Jacintha* to give her some necessary Cautions.—*Frankly* sees her at the Window drest in Boy's Cloaths, and his Jealousy is instantly alarmed.—In the Interim enters *Clarinda*, as returning late from a party of Whist, *Jacintha* takes *Frankly* for *Bellamy*, and calls to him; he answers, and she throws the Ladder out, while *Clarinda* descries him, and with as much Jealousy as himself, resolves to see the End of the Adventure.—Mean while *Lucetta* (the Maid) enters again and tells *Jacintha* she may come down the back Stairs, which she hears with great Pleasure and accordingly retires from the Window: then *Clarinda* takes the Opportunity to reproach *Frankly* with his Passion for another, which she fancies she knows the whole progress of, as she takes it for granted that he is the Lover, whose Addresses *Strickland* had rejected, and with whose Amour *Jacintha* herself had acquainted her. She goes off in Anger, but says enough to shew *Frankly* his Mistake, however he resolves to serve the Lovers.—*Jacintha* comes down, is frighten'd at finding herself mistaken, *Bellamy* attacks him.—With great Difficulty are they prevented from fighting, and are scarce gone off, when *Strickland*, alarmed by *Clarinda*, comes out in hot pursuit after his Ward. *Ranger*, who is upon his usual Midnight Ramble, enters here, and perceiving a Window open with a Ladder resolves to mount it in search of Game—he does so and draws it up after him. The Scene now changes to Mrs. *Strickland's* Dressing Room, where *Ranger*

finds her talking to her Maid, whom she dismisses for talking impertinently of her Husband; encouraged by hearing that he was jealous, he accosts her with a great deal of Humour and consummate Assurance,—she is astonished at his Impudence, calls for help, but Nobody comes, and he has got her in his Arms when she hears her Husband's Voice, who is returned with *Jacintha*, Prisoner—she hurries *Ranger* into the next Chamber, but he drops his Hat, which *Strickland* when he enters finds on the Floor, and flies into the most violent Rage,—his Wife is confounded and nothing can convince him, 'till *Lucetta* slyly steals *Jacintha's* Hat away, and she owns *Ranger's* to be hers, when he is as much ashamed of his Folly, as he was before full of Passion; he dispatches *Jacintha* to Bed, and retires with his Wife. The Scene here changes to another Apartment, where *Ranger* is lurking and meets *Jacintha*, takes her at first for a Boy, but by her Discourse is undeceived and then makes Love to her, tells her he came thither only on her Account, and that he has long admired her, when she shews him his Hat and puts him out of Countenance.—At last he has recourse to meer Force, she falls into Tears and calls upon *Bellamy's* Name; *Ranger*, who with all his Wildness is a Man of Honour, rejoices at the Opportunity of serving his Friend; convinces her that he knows all her Concerns, and secures her Retreat by the Way that he got in himself. This whole Act is full of entertaining Incidents, and never fails of pleasing the Audience when performed with suitable Spirit.

In the beginning of the fourth Act we find *Bellamy* reproaching *Frankly* for the Disappointment he received from his impertinent Curiosity the Night before, since which Time he has heard nothing of *Jacintha*. While the other is excusing himself, in comes *Lucetta* who supposes her Lady is with *Bellamy*, and her Account of the Matter alarms all his Jealousy, and convinces him that he is abused in his Love by *Frankly*. They have drawn their Swords when *Ranger* enters, and with some Difficulty parts them: he begins to give a History of his Adventures, but his Frolicksome manner enrages in their turns both the Lovers; one for his *Jacintha*, and t'other on *Clarinda's* Account, whom he supposes *Ranger* had been intriguing with, as he tells the Story. They are
scarce

scarce pacified and both impatient to hear the News, when they are joined by *Meggot* who explains every Thing, and settles all their Dissensions. We find after this some new Instances of *Strickland's* unjust Suspicions, who seizes a Letter wrote by *Frankly* to *Clarinda*, and will not be persuaded that it is not intended for his Wife tho' directed to another. This determines him to part with her, and he goes off to put his Resolution in practice. *Clarinda*, who is in a manner turned out of his House, has taken Lodgings, and is going thither in a Chair, when *Ranger* (who is ever looking out for Sport) overtakes her, and spite of the Chairmen and Landlady pursues her up Stairs. She knows her Cousin, and puts on a Mask—he addresses her in his usual Stile, but is struck dumb when she unmasks: he recovers however from his Confusion, and with great gaiety begins to entertain her with some part of his last Night's Exploits, but carefully conceals the Affair of the Hat. She perceives that he was the Person who had made all the Disturbance in *Strickland's* House, and reads him a severe Lecture on the Folly of his Behaviour. He resolves to be even with her, and to effect it puts on an Air of great Contrition, but tells her that he was sent for a Surgeon to *Frankly* who was dangerously wounded by *Bellamy* and yet she would detain him to drink Tea with her. She is alarmed, and betrays her Tendernefs by hurrying him away: This Scene is wrought up with great Spirit and Humour, and furnishes *Ranger* an Opportunity of laying a Plot to bring *Clarinda* and his Friend together. The last Act opens with an affecting Scene between *Strickland* and his Wife, and while he is torturing both himself and her with the intended Separation, he receives a Letter from *Bellamy* and *Jacintha* desiring him to come to *Meggot's* where they promise to make him easy in his Doubts. He goes thither and his Wife (by their Request) follows him. We soon after see all the Parties assembled at *Meggot's*, where *Clarinda* (impatient to hear of *Frankly*) hurries after *Ranger*, and is led into a Confession of her Love, and afterwards to make *Strickland* easy absolutely gives him her Hand. Mrs. *Strickland* enters here, and to leave no part of her Conduct capable of a Doubt, tells her Husband of *Ranger's* Visit; he is ready to relapse, when by his honest way of telling the Story he is at last convinced

his Wife's Innocence, and to crown all settles the Affair between *Bellamy* and *Jacintha* to their Satisfaction ; which concludes a Comedy, where the Incidents are so numerous and at the same Time so diverting, that few Plays can afford more Entertainment.

TAMERLANE:

A TRAGEDY.

By Mr. ROWE.

THIS Play opens with the Preparations for Battle between *Tamerlane* and *Bajazet*, the two great Rival Powers of *Asia*.—*Axalla*, a *Christian* Prince, and an *Italian* by Birth, is the near Friend of *Tamerlane*, and chief General of his *Parthian* Forces.—In a Skirmish he has taken *Selima* the Daughter of *Bajazet*, and *Moneses*, a *Grecian* Prince, who had been some Time before made Captive by *Bajazet*, and was sent by him to conduct her to his Tent.

Axalla had in the Beginning of the War been sent to *Bajazet*, with Offers of an Accommodation from *Tamerlane* ; and he then fell in Love with *Selima*, who had listened to his Suit ; but all Overtures of Peace being disdained by *Bajazet*, their mutual Passion was kept a Secret.—Now being made his Prisoner, she demands as a Proof of his Love, that he will restore her to her Father ; hard as it seemed to part with her, he would have complied with this Injunction, but it was not in his Power.—The two Armies being met, and the Fight ready to begin.—She exacts a Promise from him, however, that as soon as the Battle is over, he will order her to be conducted to *Bajazet*, and his fulfilling this Engagement which his Tenderneſs drew him into, had afterward like to have been fatal to them both.

Bajazet is represented as a prodigious Tyrant, cruel, haughty even to Insolence, ambitious, and revengeful.—He had broke his Treaties with *Greece*, had fallen upon the Inhabitants when they were totally unprepared for Defence,

Defence, and laid waste many Towns, and taken a great Number of noble Captives ; among whom was *Moneses* before mentioned, and with him *Arpasia*, a beautiful young Lady, to whom he was contracted, and just going to be married ; but they agree to pass for Brother and Sister during the Time of their Confinement.—The Emperor became desperately in Love with her, and to have the better Opportunity of prosecuting his Suit, had sent her supposed Brother to guard *Selima* to the Camp, in which Commission he was taken Prisoner, with his fair Charge, by *Axalla*, as above related. The Tyrant then pursued *Arpasia* with his unwelcome Love, which she seeing no other way to avoid, confessed the Deception they had put upon him, and that she was already betrothed to *Moneses*, hoping that on hearing her Vows were given to another, he would desist his Importunities ; but this Consideration was of no Moment to him, and finding her resolute in refusing his Offers, compelled her to go to the Temple, where a *Dervise* married them after the Fashion of that Country, and she was afterwards drag'd to his Bed.

All the Captives are royally entertained by *Tamerlane*, and the Fate of War determined in his Favour : The whole Army of *Bajazet* being defeated, and himself made Prisoner, he no sooner hears that *Arpasia* is his Wife, than he orders her to be conducted to the Pavilion appointed for him, and omits nothing that a generous Conqueror could do, to render his Misfortune less grievous.

But *Bajazet* too proud to be obliged, treats all his Offers with his former Fierceness, and mad with jealous Rage on *Arpasia's* avowed and constant Hatred to him, receives her with little Pleasure. *Moneses* hearing she was taken, and not knowing of her Marriage, entreats *Tamerlane* to bestow her on him ; but is soon informed that she is irrecoverably lost to him.—They have afterwards a very moving Interview, in which *Bajazet* surprizes them : *Selima* is also conducted to him by *Axalla*, according to the Promise that generous Lover had made, but their Loves being discovered to the Tyrant, he is far from thanking him for the Gift, yet offers to bestow her on him, if he will bring him the Head of *Tamerlane* ; this not all his Passion can suffer him to admit a Thought of, and he is bid never to see her more.

Tamerlane, however, is not without his Dangers.—
Omar, a *Tartar* General, and a Man of great Interest in the Army, having been charmed with the Beauty of *Selima*, had beg'd her of the Emperor, who told him she was *Axalla's* Right: Enflamed with this Refusal, he offers his Service to *Bajazet*, assures him he will draw all his Forces from *Tamerlane*, and not only facilitate his Escape, but also put him in a Condition to conquer in his Turn.—
 The Tyrant accepts his Proposal, and promises his Daughter shall be the Recompence.

In the mean time a *Dervise* in the Interest of *Bajazet*, pretends a Business of Secrecy and Importance to *Tamerlane*, and is admitted to a private Conference, in which he attempts to stab him, but the Emperor disarms, upbraids, and afterwards pardons him. This Clemency has not the Effect it ought, or might be expected to have on this wicked Man, he joins in the Conspiracy with *Omar*, and some other *Tartarian* Generals, who are disgusted at the Favour shewn to *Axalla*, and every Thing is so ordered, that *Tamerlane* must have been inevitably ruined, but for a very extraordinary Accident. Providence (or at least the Poet, for I think the Fact is not in History) so ordained it, that the Daughter of this haughty Monarch should be the Instrument of disappointing his Designs, in the following Manner.

On the Night intended for the Enterprize, *Moneses* came to take a last Leave of his dear undone *Arpasia*, and *Axalla* to renew his Vows to *Selima*: *Bajazet*, on hearing they were there, orders both to be seized.—*Moneses* is strangled by the Mutes before *Arpasia's* Face, who dies with Grief immediately after, but he gives to the Entreaties of *Selima* an Hour's Respite to *Axalla*, on Condition she prevails with him to renounce the *Tartar*, and be the Companion of their Flight.—The Princess knowing too well her Lover's Soul, to imagine she shall be able to win him to forsake his Master, and fearing her Father's Cruelty in case of a Refusal, disguises him in the Habit of a Slave, by which Means he safely reaches the Camp of *Tamerlane*, and acquaints him with all he has discovered.—The Army on this is immediately alarmed, they encompass the Pavilion of *Bajazet*.—*Omar* with his Party are defeated, and himself with the perfidious *Dervise*, and those other
Tartarian

Tartarian Lords, who had joined in the Conspiracy, made Prisoners, and ordered to the Execution due to Traytors.—*Bajazet*, on finding all this has hapened by his Daughter, is just about to stab her, when the victorious *Tamerlane* and *Axalla* rush in and save her. She is to be given now to her Lover, and her Father to be imprisoned for Life, which, still retaining his former Fierceness, he swears shall be of short Duration.

This Play being intended as a Compliment to King *William*, there is some Room to believe the Character of *Tamerlane* is illustrated with some Beauties, which the Original might want, and also that of *Bajazet* rendered more hideous, than is almost in Nature.—But Poetick Licence authorises some little Transition from the Reality, and is sure not be condemned when in Favour of the prevailing Party; for which Reason we are sure of seeing it appear to a crowded Audience every fourth of *November*.



THE

THE
T E M P E S T :

OR,

The INCHANTED ISLAND.

A COMEDY.

Wrote originally by Mr. SHAKESPEAR,

And altered by

Sir WILLIAM DAVENANT, and
Mr. DRYDEN.

THE History or Fable (for I will not pretend to say on which this Play is founded) is of *Italian* Growth, and the Moral seems calculated with a double View ; first to shew the Dangers to which a Prince exposes himself by trusting too much of his Authority in any one Hand, especially if he be nearly allied to the Sovereignty ; and, secondly, the Detestation Heaven has of all kinds of Usurpation, which sooner or later it never fails to bring to due Shame and Punishment.

Prospero, Duke of *Milan*, being a Prince much devoted to Study and Contemplation, had left the Management of State Affairs entirely, in a Manner, to his Brother's Care, who tempted by the Sweets of Power, seized on the Sovereign Authority, and sent *Prospero*, with two Infant Daughters, into Banishment. The Duke of *Mantua* being at that Time a Minor, the Person appointed for his Protector also usurped his Dominions, and had the Royal Babe concealed in *Milan*.

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The inhuman Brother of the deposed *Prospero* ordered him to be put into an open Boat without any Provisions, and so exposed to all the Dangers of the Winds and Waves; but *Gonsalvo* an honest Courtier pitying his Fate, though unable to prevent it, furnished him with many Necessaries, and some Books of more Value to him than his Dukedom. The unhappy Prince thinking it might hereafter be of some Service to him, finds Means to steal the young Heir of *Mantua*, and make him Sharer of his Fate.—With these three Infant Passengers he was driven on Shoar on a desert and enchanted Island; but by his great Skill in the abstruse Science, he made the Spirits both of Earth and Air subservient to his Will, and attend all his Commands, as also two Monsters, *Caliban* and *Sicorax*, begot, as the Poet tells us, by the Devil on a Witch.

Here did *Prospero* live for the Space of fifteen Years, and bring up the three who were under his Care.—By his Art he erected a magnificent Cave for himself and Daughters, and another in a distant Part of the Island for *Hippolito* the Heir of *Mantua*, who was now equally dear to him with his own Children; but never suffered them to meet, fearing some Danger might ensue.

Antonio and *Alonzo*, the two Usurpers, with Prince *Ferdinand* the Son of the latter, and the honest *Gonsalvo*, on some Occasion were altogether in a Ship. This *Prospero* was informed of by his Spirits, and instantly raised a Tempest, which after terrifying them in the most violent Manner, threw them on a Rock, where all quitting the Vessel, each endeavoured to shift for himself, some by one Means, and some by another. *Prospero* ordered it so, that they should all direct their Course to the enchanted Island, and not a Man perish, tho' each should land at different Times and Parts.—*Ferdinand* made the Shoar near to the Cave of *Prospero*, where he saw and fell in Love with *Miranda* his eldest Daughter.—The two Usurpers, with *Gonsalvo*, who had saved themselves on Planks, were thrown on the other Side of the Island, where being almost perished with Fatigue and Hunger, they were tantalized with the Sight of delicious Viands, which as they offered to lay hold of, vanished from their Touch. Many Tricks did *Prospero's* attending Spirits play upon them for their Punishment; but while these Things

Things were doing, *Hippolito* having stirred beyond his Bounds, met with *Dorinda*, the youngest Daughter of the banished Duke; as she had never seen a Man except her Father, nor he any Woman, they wonder at each other, and their Admiration soon converts into the most tender Love.—*Ferdinand* afterwards meeting him, and speaking of *Miranda*, *Hippolito* is overjoyed to hear there are more Women in the World, and tells the other that he will have them all: the Prince is surprized at his Simplicity, but is at length so far urged, that he fights with him, and wounds him.—*Hippolito* lies as dead through Loss of Blood, *Dorinda* mourns over him, *Prospero* is grieved beyond Measure, and resolves to put *Ferdinand* to Death; but to compleat his Revenge on the Usurper of *Mantua*, for having assisted his Brother in his lawless Claim, orders the two Dukes, with *Gonsalvo*, to be brought, in order to behold the Execution. *Miranda* begs for *Ferdinand*, but in vain; and his Father, with the others, being come, *Prospero* discovers himself to them, and the Manner in which he has lived:—They cannot deny either the Justice of his Reproaches, or the Providence which has manifested itself in all these Events.—Just as *Ferdinand* is about to suffer the Doom *Prospero* has past upon him, *Ariel* the Spirit has brought Herbs of such a healing Virtue as restore *Hippolito*. This happy Event converts all their Sorrows into Rejoicings;—the usurping Duke resigns his Dominions to his Brother, as does the other those belonging to *Hippolito*, who is to marry with *Dorinda*, and *Ferdinand* with *Miranda*.—*Prospero*, who has made his Spirits refit the Ship, is to embark with them, and resume his Right; so that Justice at length gets the better of Fraud and Ambition.

The Sailors who were also thrown on Shoar after having had many comical Contests among themselves, who should be Lords or Governors of this Island, at last become Friends, and are willing to be equal as before. Their Parts, however, with the singing of the Spirits, contribute greatly to render this Play so agreeable in its Representation.

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THEODOSIUS:

O R,

The FORCE of LOVE.

A TRAGEDY.

 By Mr. NAT. LEE.

THEODOSIUS, Emperor of the *East*, and *Varanes* Prince of *Persia*, were educated together, being much of the same Age, under the Care of *Leontine* the Philosopher, who had the Address, though his Pupils were of the most opposite Tempers that could be, to excite in them a very tender Friendship for each other.——Their Studies being compleated, each repaired to his respective Home, but *Theodosius* having by Accident beheld a very beautiful Maid, as she was bathing herself, became so much enamoured of her, as to forget every Thing else: He had caused all possible Enquiry to be made concerning her, but was able to learn nothing, on which he fell into an extreme Melancholy.——The Shadow of the fair Incognita was for ever before his Eyes, without the least Hope of ever being able to see the Substance any more, so that he returned to *Constantinople*, wholly incapable of the Management of publick Affairs, which being sensible of himself, he left all to the Care of *Pulcheria* his eldest Sister, and a Princess of great Penetration and Prudence.——This, *Marcian* the General, and all the Officers of the Army were highly offended at, as thinking it beneath the Dignity of a *Roman* Soldier to receive Orders from a Woman; not but that *Hero* was secretly in Love with *Pulcheria*, as was she also with him, but both kept their Flames concealed, the one out of Respect, and the other
out

out of Modesty.—He talks to her, however, on the Emperor's strange absenting himself from Business, with a Freedom, which tho' she does not disapprove in her Heart, replies to with a Haughtiness becoming her Character, and to try his Honesty to the utmost, deprives him of his Command, and banishes him the Court.

Theodosius is all this while languid and insensible of every thing that passes, and his two younger Sisters having resolved to become Nuns, he is about to follow their Example, and devote his whole Life to the Exercise of Religion in a Convent.—Nothing could have prevailed on him to quit this Design, but the News that *Varanes* his Friend, and the Partner of his Studies, with *Leontine* his Tutor, were on their Way to visit him.—His Love to the *Persian* Prince, and his Regard for the Philosopher, obliged him to suspend the Execution of what his Melancholy had made him determine, till he had paid such Civilities to those dear Persons, as their Characters, and his own Inclinations demanded from him.

There seemed, indeed, to be a Parity of Fortune, tho' not of Disposition, between those two great Princes: *Varanes* was no less distractedly in Love than *Theodosius*: He had seen *Athenais* the Daughter of *Leontine*, and had given her so much of his Soul, that he was not able to live a Day out of her Sight. As he assured the Philosopher he had no Designs tending to her Dishonour, he permitted him to entertain her with his Passion, and when they set out for *Constantinople*, brought her along with them, but when they arrived, suffered her not to approach the Court, or be seen by the Emperor, for Reasons he had within his own Breast.

They had not been long in *Constantinople*, where they were received with all Honours, before the careful Father thought it a proper Time to sound the Bottom of the Prince's Intentions concerning *Athenais*, therefore proposed a Marriage.—*Varanes* started at the Motion, and by the Persuasions of *Arantes* his Confident, utterly rejects it, on which *Leontine* forbids *Athenais* ever to see him more, nor does she herself desire it; for though she loves to the utmost Height of Passion, yet the Strictness of her Virtue, renders her disdainful of the Man who durst to think

think of her with Dishonour.—*Leontine* finding her in the Humour he wished, now carries her to Court, and presents her to *Pulcheria*, under the Pretence of having her baptized into the *Christian* Faith, which she had long inclined to, and of which the Emperor and his Sister were. *Pulcheria* receives her with Joy, assists at the Ceremony of her Initiation, and is herself her God-mother, giving her the Name of *Eudofia*.—The Emperor sees her with his Sister, but how great is his Astonishment, when he finds in the Daughter of his Tutor the very Charmer for whom he had so long languished, and whom he had so vainly sought.—He immediately throws himself at her Feet, with the Offer of the Imperial Crown, which *Leontine* commands her to accept. He it was alone, who knew the Object of his Pupil's Affection, but concealed her from him, knowing her Passion for *Varanes*, and now took this Opportunity of discovering her, in order to revenge the haughty Refusal of the *Persian* Prince: She had been equally piqued at it herself, and therefore readily agrees to give her Hand to *Theodosius* the next Day, the Impatience of that young Monarch permitting no Delay. In the Transport of his Heart, he tells *Varanes* he has found the Beauty which had subdued him, but without mentioning her Name, and the Prince little suspects the intended Empress is his adored *Athenais*, till the Emperor brings her forth drest in Imperial Robes.—His Confusion then is such, as requires all the Poet's Art to express. *Theodosius* perceives he is his Rival, and his generous Friendship gets so much the better even of his Love, that he leaves her to the Freedom of her Choice. *Varanes* repents him of the late Indignity with which he treated *Leontine*, and after the Example of the Emperor, offers his Daughter the Crown of *Persia*: But this is now too late, she has given her Promise to *Theodosius*, and will not recede from it, though her Passion for his Rival struggles hard within her; yet cannot she refrain avowing she still loves him, and there is between them a very moving Scene: He parts from her resolved to die, nor are her Intentions of a less desperate Nature, though she conceals them from him and all the World.

Pulcheria is all this Time not indolent.—She grieves at her Brother's Inactivity, would have him rouz'd to nobler

Thoughts

Thoughts than those of Love, and who so proper for that Task as *Marcian*, whose Worth she not only loves, but knows wherefore she loves; the Time allotted for his Banishment is not yet come, he is still at Court, and she resolves to make him the Instrument of awaking the Emperor to the Duties of his Station. As the Imperial *Theodosius* signs all Papers she presents, she lays before him a Warrant for his beloved *Eudofia*'s Death, to which he sets his Hand and Seal as to the others, without giving himself the Trouble to examine the Purport.—This Warrant she puts into *Marcian*'s Hands, not doubting but he will make a proper Use of it; but on her intrusting him with it, seems to have forgot the Doom she has inflicted on him. On this he goes to the Emperor, shews him to what his Indolence and Dependance may possibly bring him, and pictures out the Figure of a Monarch who neglects the State, in so lively a Manner, that *Theodosius* is re-animated by it, and promises to head his Army in Person as soon as his Nuptials are consummated.

Leontine is for hastening the Completion of what he so much wishes, both for his Daughter's Sake, and the Gratification of his Resentment against *Varanes*: The Marriage Ceremony is therefore, at his Request, performed the Night before the Day agreed upon.—*Eudofia* being called to the Altar, drinks Poison, and then weds the Emperor.—*Varanes* is informed by *Aranthes* of this Midnight Marriage, on which he falls upon his Sword, and commands that Attendant to order his dead Body to be carried to the Empress, as she is coming out of the Chapel.—The faithful *Aranthes* punctually obeys his Prince's Commands, and relates to her, the Emperor, and all present, the sad Circumstances of his Lord's Fate.

This dreadful Spectacle hastens the Operation of the Poison, she throws herself upon his breathless Coarse, confesses the Passion she ever had for him, and what she has done to preserve herself from any other Man, then dies beside him.

The Emperor equally grieved for his Friend and Bride, now resumes his Resolution of retiring from the World for ever, but first joins the Hands of *Marcian* and *Pulcheria*, to whom he gives his Empire, which is the last Scene of a Play, which has too many Beauties in it not

to

to atone for some few Faults, which nothing but the too great Warmth of the Author's Imagination could have made him overlook, since they are only such as might have been easily rectified by a less masterly Hand.——

It is, however, an Entertainment which will always have Charms for the Ladies, and for that Reason, if for no other, will be countenanced by all the polite of the other Sex.

VENICE Preserved:

O R, A

PLOT DISCOVER'D.

A TRAGEDY.

By Mr. OTWAY.

PRIOULI, a Senator of *Venice*, has an only Daughter, once extremely dear to him, but lost his Affection by this Means; he had entertained in his House a young Gentleman named *Jaffier*, of worthy Parts, but of a Fortune inferior to his Merits; he had loved him, and intended to do him all the good Offices in his Power; when happening to be on the *Adriatick* at the Time when the *Doge* of *Venice* celebrates his Marriage with the Sea, and *Jaffier* and his Daughter *Belvidera* with him; the Ship struck upon a Rock, the Long-boat was thrown out, into which he went, his Daughter following was washed off by a Wave, on which *Jaffier* plunging in saved her Life, with the imminent Danger of his own; she afterward rewarded the Service by marrying him, which so incensed *Priuli*, that he would not permit either of them to come into his Presence.——*Jaffier* supported his beloved *Belvidera*, for so she is called, according to her accustomed way of living,

living, while he had any Means of doing so, but his little Substance being at length quite consumed, they fell into extreme Poverty.—In this Distress he has Recourse to *Priuli*, who will not be prevailed upon to afford them the least Assistance, and seems even to take a savage Pleasure in their Calamities.

A Conspiracy against the Senate being at that Time on Foot, *Jaffier* is prevailed upon to enter into it, partly by his Necessities, partly by the Instigations of his dear Friend *Pierre*, and partly out of Revenge for the Treatment he has received from his inhuman Father-in-law.

Being introduced by *Pierre* to the Faction, his Sincerity in the Cause is suspected by many of them. Warm Words on that Occasion ensue, on which he puts *Belvidera* into the Hands of *Renault*, one of the principal among them, by way of Hostage for his Faith, giving a Dagger with her at the same Time, which if he is found false, he agrees shall be plunged into her Heart.

Renault no sooner has her in his Possession, than fired with her Beauty he attempts to ravish her, but her Shrieks prevent him, and she is preserved from Violation. *Jaffier* comes soon after to visit her; she acquaints him with the Baseness of the Man to whom she has been given in Charge, and insisting on being let into the Secret of his having left her in this Manner, he is with much ado prevailed on to reveal to her the whole Plot, and the Consequences which it is intended to bring about.—Perceiving that the whole Senate, and all the great Magnifico's of *Venice* were to be involved in one common Destruction, she is shocked to the very Soul at the Thoughts of so bloody an Act of Treason, and would chuse rather to suffer a thousand Deaths herself, than consent the least Ill should befall *Priuli*, whom, barbarous as he has been, she still loves, and reveres with the greatest filial Tenderness.—She sets the Crime *Jaffier* is about being guilty of in the strongest Colours before his Eyes, and her moving Eloquence, joined with the extreme Passion he has for her, and the Shock which the Villany of *Renault* has given him, at length prevail on him to go to the Senate and lay open the Conspiracy; though he cannot be brought to resolve on doing this, without the most severe Conflict within himself, both on Account of the solemn Imprecations he has made, and

and the Ingratitude he must be guilty of to *Pierre*, who next to *Belvidera* was the Person in the World most dear to him.—He suffers her, however, to lead him to the Senate House, where, having previously obtained Pardon for *Pierre*, and several others, of whose Names he has given in a List, he declares the whole of the Plot, and by what Means it was designed to be put into Execution. All the Conspirators are immediately seized: *Pierre* upbraids *Jaffier*, and he already repents what his Wife's Persuasions have made him do; but much more so, when he finds the faithless Senators have recalled their promised Mercy, and condemned *Pierre* and several others to Death upon the Rack: He now grows wild with Despair, Remorse, and Grief, and in his Fury threatens to kill *Belvidera*; she flies to her Father, and prevails on him to use his Interest for the Preservation of the Conspirators; but before this can be accomplished, *Pierre* is carried to Execution: He desires to see *Jaffier* before his Death;—they are reconciled, and on *Pierre*'s Request he stabs him, to prevent his being exposed upon the Wheel, then kills himself with the same Dagger.

Belvidera, on hearing this dreadful Catastrophe runs mad, and dies in the utmost Agonies.—*Priuli* now laments his Cruelty to her Husband, which had been the Cause of his entering into that fatal Association, and brought on all these Miseries.

In the Midst of these affecting, and Pity-moving Scenes the Audience is diverted with some of a different Nature.—*Aquilina*, a Greek Courtezan, is kept by an old foolish Senator called *Antonio*, and his ridiculous Manner of entertaining her, excites no less of Mirth in the Audience, than the more serious Characters do of Grief. *Pierre* has been her Lover for a long Time, and is almost adored by her, though Interest has made her yield to *Antonio*, whom she hates and despises.—If there be any Thing faulty in this Play, it is certainly some few ludicrous Expressions which seem rather adapted to the Sock than Buskin; and, indeed, the Gentlemen who have the Management of the Theatres are sensible of it, and of late Years have omitted as many of them as could be cut out without Prejudice to the Business of the Piece, which is universally allowed to be one of the best and most striking

ing Tragedies we have on the Stage, and is never acted without drawing Tears from as many as are capable of feeling any Share in the Woes of others.

V O L P O N E :

O R,

The F O X.

A C O M E D Y.

By Mr. BEN. JOHNSON.

VOLPONE is a Magnifico of *Venice*, very rich, and privately luxurious, yet so fordidly covetous of other Men's Goods, that he counterfeits himself sick and decrepid, and makes it be given out to all his Acquaintance, that he is in a dying Condition, in order to excite them to make him Presents, and humour him in every Thing, in hope of being remembered in his Will.—The Design succeeds, and his House is every Day crowded with Persons who come under the pretence of Love to enquire after his Health, but in Reality are impatient for his Death,—Each striving which shall most ingratiate himself: Among the number of these is *Corvino*, a Merchant, *Voltore*, an Advocate, and *Corbaccio*, a Man almost blind and deaf with Age. Each is made to believe he is the Heir by *Mosca*, a Parasite and Companion of *Volpone's*, who lives with him, and carries on the Deception in the most artful and diverting Manner.

The first Scene discovers *Volpone* and his Assistant laughing and triumphing over the Gulls they make, but on a Knocking at the Door, the former puts on his Plaisters, wraps himself in Furs, and lies down on his Couch as a Man quite worn out with Pain and Sicknes: When he is thus prepared, *Voltore* is admitted, who brings with him
a huge

a huge Piece of Plate ; then *Corbaccio* makes his Visit, and as soon as the other is gone off, plucks a large Bag of Gold from under his Coat as an Offering to the sick Man. — Nothing can be more pleasant than this Scene. — The old Wretch can scarce walk yet expects to outlive *Volpone*, and riot with the Wealth he shall bequeath him : *Mosca* abuses him to his Face, yet he cannot hear him, and after telling him as he did the other, that his Patron has made his Will, and left him sole Executor, gets him off, in order to introduce *Corvino*, who brings two Jewels of great Value ; he is deceived the same Way also, and *Volpone* pretending to be asleep, *Mosca* gets rid of him, and they renew their Mirth at the cozen'd Fools, who think themselves happy in having the Tribute they have brought accepted.

But this is in a Manner only opening the Plot : *Mosca* afterwards displays his Abilities in a most extraordinary Manner. — He manages *Corbaccio*, by inspiring him with some Fears that *Voltore* and some others, who, he tells him, have done great Things for his Patron, may come in for a Share of his Wealth, that he prevails on the old Wretch to disinherit his only Son *Bonario*, and give his whole Estate to *Volpone*, thereby to outdo all his Rivals in his Favour, and engage him to bequeath him every thing.

Volpone, in the mean time having heard of the Beauty of *Celia*, Wife to *Corvino*, disguises himself like a Mountebank, and mounts a Stage opposite her Window, where he has the Opportunity of seeing her, is as much charmed with her as a Man of his Temper can be, but enough to be impatient to enjoy her, which Gratification *Mosca* also undertakes to procure for him, though nothing has the Appearance of greater Difficulty, *Corvino* being so extremely jealous of her, that he never suffers her to stir abroad without himself is with her, and always locks her into her Chamber, when he goes out. — He had caught her at the Window looking at the Tricks of the supposed Mountebank, and had reproached her for it in the most bitter Terms, as well as rendered her Confinement more close, yet does *Mosca*, in spite of all these impediments, undertake to bring her to his Patron, and accomplishes his Design by this Means.

He

He tells *Corvino*, that *Volpone* is ordered by his Physicians to have a young Woman to lie by his Side, and that a certain Doctor has offered his only Daughter, a most beautiful Virgin, for that Purpose, hinting at the same Time that he could not chuse but bequeath him a very great Legacy for so extraordinary an Act of Friendship. *Corvino*, who hopes to be sole Heir, and cannot suffer any Part of those Treasures he expects to be Master of shall be given to another, suffers his Avarice to get the better of all that Jealousy of Honour, which till now he has testified, and not only makes a voluntary Resignation of his Wife during *Volpone's* Pleasure, but brings her himself to his Chamber.—The poor Lady, who is truly virtuous, is almost distracted when she finds to what End, weeps, entreats, conjures her Husband not to betray her in this cruel Manner, vows she will rather die than suffer a Violation of this Kind, but all in vain, he has determined to make her the Sacrifice of his sordid Aim, and assured by *Mosca*, that this will secure to him the whole of what he wishes, leaves her to be treated as *Volpone* shall think proper.

But before this happens, *Mosca* has met *Bonario*, and told him that his Father is about to disinherit him, which the young Gentleman not believing, he offers to place him where he shall hear him read his Will and Conveyance; this *Bonario* consenting to, the other puts him into a Closet in *Volpone's* Chamber, expecting *Corbaccio* to come soon, but the Haste *Corvino* is in of presenting his Wife, and being beforehand with the Doctor, bringing him somewhat before the Time, *Bonario* is Witness to the Distress of *Celia*, and when *Volpone*, thinking himself safe, jumps from his Couch, throws off his Searcloths, and is about to ravish her, rushes out from his Concealment, beats *Volpone*, and carries her out of the House: *Corbaccio* enters immediately after, and *Mosca* tells him his Son has been there, broke into the House by Violence, expecting to have found him there, and murdered him, to prevent his disinheriting him — This so enrages the old Man, that he resolves never to see him more. *Volpone* and *Mosca* are however in very great Agitations that their Villainy is thus laid open to *Bonario*, and not doubting but he will complain of them to the Senate, bend their whole Wits how to render his Accusation of no Effect.

Mosca's

Mosca's fertile Invention now stands much their Friend ; he tells *Voltore* the Advocate, that he having persuaded old *Corbaccio* to make his Will, and leave all to *Volpone*, in order that he, *Voltore*, should enjoy the Estates of both ; to make it more sure, he had acquainted *Bonario* with his Father's Intention, in hope he would murder him out of Revenge, which he attempted to do, and failing in, he had prevailed on *Corvino's* Wife to swear a Rape against *Volpone*, and join with him in pretending they had detected him as an Impostor. All this *Voltore* believes, and goes to the *Scruterio*, a Court of Justice so called, in order to prosecute *Bonario* and *Celia*, and so render what they have to say invalid. *Mosca* then persuades *Corvino* to accuse his Wife of Adultery, to the End it may not be believed he introduced her to *Volpone*, and to strengthen what they intend to urge against that innocent Lady, another Stratagem is made use of.

Sir *Politick* Would be, an *English* Gentleman, who, imagining himself obnoxious to the Government, is fled to *Venice* for Protection, with his Lady, and is one of those who expect great Matters from the Death of *Volpone*, is also of Use to *Mosca* at this Juncture : He tells his Lady that he has seen her Husband in a *Gondola* with a handsome Courtezan ; she fired with Jealousy pursues him, where he was said to be, but in her way meets him, and one *Peregrine*, a young Gentleman, who is on his Travels for Improvement : She who is a little like her Husband, and suspects a Plot in every Thing, will needs have it that *Peregrine* is a Woman in Man's Cloaths, and her reviling both him and her Husband, makes a very entertaining Scene : *Mosca*, however, breaks it off, by telling her the Woman who has wronged her is at that Instant at the *Scruterio* under Examination before the Judges, and advises her to go there, and put in her Accusation, which in the Heat of her jealous Rage, she complies with, and *Celia* is both by her husband and this Woman branded in the Court of Judicature as a common Prostitute, and *Bonario* judged guilty of an Intention to murder his Father, who appears and swears against him. The supposed Criminals insist on *Volpone's* being sent for, which with much ado is at length granted, but his Presence, to all Appearance, impotent and half-dying, convinces all the

Advocates that *Celia* is no less guilty than her Husband, Lady *Wou'd be* and *Mosca*, says she is; it not being likely such a Man could be capable of attempting a Rape, and both *Bonario* and the Wife of *Corvino* are sent to Prison till proper Punishment can be thought on for them.

Volpone and *Mosca* now exult, and are perfectly wanton in their Success; the former is not content with revelling in his own House, having his Eunuch, Hermaphrodite, and Dwarf, sing, dance, and Play Tricks before him, he must also torment his Benefactors, and shew them the Loss of all their Hopes; he therefore makes a Will, in which he puts down *Mosca* for his sole Heir, and when *Voltore*, *Corbaccio* and *Corvino*, with Lady *Wou'd be*, come, according to their Custom, they find him taking an Inventory of all the Goods: They are amazed, but he shews them the Will, tells them *Volpone* is dead, and when they begin to grow clamorous, he reproaches each of them with their several Faults, and the Artifices they have made use of in hope of being Heirs, then bids them leave the House, which now he says is his.——After they are gone, he puts on *Volpone's* Habit of *Clarissimo*, and the *Magnifico* himself, being disguised like a *Commendatori*, they walk the Streets of *Venice*, and when they meet any of the Persons, who have been gulled, and disappointed by them, insult and rally them in the most insolent Terms they can invent——*Volpone* is highly delighted with this Sport, but it costs him very dear in the End.

Mosca being thus constituted his Heir in Jest, resolves to make it turn to his great Advantage in Earnest.—He turns all the Servants out of the House, and takes the Key himself, designing either to make him share with him, or murder him, and so get all. But before he has an Opportunity to speak to him on this Head, *Voltore* incensed at the Treatment of the new *Magnifico*, goes to the Court, where *Bonario* and *Celia* are a second Time brought to receive their Sentence, and confesses he was wrought upon by *Mosca* to plead against them; *Corbaccio* and *Corvino*, who are present, being fearful what they have done will come to Light, pretend to the Court that *Voltore* is possess'd with an evil Spirit, and there ensues a comical Contest on this Score; till *Volpone* comes into Court disguised, and whispers *Vol-*

to take care what he says, for to his certain Knowledge *Volpone* is alive, and that all *Mosca* has done was but an Artifice to try him: On this *Voltore* takes the Hint the others have given, and falls down as a Man who had indeed something supernatural within him.

Volpone then, whom no one knows in the Habit he is in, acquaints the whole Court that himself is living, and that *Mosca* only pretended his Death, to see how his Friends would behave on the hearing it.—The Advocates are in the utmost Amazement at all these Contradictions, and the Affair of *Celia* and *Bonario* is yet in Suspence, till the Matter can be more fully cleared.

Mosca, who alone can unriddle this mysterious Affair, is sent for, who, when he comes, assures them that *Volpone*, his late Patron, is effectually dead.—*Volpone*, who is now convinced of the Villainy of this Parasite, whispers to him, and offers him largely, but the other will not accept it, and persists still in affirming that he is dead.—On which *Volpone* tells him he shall have the full half of all he is worth in the World, yet does not this content that rapacious and ungrateful Slave, and he goes on in his former Asseveration. On which *Volpone* not able to brook his Insolence, chuses rather to subject himself to the Chastisement of the Court for the Deception he has put upon the World, than suffer such a Wretch to triumph in his Fall, discovers himself at once, and confesses all that he has done by the Assistance of that faithless wicked Fellow.—*Bonario* and *Celia* are now fully cleared, *Corbaccio* is ordered to be confined in a Monastery during Life, and his whole Estate given to his Son.—*Corvino* is to be rowed round *Venice* with Ass's Ears upon his Head, then sent to the *Berlino*: *Celia* is to return to her Father with her Dowry trebled, and *Voltore* is condemned to perpetual Banishment. As for the two grand Criminals, *Mosca* is sentenced to be first whipt, then to serve a perpetual Prisoner in the Galleys, and *Volpone*, as he has imposed upon Mankind by feigned Sickness, is to be chained in Prison till he has in Reality all the Diseases he had feigned, and his whole Estate confiscated for the Use of the Incurables.

But while the grand Business of the Play is carrying on, there are several diverting Scenes between Sir *Politick*

Wou'd be and *Peregrine*.—The Knight fancying himself of great Consequence, is always under Apprehensions of the State, and *Peregrine* being a Man of Wit, resolves to have some Diversion with him; and having consulted with some young Merchants his Friends, what to do, *Peregrine* comes to his House, tells him that he is informed for certain, that there is a Warrant out against him, on which he is in a terrible Consternation, and orders himself to be denied to all Company.—Presently the Merchants come as Officers of the Government, on which he is frighted beyond Measure,——*Peregrine* persuades him to hide himself in a Chest, on which he bethinks him of a huge Tortoise-shell, under which he creeps, and the supposed Emissaries of the State are admitted, who presently drag him out, and after having frighted him almost to Death, laugh heartily at him, and go off.

As he doubts not but this will be made a publick Jest, and he shall be the Scorn of all he meets, he resolves to quit *Venice* for ever with his Lady, who is also glad to go from a Place where she has received so great a Disappointment in the supposed Death and Testament of *Volpone*: And thus ends a Play extremely pleasing in its Representation, and strictly just in its Moral.

THE Way of the WORLD: A COMEDY.

By Mr. CONGREVE.

OF all the Plays that were ever wrote, none perhaps was ever so justly named, or had such a Variety of Incidents in so short a Time; which is supposed to be no longer than that of the Presentation; but this admirable Author had the Art of rendering the most improbable Events,

vents appear as natural and unavoidable, as his Characters are new and entertaining.

Lady *Wishfort* a Widow far advanced in Years, retains all the Inclinations of Youth:—She has the Guardianship of her Niece *Millamant*, a celebrated Beauty, and vain and affected to a superlative Degree, yet not without Sense and good Nature. *Mirabel*, a young Gentleman, whose Fortune is entirely dependant on an Uncle, is very much in Love with her, and in order to get himself introduced to her, has feigned a Passion for her Aunt. Mrs. *Fainall*, Daughter to Lady *Wishfort*, had formerly an Amour with him, but they growing mutually cool to each other, she had married Mr. *Fainall* an Intimate of *Mirabel's*, and a Man of no Fortune; therefore to prevent him from wasting her Estate, which was very considerable, she privately made a Deed of Gift of it to *Mirabel*, with whom she still continues a Friendship, and assists him all she can in his Designs on her Cousin *Millamant*. Mrs. *Marwood*, a Prude, is secretly kept by *Fainall*, but is in Love with *Mirabel*, and being a Woman of a great Share of Wit and Cunning, traverses all the Schemes he lays for the Accomplishment of his Wishes.—— She discovers to Lady *Wishfort* the Deception he is endeavouring to put upon her, and by that Means gets him forbid the House, and at the same Time ingratiates herself so much into the old Lady's good Graces, that she takes her Advice in every Thing.

All this is previous to the Play, and is the Foundation of the following Scenes, the first of which presents us with *Mirabel* and *Fainall* at a Chocolate House, who by their Discourse, let the Audience into the chief Characters. After this we find that *Waitwell*, Servant to the former, is just married to Mrs. *Foible*, Woman to Lady *Wishfort*; his Master has formed a Design to make this Fellow pass for his Uncle Sir *Rowland*, and address the old Lady for Marriage, but to prevent him from carrying the Imposition farther than he would have him, obliges him first to become the Husband of *Foible*. In the mean Time, Sir *Wilful Witwoud*, Nephew to Lady *Wishfort*, and on whom she intends to bestow her Niece *Millamant*, comes to Town, but has not a Soul capable of any soft Impressions, and *Mirabel* insinuating himself into his good Graces, easily persuades

persuades him from the Thoughts of Marriage.—His half Brother Mr. *Witwoud*, a Fop, contributes to heighten some Scenes, but has no other Business in the Play, any more than *Petulant*, who being of a quite contrary Humour, tho' both of them great Pretenders to Wit, give Room for a most excellent *Satyr* on the fine Gentlemen of the Age.

Mirabel, by Appointment, meets *Foible* in the Park, in order to give her some Instructions concerning *Waitwell's* passing for Sir *Rowland*; *Marwood* passing that Way, sees them together, and runs to acquaint Lady *Wishfort* of it; but *Foible* on her Return home, and being censured by her Lady for having spoke to a Man to whom she has such an Aversion, has the Artifice to turn even this unlucky Accident to the Advantage of their Plot; she owns she talked with him, and that he ridiculed her Ladyship, and then adds, that after parting with him, she saw Sir *Rowland*, who is just coming to wait upon her, being distractedly in Love with her; on which Lady *Wishfort*, equally to be revenged on *Mirabel*, and to gratify her own Inclinations of getting a Husband at any Rate, resolves to be contracted to him that very Evening: Then goes off in order to receive him. Mrs. *Fainall* presently comes in, and *Foible* relates to her the Success of their Affairs, all which, *Marwood* being in a Closet in the same Room overhears, and resolves to circumvent their Plot, and having found out there has been an Amour between *Mirabel* and Mrs. *Fainall*, acquaints the Husband with it, and also that she had only married him as a Cover, without the least Grain of Inclination, on which, though equally guilty himself, he is all Rage and Impatience, vows to be revenged, by selling her Estate, and retire with *Marwood*, and live upon the Money; but this artful Woman, who has more at Heart the breaking off the Match between *Millamant* and *Mirabel*, whom she yet loves, than retiring with *Fainall*, whom she only pretends to love, prevails on him to take other Measures, which are to acquaint the old Lady with her Daughter's Conduct, threaten to part with her, and expose her to the World, unless she comes to a composition, and settles on him not only her whole Estate, but also that Moiety of *Millamant's* Fortune which is forfeited, if she does not marry

marry with her Approbation. This he agrees to, not seeing that he himself is all this while made the Dupe of her revenge on *Mirabel* for her slighted Passion.

Having worked up *Fainall* to proceed in this Manner, *Marwood* writes a Letter to Lady *Wishfort*, as from an unknown Friend, to acquaint her with the whole History of the Imposition intended to be put upon her.——This is delivered while the pretended Sir *Rowland* is with her, whom she has consented to marry, but on the Receipt of this Admonition is startled: He will needs see it, affects to be in a great Rage, tells her it is a Contrivance of his Nephew *Mirabel's* to break the Match, fearing he should have a Child, and thereby be disappointed of inheriting the Estate, to which, without that, he is immediate Heir.——The Lady, however, is not quite convinced, and the feigned Knight offers to go home and fetch a black Box, in which he tells her are the Writings and Rent-Roll of his Estate, so she promises to suspend her Judgment till his Return. *Marwood*, however, reveals all to her, and *Fainall*, in the mean Time, gets *Waitwell* seized for an Imposture, as he is going out of the House.——Lady *Wishfort* is in a violent Passion with *Foible*, for having been assisting in the designed Deception, and threatens to send her to Jail; but her Passion is infinitely increased, when *Fainall* accuses her Daughter of having had an Intrigue with *Mirabel*, and swears he will be divorced, if she does not make over her whole Estate to him. Mrs. *Fainall* denies all, and in Return accuses her Husband of an Amour with *Marwood*, and of his supporting her out of her Fortune, he having nothing of his own.——Lady *Wishfort* does not well know which to believe, but *Fainall* continuing resolute in his Determination, she is about to consent to his Proposals, rather than have her darling Daughter exposed in a publick Court of Judicature; but *Millamant* prevents her, by bringing in *Mirabel*, who offers to extricate her out of this Labyrinth, provided she will forgive what he has done, and bestow her Niece upon him.——To the first of these she readily agrees, but tells him it is not in her Power to comply with the latter, because she has already promised that young Lady to her Nephew.——Sir *Willful*, whom *Mirabel* has be-
fore

fore prevailed upon to relinquish his Pretensions, is then brought in, who joins in entreating his Aunt not to hinder the Happiness of these two Lovers : On which the old Lady consents, provided *Mirabel* makes good his Promise of shielding her Daughter's Reputation from the Danger with which her Husband threatens it. *Mirabel* then brings in *Foible* and *Mincing*, *Millamant's* Maid, who both offer to depose upon Oath, that they saw Mr. *Fainall* and Mrs. *Marwood* in Bed together.—Then *Waitwell*, whom his Master has got out of Prison, brings a Box of Writings, among which is a Deed of Gift made by Mrs. *Fainall* before her Marriage, of all her Estate, real and personal, to Mr. *Mirabel*, and witnessed by *Petulant* and *Witwoud*. The Husband and Mrs. *Marwood* now finding themselves exposed, and all their Plots defeated, go off in a Rage, and Lady *Wishfort* and her Daughter are eased of their Apprehensions : The former readily performs her Promise to *Mirabel*, and forgives *Foible* and *Waitwel*, which is the Catastrophe of a Play, which will always continue to please while there are any Vices to expose.

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